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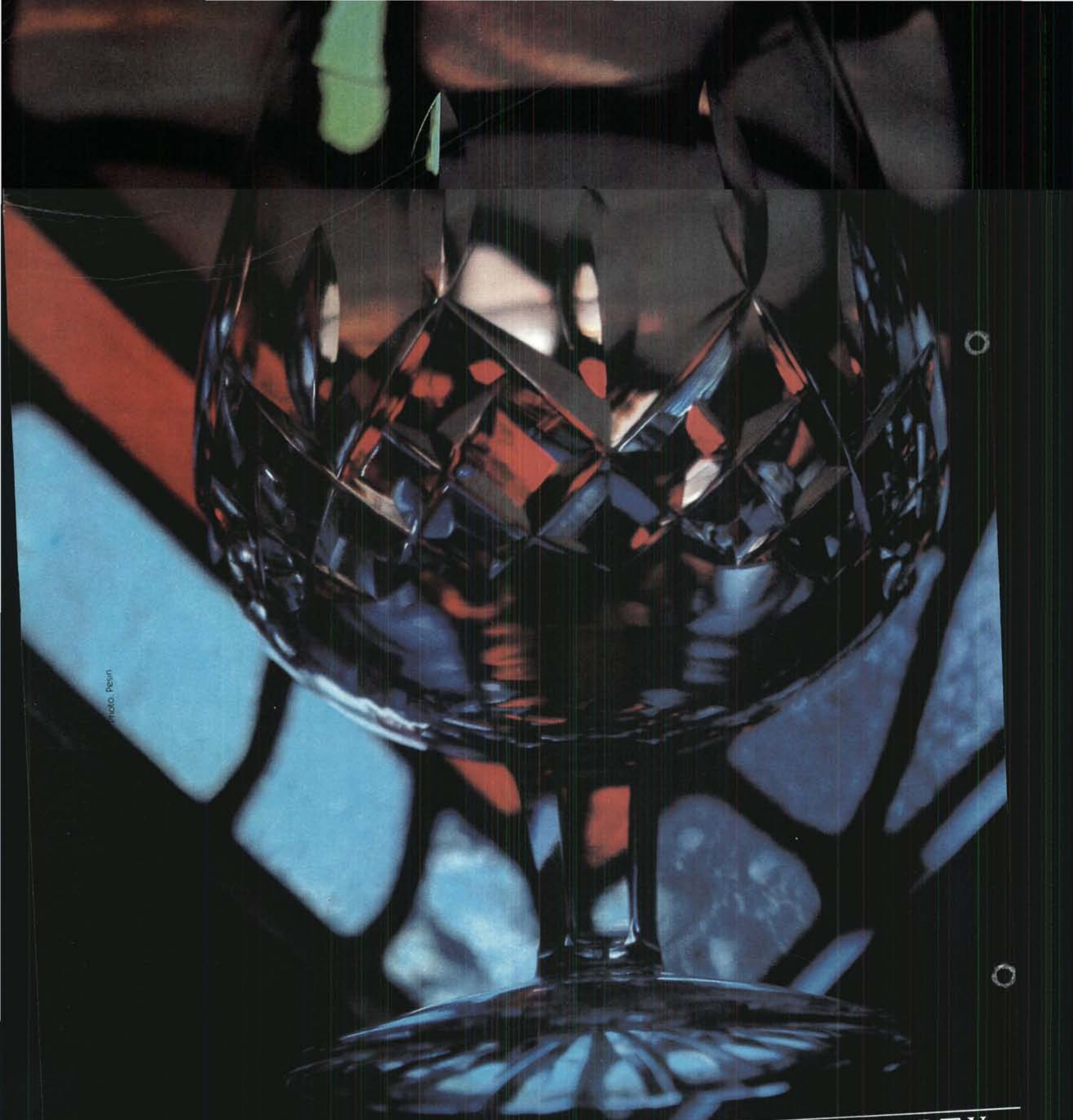

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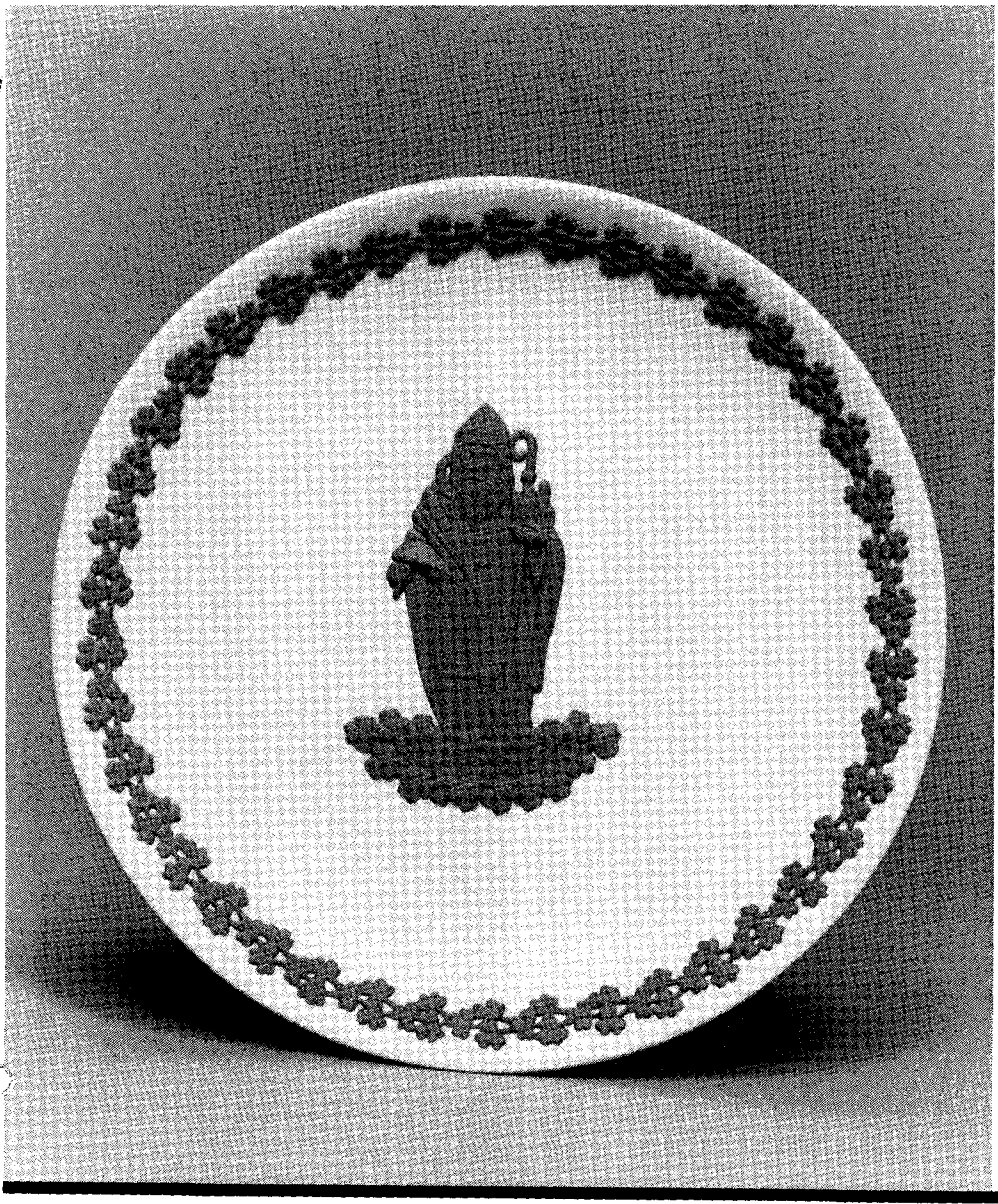

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri, Tim Curry plays the hapless Mozart, and Jane Seymour plays his pretty, perky wife. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. George Farquhar's crisp, lively comedy **THE RECRUITING OFFICER** in an anything but crisp performance. Of the many actors assembled, only a few come near to filling the requirements of their roles. These few are Brian Murray, Laurie Kennedy, MichaelJohn McGann, and Beth McDonald. Laird Williamson directed. Robert Blackman designed the lovely scenery. (2/2/81) Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 4-5, and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** Even Brian Murray's splendid Oberon cannot rescue this production. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 7:30; Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8; Thursday, Feb. 12, at 6:30; and Friday, Feb. 13, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Brigadoon—The songs in this 1947 Lerner-Loewe musical are immortal but the book is not. The cast is headed by Martin Vidnovic and Meg Bussert. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A triple bill consisting of "El Hermano," by Romulus Linney; "Two Part Harmony," by Katherine Long; and "Landscape with Waitress," by Robert Pine. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Fifth of July—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Five o'Clock Girl—A revival of a musical that first appeared on Broadway in 1927 and that ought never to have been invited to see the light again. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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42nd Street—Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

John Gabriel Borkman—A miserable family slowly stings itself to death in a big house in the snowbound Norwegian countryside. With Rosemary Murphy, Irene Worth, and E. G. Marshall, directed by Austin Pendleton. The author could only be Ibsen, that bitter, honest, and eloquent man, who shook his fist at life and yet was reluctant to say goodbye. (12/29/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Last Summer at Bluefish Cove—A comedy by Jane Chambers, with an all-female cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Lesson from Aloes—Athol Fugard is a man of conscience and a playwright of high moral purpose but his play is at once thin and verbose. With Harris Yulin, Maria Tucci, and James Earl Jones. (12/1/80) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 8: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Feb. 11: **THE GONDOLIERS.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lunch Hour—The inner workings of the social life of the South Shore of Long Island are as intricate as those of a Tibetan monastery, and Jean Kerr has left them largely unexplored. Her mild little comedy stars Sam Waterston, Gilda Radner, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—An unsuccessful production of the old thriller, starring Philip Anglim and Maureen Anderman. Sarah Caldwell directed. (2/2/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Penguin Touquet—A theatrical event devised

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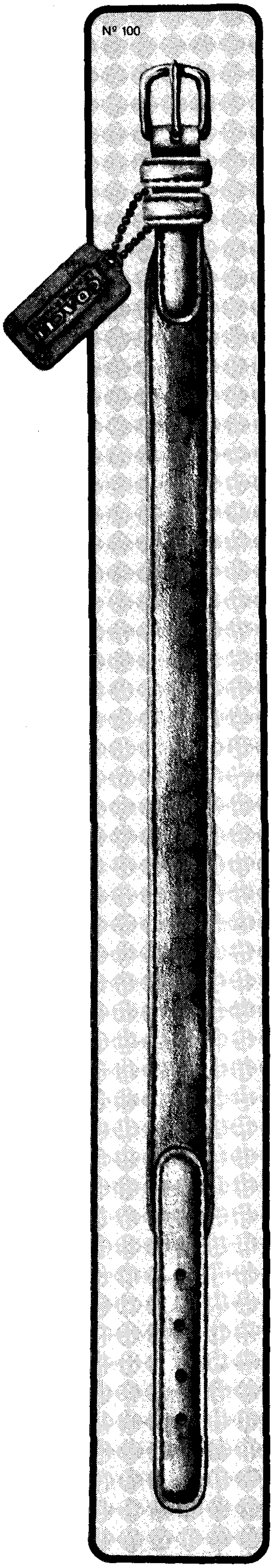

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and directed by Richard Foreman. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Phoenix Theatre—A play by Romulus Linney, **THE CAPTIVITY OF PIXIE SHEDMAN,** is the third offering of the season. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Piaf—Jane Lapotaire is Edith Piaf, and Zoë Wanamaker is her lifelong friend, Toine, in a play by Pam Gems. Directed by Howard Davies, who also directed the original Royal Shakespeare Company production. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. Preview Wednesday evening, Feb. 4. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 5. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 4, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Linda Ronstadt, Kevin Kline, George Rose, and Rex Smith in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)

Romance Is . . .—A musical mélange by Rocket Ryan (music, lyrics, sketches) and Zane Modine (sketches only). (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Shakespeare's Cabaret—Lyrics by the Bard, set to music by Lance Mulcahy. A group of eager young singers do their best to breathe life into this unlucky enterprise. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

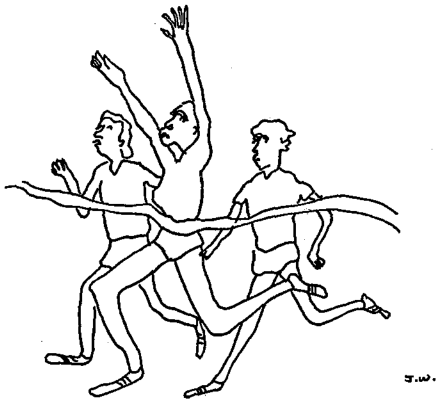
To Grandmother's House We Go—A pleasant comedy set in a big old house in Connecticut. Eva Le Gallienne is sensationally effective as a spirited grandmother beset by less spirited grandchildren. (1/26/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Trixie True, Teen Detective—A campy disaster. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for the Parade—John Murrell's modest play, which tells the stories of five women in the Canadian city of Calgary during the Second World War, is primarily—in one brief, telling scene after another—a sympathetic study of friendship under tension. The cast—Jo Henderson, Mia Dillon, Roxanne Hart, Marti Maraden, and Marge Redmond—is a distinguished one by any standards, and the performance, under David Kerry Heefner's direction, is very good. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A comedy by Italian playwright Dario Fo. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps the great man will be allowed his due. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Robert Reed. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,640 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. Phyllis Newman portrays the night-club singer. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Ann Miller and Joey Bishop pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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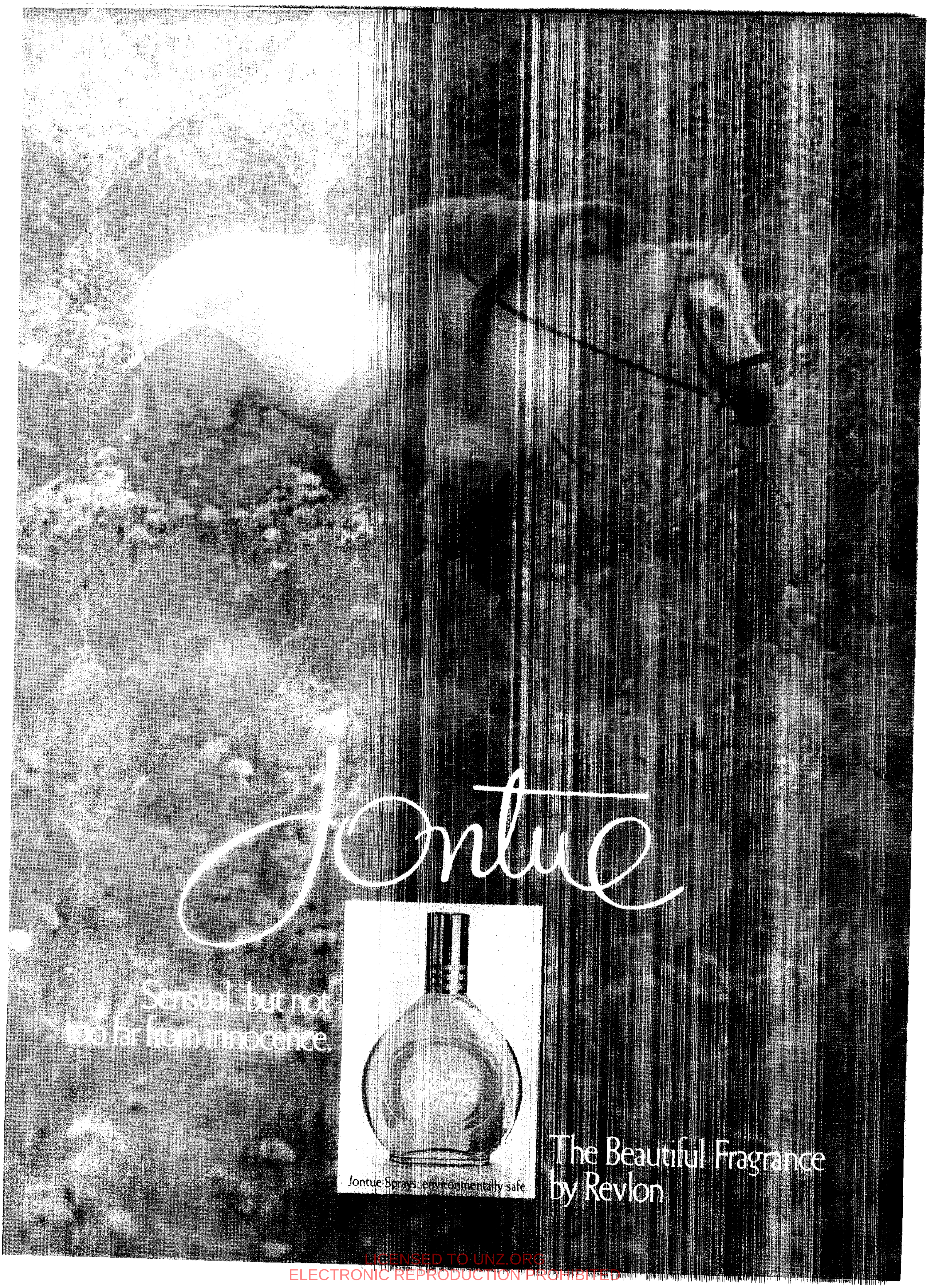
DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Feb. 4: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 5: "Divertimento No. 15," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 6: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 7: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday eve-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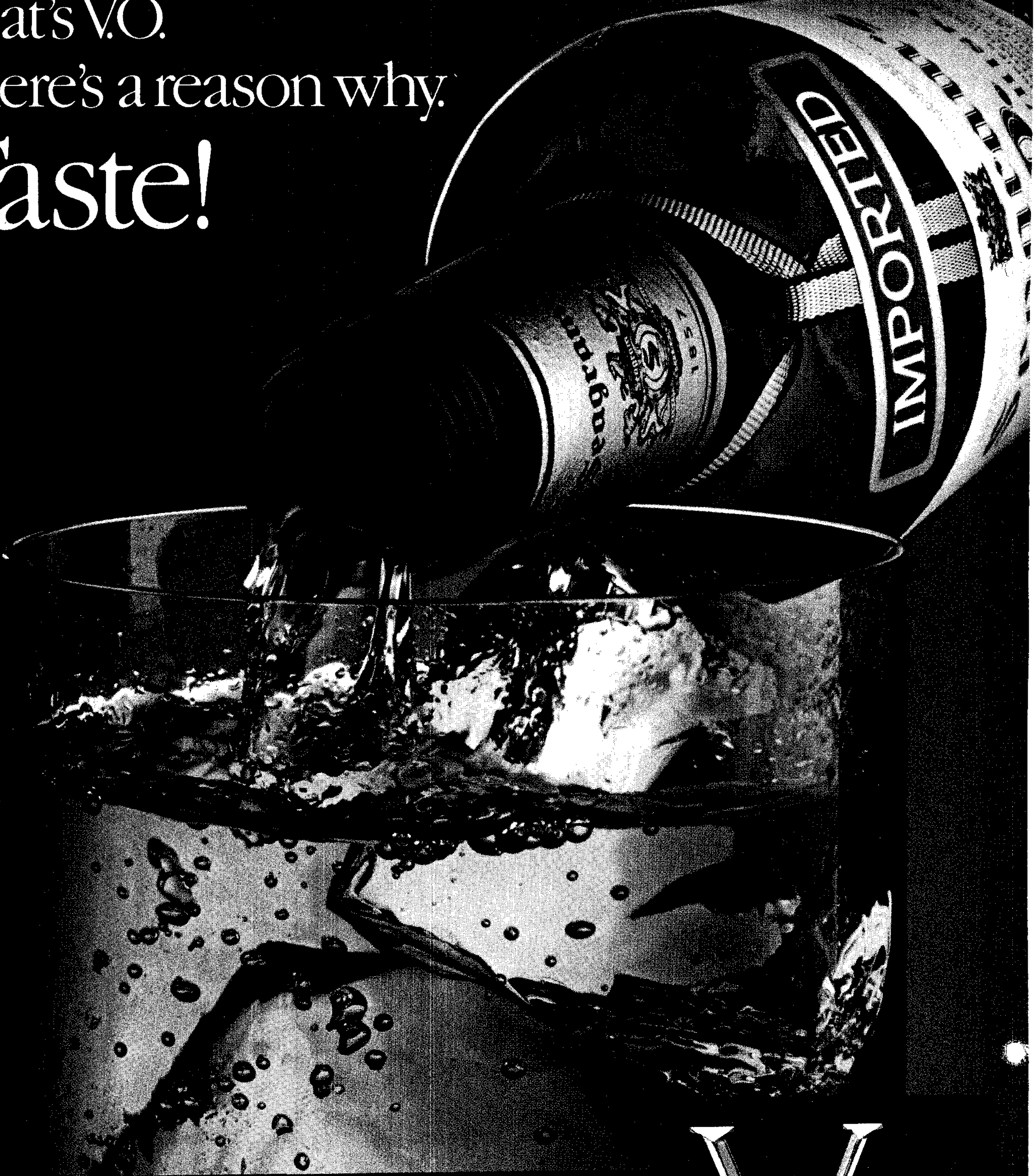

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ning, Feb. 7: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 8: "In G Major," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 10: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "In G Major," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 11: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 12: "In G Major," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 13: "Serenade," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 14: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 14: "La Source," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Serenade." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—Appearing for two performances. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Double Quartet," "The Miraculous Mandarin," and "Tam ti Delam." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Hangman's Reel," "Exsultate, Jubilate," "Soaring," "Aureole," and "The Firebird." (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 22—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30: "Quartet from Arporisms," "The Mechanical Organ," and "Gallery." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 12-13, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2: "Alphabet from Allegory," "Talisman" (première), "Five Masks" (with Murray Louis), and "Guignol." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

José Limón Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Scherzo," "The Shakers," "Indeterminate Figure," "Flickers," and "Sonata." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8: "A Choreographic Offering," "Strange Hero," "The Kitchen Table," and "Psalm." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Sonata," "Indeterminate Figure," "Flickers," "Air for the G String," and "The Unsung." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: "Scherzo," "The Shakers," "Strange Hero," "Flickers," and "A Choreographic Offering." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Scherzo," "The Shakers," "Figura," "Air for the G String," and "The Unsung." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 8 at 2: "Air for the G String," "The Unsung," "Figura," and "Psalm." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Dancemobile—Performances by fifteen traditional African and modern dance companies; through Sunday, Feb. 15. Thursday, Feb. 5: Rod Rodgers Dance Company and Welcome Msomi's Izulu Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6: Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7: Sounds in Motion Dance Company and the International Afrikan-American Ballet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 8: Philadelphia Dance Company and Sombe Yembe's African Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12: Contemporary Chamber Dance Group and La Roque Bey Drummers and Dancers. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13: Walter Nicks Dance Company and The Wizards (a roller-skating group). . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14: Eleo Pomare Dance Company and George Faison Dancers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 15: Fred Benjamin Dance Company and Al Perryman's Brooklyn Dance Theatre. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640.)

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Solomons Company / Dance—Performing "Unplay Dances" and "Nile." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Feb. 5, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 7-8, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. Guitarist **ROLAND PRINCE** heads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, pianist **MIKE NOCK** will be present with *his* trio. Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** takes his quartet through various bebop numbers through Sunday, Feb. 8. On Tuesday, Feb. 10, pianist **MIKE ABENE** will come in with alto saxophonist **JERRY DODGION** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA.** Music nightly from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes, and in the promptness of its show times. The varied schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 4, two funk-jazz bands, the Blackbyrds and organist **CHARLES EARLAND'S** combo; Thursday, Feb. 5, **CHARLES EARLAND;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ'S** quartet and **NAT ADDERLEY.** Mr. Adderley, who uses a mute in his cornet much of the time, and whose solos are smooth, terse, and energetic, will be heading a formidable quintet—tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** pianist **LARRY WILLIS,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB.** On Monday, Feb. 9, the Savoy Brown Blues Band will be present; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 10-11, will be given over to the **MC GUINN-HILLMAN** band, which is co-led by two-fifths of the old Byrds: loose and cheerful Roger McGuinn, on folkie guitar and vocals, and Chris Hillman, a tight, crisp bass player and singer; on Thursday, Feb. 12, **DAVE BROMBERG** will play acoustic guitar and sing; Friday, Feb. 13, will be stand-up-comedy night; and on Saturday, Feb. 14, the **PERSUASIONS** will sing stunning a-cappella street-corner soul numbers opposite the high-voltage Chicago-blues-harp player **JAMES COTTON** and his band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Comfortably unchanged for years, this bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. Bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and pianist **ANDY LA VERNE** are making the music through Saturday, Feb. 7. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, has settled in for his annual midwinter stint in the Café Carlyle with his bassist, **BRIAN TORFF.** They play Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Feb. 4, Retrievers, Cheverne, and Blame; Thursday, Feb. 5, Psuedos, the Thornes, and the Ritz; Friday, Feb. 6, Noise R Us, Factrix, and Zev; and Saturday, Feb. 7, the Hard, Chit Chat, Blue Fyre, and the Go. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—When it's cold you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a funny, rocking octogenarian blues singer, performs with assis-

Albert Hubbell

tance from pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings here on Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to three, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Feb. 8, **NAT ADDERLEY,** who plays sharp, less-is-more solos on his muted cornet, will lead his wonderful quintet—pianist **LARRY WILLIS,** tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB**—starting about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged belowstairs mostly mainstream-jazz room. **PHIL WOODS,** who has been called the most complete alto player in jazz, is on hand with his current quartet through Sunday, Feb. 8; on Tuesday, Feb. 10, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '81 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will take charge. Music nightly, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The music: trombonist **JOE BOWIE** and tenor saxophonist **LUTHER THOMAS** on Wednesday, Feb. 4; singer **CHRIS CONNOR** Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7; pianist Jorge Dalto on Sunday, Feb. 8; pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** and saxophonist **JAMES SPAULDING** on Monday, Feb. 9; and the vocal duo of **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** beginning Tuesday, Feb. 10. Music every night after eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Saturdays from seven to ten, and Sundays from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. Composer and pianist **RAY BRYANT** has taken up residence in the dining room Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-influenced—bluesy and swinging, that is—player, claims the keyboard from seven to eleven.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

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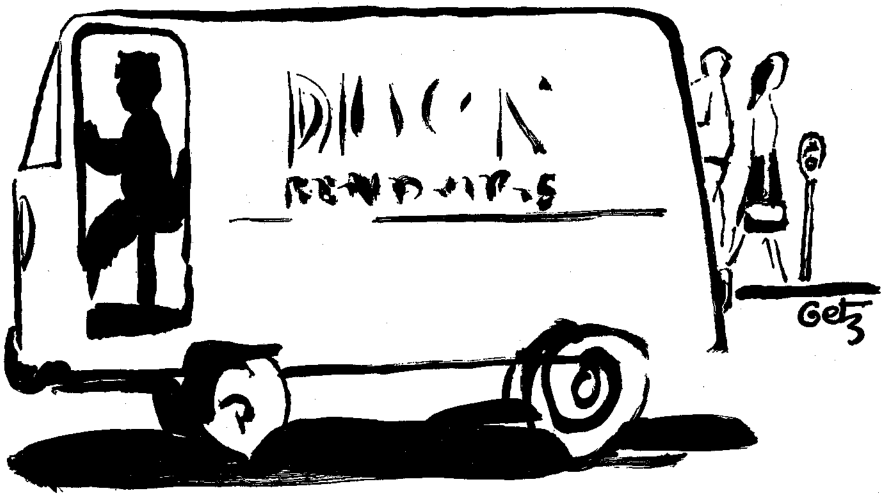
HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Thursday, Feb. 5, Art Through the Ages; Friday, Feb. 6, Cyclones and Bongos; Saturday, Feb. 7, New York R and D and **DEFUNKT.** Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Feb. 8-10.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A fine jazz spot to visit before or after surveying (windchill factor permitting) the nearby Flatiron Building. The guest musicians on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, will be two baritone saxophonists—**PEPPER ADAMS,** whose hard, cutting tone earned him the nickname "The Knife" when he was with Stan Kenton in the fifties, and **NICK BRIGNOLA.** On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, **TED CURSON,** who plays trumpet, pocket trumpet, and whistle—which he uses to signal his soloists—will perform out-there jazz as well as straight-ahead hard bop with his sextet. On Sundays, percussionist, guitarist, singer, and composer **THIAGO DE MELLO** guides a ten-piece loose and limber band that specializes in Brazilian jazz and crackling trumpet solos by **CLAUDIO RODITI.** Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN,** who pilots a quintet at about two in the morning.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters, long before the CBS Building and the Sperry Building architects had their eyes on the neighborhood. Not all the seven famous clubs that made up the historic strip—Jimmy Ryan's (52nd Street was its earlier home), the Onyx, the Famous Door, the Samoa, the Downbeat, the Spotlight, and the Three Deuces—presented ground-breaking music, but a lot of new sounds were first heard in many of them. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz: Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.



KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Two good reasons are **FRED HERSCH,** an impressive young pianist, and **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** an impressive veteran bassist, who'll be working together through Saturday, Feb. 7. On Tuesday, Feb. 10, there'll be two more reasons, as pianist and composer **TOMMY FLANAGAN** moves in with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** And *another* two good reasons are pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY,** who turn up on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. **BO DIDDLEY,** the rock-and-roll-rhythm pathfinder who influenced just about everybody from Buddy Holly to the Feelies, performs his enduring music, which sounds fuzzy, dissonant, and up-to-the-minute, on Wednesday, Feb. 4; Sunday, Feb. 8, Texas Jewish cowboy folkie Kinky Friedman will be present; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 9-10, soul singer **ETTA JAMES** will be on hand; and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12, have been allotted to country singer Johnny Paycheck. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden. **MAXINE BROWN,** a polished and uplifting soul and pop singer, works with her backing crew Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Feb. 4, Circus Mort and Full Hand; Thursday, Feb. 5, Ozone, Karnival, and 4/4; Friday, Feb. 6, Cheetah Chrome and Sic F**ks; Saturday, Feb. 7, Roland Alphonso and Satin Latins; Sunday, Feb. 8, BMT and Robert Gem Band; Monday, Feb. 9, Trend-Setters, Lode Stone, and Voids; Tuesday, Feb. 10, Cyclones, Caliber, and Delphobics. Music after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BILL HENDERSON,** a former Basie vocalist, is presiding over the tribute of the month—it's to Johnny Mercer—Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell futons: it is this club. R. & B. and jazz comprise much of the music. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL,** an octet consisting of six extremely adept R. & B. musicians—three of them are guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** and saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG**—and two flashy vocalists, **ESTHER MARROW** and **KEITH WILLIAMS,** will be the main attraction. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** a sextet, plays old blues and new blues and rock and roll on Thursday, Feb. 5; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, will be turned over to **STEFAN GROSSMAN,** whose repertory is virtually a history of folk and blues guitar styles; and on Friday, Feb. 13, rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MC GHEE** will arrive to play, sing, hoot, holler, stamp, and chuckle the way they've played, sung, hooted, hollered, stamped, and chuckled for the last thirty-five-odd years. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PALSSON'S, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—Downstairs is a very lively restaurant and bar; upstairs is a jazz room and bar. The quite solid lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 4, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE'S** quartet; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** and

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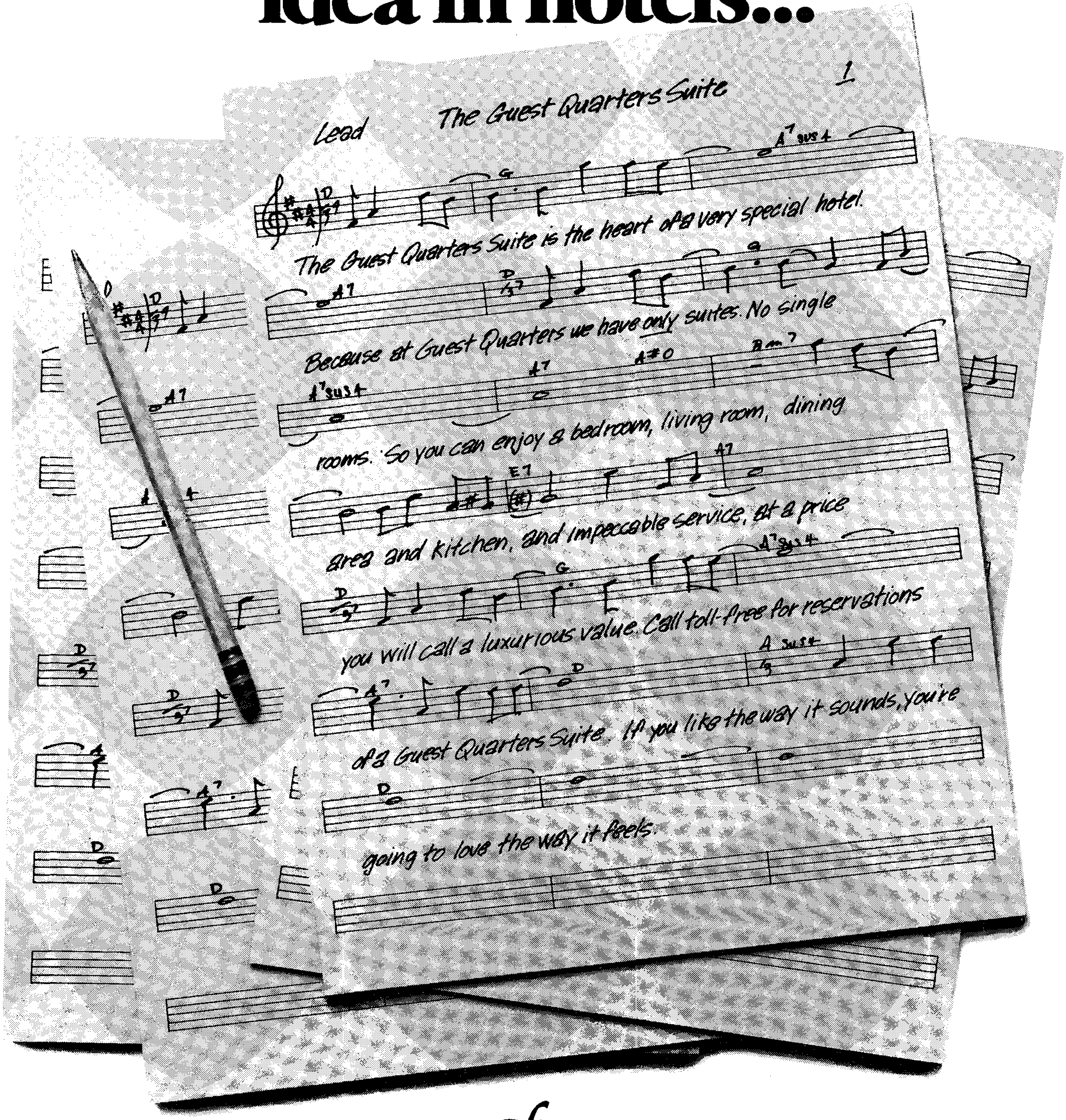
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a quartet; Sunday, Feb. 8, singer Marion Cowings; Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 9-11, pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS** and a quartet; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 12-14, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN'S** quartet. The first set begins about ten.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **PANAMA FRANCIS,** the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—*and his* **SAVOY SULTANS** *make it virtually impossible* not to want to dance Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties: Wednesday, Feb. 4, the one, the only, **B. B. KING;** Thursday, Feb. 5, Soldier; Friday, Feb. 6, Ronnie Spector; Saturday, Feb. 7, **SECTOR 27,** Tom Robinson's latest rock group; and Sunday, Feb. 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 10, **RY COODER,** a great session guitarist who insists on singing, too. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ROCK LOUNGE, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (925-0960)—The music: DOR, or dance-oriented rock. The activities: dancing (as a participation or a spectator sport) and video watching (clips from "Goldfinger," "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," or a Patti Smith concert). The bands: Thursday, Feb. 5, Waitresses and Bangs; Friday, Feb. 6, Lounge Lizards and Groceries; and Saturday, Feb. 7, 2nd Thoughts and Eddie & the Hot Rods. Sets begin after one. Recorded rock from eleven. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Some of the most wonderful things from the twenties and thirties—Rodgers and Hart songs—are being celebrated here. The celebrants are Larry Kert and Mimi Hines. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten to two. Wednesday, Feb. 4, saxophonist Eric Kloss will lead his group; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, drummer **BILLY COBHAM** will take charge with his band; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 10-11, saxophonist Bob Berg will lead a quartet; and on Friday, Feb. 13, violinist Noel Pointer and his crew will move in for a three-night visit. Closed Mondays.

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STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good pianists and bassists. The current catch: **ROLAND HANNA** and **SAM JONES** through Saturday, Feb. 7. The future catch: **KENNY BARRON** and a trio beginning Wednesday, Feb. 11. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. **ARNETT COBB,** who was billed, in the forties, as the Wildest Tenorman in the World, performs through Saturday, Feb. 7. Cobb, who works mostly out of Houston nowadays, plays breathy, looping, old-fashioned honking R. & B. saxophone, and one doesn't run across that kind of playing very often anymore. On Tuesday, Feb. 10, another Texas tenor player, **BUDDY TATE,** will arrive with his quartet. Sundays are the property of singer **CHRIS CONNOR,** and Mondays belong to trombonist and arranger **MELBA LISTON** and her stirring octet. Sets from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—*This agreeable room is a ground-floor* loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides, and an extensive music schedule. On Sundays and Wednesdays, drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** is personally responsible for the music—he leads a trio those nights; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will head a trio; on Monday, Feb. 9, saxophonist **PETE YELLIN'S** quartet will perform; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 12-14, trombonist **CURTIS FULLER** will work with a quartet. Music from about ten, give or take a half hour. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime soul music. Shows at approximately nine-thirty and midnight. Dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Little Liars and Davitt Sigerson on Wednesday, Feb. 4; Papa and Pieces on Thursday, Feb. 5; Yorkville Saints and Boulevard Jacks on Friday, Feb. 6; the Nails and Dizzy & the Romilars on Saturday, Feb. 7; and Gail Boggs on Tuesday, Feb. 10. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave., S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon said of his club in a recent radio interview, "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **BIG NICK NICHOLAS,** a tenor saxophonist who also mugs and sings a bit like Satchmo, works with pianist **JOHN HICKS,** bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** and drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN** through Sunday, Feb. 8. On Tuesday, Feb. 10, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** will arrive with pianist **DON PULLEN,** drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND,** and a bassist. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Hank Johnson, and Thursdays through Sundays Harris Simon is the musician. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** is here with his quintet, Two Tenor Boogie, through Saturday, Feb. 7; on Sunday, Feb. 8, **JAZZ À CORDES,** a quintet, will play some convincing hot jazz; on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 9-10, pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER** will perform; and on Wednesday, Feb. 11, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will arrive with his Jazz Sultans. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Two concerts celebrating the eighth anniversary of the first "Highlights" concert will feature Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8 and 10.)

DOO-WOPP, VOL. II—With Little Anthony, the Platters, the Cleftones, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, at 8.)

TIM BERNE—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.

RALPH STANLEY AND THE CLINCH MOUNTAIN BOYS and **RED CLAY RAMBLERS**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The second in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Carol Hall) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, Feb. 8-9, at 8.)

SALUTE TO THE ARTS—Saheb Sarbib's Multinational Jazz Orchestra, the Philadelphia Dance Company, the United Negro College Fund Choir, and other groups, in a benefit performance honoring Patti Labelle, Lionel Hampton, and President Alhaji Shehu Shagari of Nigeria. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

JEREMY STEIG AND EDDIE GOMEZ—With poet Sharon Sotzky. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. 777-2571. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

SONIC UNION—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

PETER ALLEN AND THE ROCKETTES—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, at 8.

IRVING PLAZA—Saturday, Feb. 14: Fleshtones and the Lyres. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays, Feb. 4 and 11, at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30: Curlew and the Lodge. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30: The Chadbournes. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30: The first in a series of monthly jazz films from David Chertok's collection, this one featuring the John Coltrane quartet and the Miles Davis quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, at 8:30: Alex

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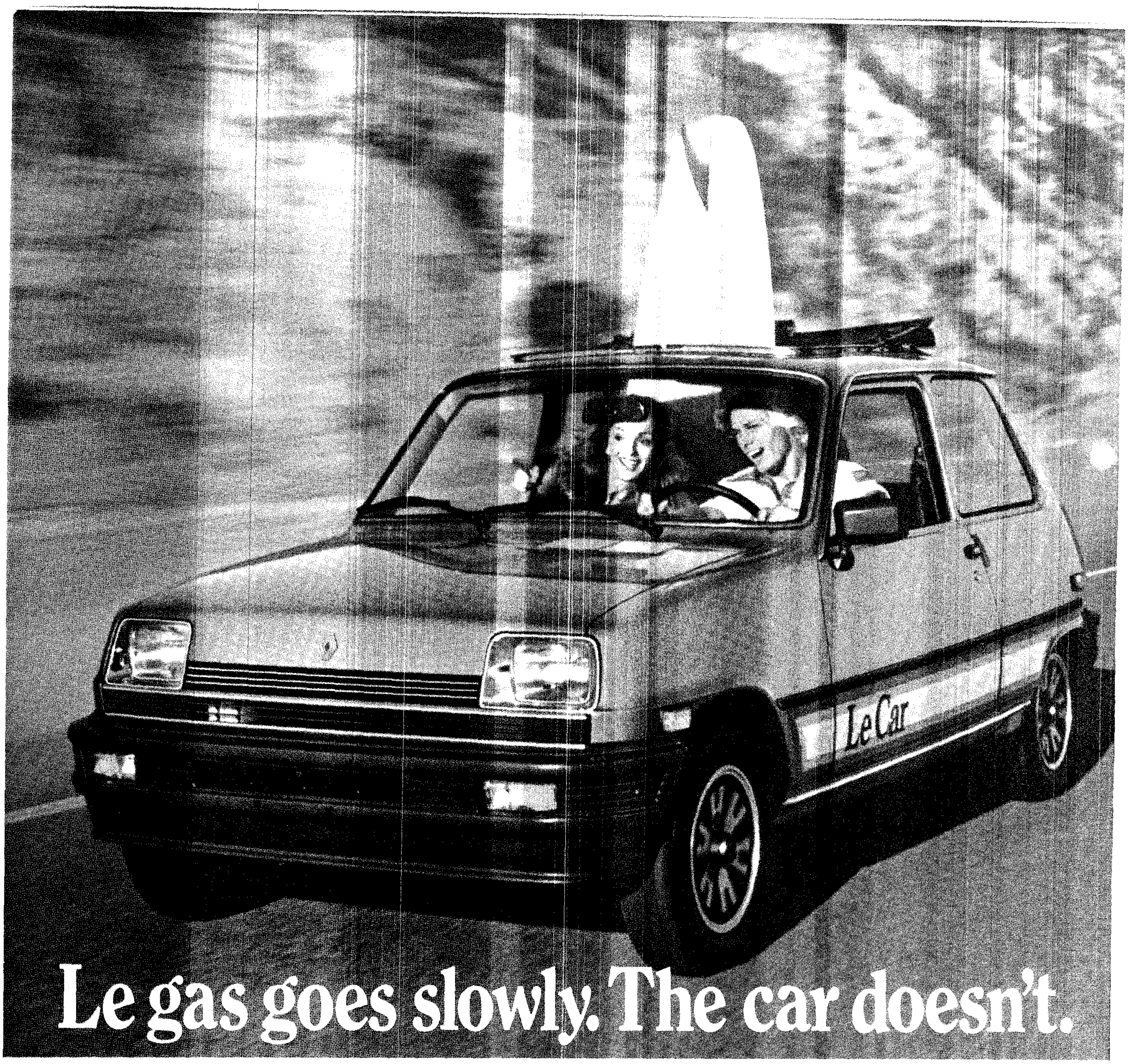

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Schlippenbach and Sven-ake Johansson. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Tony Berlant—Twenty-nine handsome collages made from cutouts of found tin pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 7 (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Carroll Cloar—Acrylic paintings by an artist who finds his subject matter in the rural South of his youth. Through Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Janet Culbertson—Huge drawings of bears, wild pigs, a charging rhinoceros, and so on, done in a splotchy technique called "burst ink." The rhino, charging head-on, is eight and a half feet tall—bigger than life-size. There are also collages of mountain views. Through Saturday, Feb. 14 (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

Michael Flanagan—Small strange gouache drawings, full of odd masonry, steam-engined freight trains, dogs, human figures, in this artist's highly personal surrealist style. Through Feb. 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Seymour Fogel / Everett Shinn (1876-1953)—Constructivist works: Painted-wood constructions and large graphite drawings. Through March 7. / Paintings, pastels, and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Morris Graves—Paintings. Through March 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

DeWitt Hardy—Recent watercolors and drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Erich Heckel (1883-1970)—Paintings and drawings by a founding member of Die Brücke. Through March 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

James Lechay—Semi-abstract landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes from the past four decades. Through Feb. 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.)

Les Levine—Paintings the artist would like to see erected as billboards outside the Pentagon, the Whitney Museum, and other places. Through Saturday, Feb. 7 (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Oils and gouaches by an early modernist. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Jules Olitski—Among recent works on display are several long, narrow compositions in which a thick, skinlike layer of monochromatic acrylic is stretched over the canvas. What sets them off is a pronounced undulating line—the artist's hallmark—that traverses each of them. Through Thursday, Feb. 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Dolly Perutz (1908-79)—Bronze sculptures of mythical-looking creatures, plus encaustic works that have an engaging Klee-like quality. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Antonio Segui—Oils and pastels depicting a furtive-looking character the artist calls SIR. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Kendall Shaw—Recent paintings. Through Feb. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Kimber Smith—Abstract paintings done in a few bold strokes of bright colors on unsized canvas. Through Feb. 25. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

James Twitty—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—About forty paintings, mostly of his favorite subjects—churches and dance halls—and many of them from the period when white dominated his palette. Through March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The current show of heavyweights includes a Fauve-period Vlaminck, a frolicsome Miró done on a rectangle of coarse, unstretched canvas, and several small Picassos and Matisses. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Braque, Picasso, Klee, Dufy, and Hugo Robus are among the artists represented in this show of works inspired by music. Through Feb. 28. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **salander-o'reilly,** 22 E. 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Arshile Gorky, Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, John Sloan, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—A show called "Decorative Sculpture" includes a five-part etched-glass screen by Patsy Norvell; an eight-by-six-foot concrete fishpond housing a red concrete fish by Ned Smyth; and a sheet-aluminum fan, called "Coral Cadillac," by Barbara Zucker. Through Feb. 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Larry Bell—Four sculptural works (the artist calls them "lamps") from which pure and luminous colors are reflected upward in each corner of the gallery. Through Feb. 17. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Beverly Buchanan—Slabs of colored cast concrete, sometimes stacked together, which evoke archaic ruins. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Twelve large collages. Through Feb. 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bill Gallo—Paintings and lithographs by the *News* cartoonist. Through Feb. 27. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Harry Gottlieb—Drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Gouaches, watercolors, and India-ink drawings, none of them previously exhibited. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette—A mural commissioned for the Federal Office Building in Bangor, Maine, plus paintings, drawings, and pastels. Through Feb. 28. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Johanson—Flower-shaped ceramics and drawings (models and sketches for a large landscape sculpture) by an architect-artist. Through Feb. 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

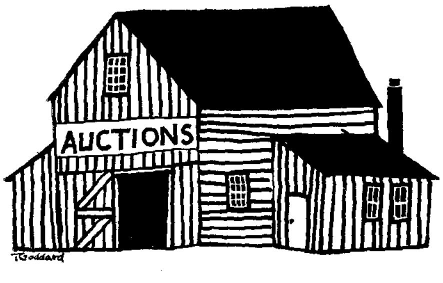
Joyce Kozloff and Betty Woodman—Painted porcelain objects, the joint efforts of the two artists. Through Feb. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Leon Krier / Pat Steir—Architectural renderings of real and imaginary structures, some in color. / Colored-pencil drawings that cover the walls of two rooms and provide a setting for several relatively small abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Eleanore Lockspeiser—Abstract oils. Through Feb. 21. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Etchings and lithographs. Through Feb. 21. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



James McGarrell—A single four-panel figurative work. Through Feb. 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

George McNeil—Fresh, frisky oils by a septuagenarian who paints in a distinctly American version of the European Expressionist style. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Geer Morton—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes. Through Feb. 19. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Large, mysterious pastels and oils in which Biblical and mythical subjects are treated in a semi-representational manner. Through Feb. 20. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Paintings from the seventies often called the Avignon paintings, after the city where they were first exhibited. Through March 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Porter—Shafts of Corten steel, the largest a bit over nine feet tall, some of them notched with deep recesses that are lined with stainless steel. There are also similar pieces carved from spruce timbers. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Abstract paintings on panels and works on paper. Through Feb. 28. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Richard Serra—Recent drawings. Through Feb. 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Timothy Woodman / John Batho—Painted sculptural wall reliefs cut out of sheet aluminum and pieced together in cartoonlike versions of David and Goliath, Odysseus and the Sirens, Noah's Ark, the Legend of Sleepy Hollow—thirty-two works, large and small. / Color photographs by a French photographer which capture the movement and color and carnival air of amusement parks. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Grandma Moses and works on paper by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, Kubin, and Kokoschka. Through Feb. 21. . . . **janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: "The Picasso Generation" is the title of a show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Braque, Giacometti, Magritte, Matisse, Mondrian, and Picasso himself. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings of children by nineteenth-century artists John Singer Sargent, Robert W. Weir, Henry K. Brown, George C. Lambdin, and others. Through Friday, Feb. 13. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—A number of artists (Joel Shapiro, Brian Hunt, Lynda Benglis) are showing one piece each in bronze, a new material for some of them. Through Feb. 28. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bill Alpert—A survey of constructions and drawings taking in the years between 1974 and the present. Through Feb. 28. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard Beckett—Wall pieces made of cardboard painted with oil and encaustic. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Rudy Burckhardt—Landscapes and still-lifes, plus a sort of sideshow of oil paintings on mushrooms—the woody kind that grow at the foot of trees—by Mr. Burckhardt and several guest artists, including Rackstraw Downes. Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

William Crovello—Sculptures. Through March 3. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Jasper Johns—Sixty drawings in mixed mediums done over the past ten years and including his familiar ale cans, stencilled numerals and letters, and latter-day herringbone patterns. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Long—Six sculptural works laid out

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side by side on the gallery floor, each consisting of two hundred and seventy willow sticks about a foot and a half long, plus (in another room) a sixteen-foot circle of pine sticks. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Stephen Lorber—Paintings by a realist whose specialty is the depiction of woven baskets. Through Feb. 25. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—Paintings done between 1930 and 1950 by this abstract artist, who was a disciple of Gorky but shifted to wholly geometrical forms in her later years. Through Feb. 28. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Jay Milder / Arthur Weyhe—Abstract paintings based on landscapes and actually incorporating the landscape, to the extent that leaves and sand and straw are mixed with the Rhoplex-and-acrylic medium. / This artist's Minimalist cedar-log sculptures are primarily outdoor pieces. One is on display here; others are seen in a mounted exhibit of maquettes and photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Hunnings, 139 Spring St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Dennis Oppenheim / Hiroshi Sugimoto—A new work of giant dimensions by a conceptual artist. / Photographs of empty theatre interiors. Through Feb. 21. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

James Rosenquist—"Star Thief," a huge conglomerate of a painting, forty-six feet long, devotes about a quarter of its space to the depiction of slices of raw bacon. The remainder is given over to unidentified bits of machinery, a woman's head, a grill of some kind, what may be a series of furled flags, and an expanse of star-spangled sky. The gallery says that the whole represents a comment on the 1980 election year. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Frances Siegel—Small oil paintings: the Hudson River waterfront, vistas in the Berkshires, still-lifes. Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

George Szekely—Fifty energetic drawings, wholly abstract, done with various mediums—Magic Markers, crayons, pastels, and so on. Through Thursday, Feb. 12. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Ernesto Tatafiore—Paintings, mostly of airplanes and ships, by an Italian New Imagist. One plane is a canvas cutout that takes up an entire wall and spills out onto the ceiling above and the gallery floor below. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Philip Wofford—Large, chaotic-looking abstractions in riotous acrylic colors. Through Feb. 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: A fourth-anniversary show of works on paper by eleven artists. Through Feb. 28. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **hutchinson**, 138 Greene St.: Works on paper and maquettes for outdoor sculptures by twenty artists, among them Archipenko, George Segal, and Marisol. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: Landscape paintings by eight artists, including Lois Dodd, Wolf Kahn, and Gretna Campbell. Through Feb. 19. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **neill**, 136 Greene St.: Paintings by ten abstract artists. Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. . . . **thorp**, 419 West Broadway: Landscape paintings by Gregory Gillespie, Neil Jenney, John Lees, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

Vincent Arcilesi—A single four-panel painting, "Allegory," of nineteen full-scale nude figures in an idyllic landscape. With preliminary drawings and oil studies. Through Feb. 15. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 11:30.)

Merrill Wagner / Anthony Thompson—Sheets of slate marked with pastels and oils. / Geometric wedges (acrylic) placed directly on the wall. Through Feb. 24. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Group Shows—At the **clayworks studio workshop**, 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St.: Ceramics by eight painters and sculptors working with clay for the first time. They include Kikuo Saito, Joyce Kozloff, Sherron Francis, and James Wolfe. Through Feb. 28. (Opens at 1.) . . . **80 washington square east galleries**, New York University: The fifth annual small-works (under twelve inches) competition; the two hundred and sixty-six paintings, drawings, photographs, and constructions were chosen by Marcia Tucker from more than three thousand entries. Through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo / Wright Morris—Platinum prints (still-lifes, landscapes, portraits) by the Mexican photographer. / Works recently printed from negatives made in the forties. Through March 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Hans Bellmer (1902-75)—This European Surrealist, known for his doll mobiles, also did doll photographs—exclusively. Through March 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

John Coplans—Portraits made with a 4 x 5 view camera, over half of them contact prints. Through Feb. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A hundred or so photographs taken in Germany at periods some forty years apart—in the twenties and thirties and in 1979-80. The prints on view include landscapes, portraits, crowds, and concerts. There are portraits of Leni Riefenstahl and Max Schmeling from both periods. Through March 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In other rooms at the Center: Spanish Civil War photographs by Robert Capa, Gerda Taro, and David Seymour (Chim). Through March 29. . . . A retrospective of photographs by Lou Bernstein, many of them of the Brooklyn neighborhood where he makes his home. Through Feb. 22.

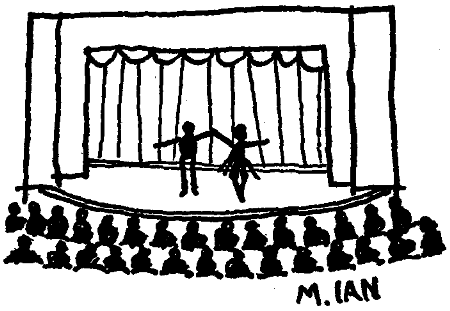
Sam Falk—A retrospective of works by the *Times* photographer, whose pictures began appearing in 1925. Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Fernand Fonssagrives—Fashion photography, 1934 to 1960. Through Feb. 28. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of birds in urban settings. Through March 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Norma Holt—Photographs of some of the artists, writers, and musicians who live all year, or part of the year, in Provincetown: Fritz Bultman, Norman Mailer, Eleanor Munro, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Suzanne Szasz—Children, alone or engaged in some aspect of family life, are the center of attention here, and the photographs explore the various levels of growing up: a newborn in the delivery room, a series on sorority rushing at a Southern university, and so on. Through Wednesday, Feb. 11. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)



Joyce Tenneson—Hand-applied silver prints. Through Friday, Feb. 13. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Brett Weston—Twenty vintage prints from throughout his career. Through Tuesday, Feb. 10. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

Nineteenth-Century French Photographs—Portraits by Nadar, landscapes by Gustave Le Gray, architectural studies by Edouard-Denis Baldus, and other daguerreotypes and photographs dated 1880 and earlier. A loan from the Bibliothèque Nationale, at the Metropolitan Museum; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of Korean art incorporating more than three hundred items, among them Buddhist statuary, including a gilt-bronze Maitreya; *Koryo* celadon; *Yi* ceramics and paintings; and two gold crowns (about fifth century) recently excavated from royal tombs at the north mound of the Great Tomb at Hwangnam. Through March 15. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. . . . **photography:** Nineteenth-century French photographs. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Symbolist Aesthetic," a show of drawings, prints, and other works by late-nineteenth-century European artists (Gauguin, Ensor, Munch, Redon). Through March 10. . . . **photography:** "American Children," an exhibit of sixty photographs from the museum's collection; the works cover a hundred-year period starting with the eighteen-sixties. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

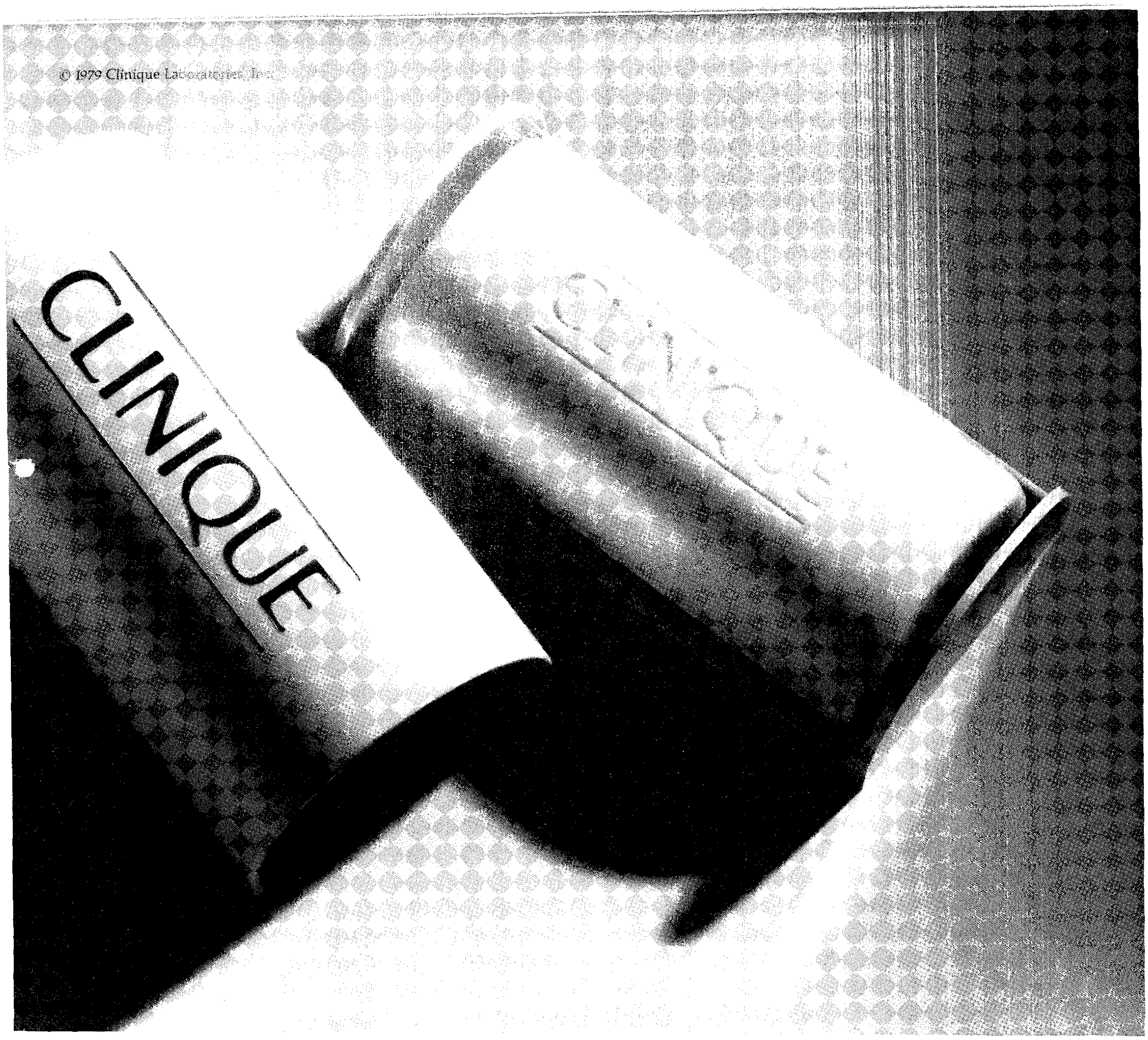
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"19 Artists—Emergent Americans," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and videotapes which introduces relatively unknown artists. One work by each artist will be purchased for the museum's collections. Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1981 biennial survey of paintings, sculptures, photographs, videotapes, and films produced in the past two years occupies the top three floors of the museum. Through April 5. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, from the permanent collection. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Department of Prints and Drawings has acquired hundreds of works in the past two years, and of these a hundred have been put on view—by Delacroix, Marguerite Zorach, Alex Katz, William T. Wiley, and others. Through March 22. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Friday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Glory-of-the-Seas" is the name of one of the more than two hundred colorful cone shells in this exhibit and also the name from which the title of the show is taken. Other collector's items: "Gauguin's Cone," the "Stupella Cone," and "Thoma's Cone," which was once owned by James Arnold Constable. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibition organized by Bernard



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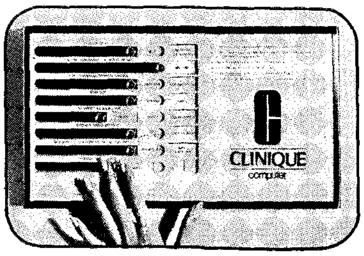

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Rudofsky, the museum's scholar-in-residence, that deals with the way we eat, sleep, clean ourselves, and take our ease. The show includes tableware from various civilizations; headrests from Egypt, the Pacific Islands, and Africa; early bathroom facilities, and the prototype of Buckminster Fuller's "Dymaxion" bathroom. Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A display of nearly five hundred matchsafes from the Brener collection, which has examples made of precious materials (silver, ivory, gold) in precious shapes (babies, animals, musical instruments) dating from the eighteen-seventies, not long after the invention of the friction match. Through April 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibition of books, manuscripts, and other matter from *the Lilly Library of Indiana University.* The collection has works on the sciences (a first edition, 1833, of Beaumont's "Observations on the Gastric Juice . . ."), history (a first printed draft of the Constitution), and literature (manuscript copies of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" and "Oil!," Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," and Ian Fleming's "From Russia, With Love"). Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, *29 E. 36th St.—More than a* hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Through Sunday, Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

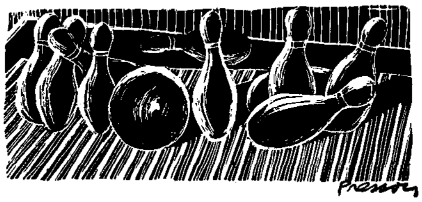
New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The original work used for advertisements, record albums, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser, Bernie Fuchs, Bob Peak, Wilson McLean, and other recipients of the awards that have been given annually, since 1959, by the Society of Illustrators. Through May 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Lincoln's Birthday. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A show of all twenty-nine of the books published by the Plain Wrapper Press, including Pier Paolo Pasolini's "Ballata delle Madri." Also, manuscripts, letters, proofs, and sketches. Through April 29. . . . ¶ A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. On view are a copy of his first printed book (published privately by Stephen Spender in a limited edition of twenty-five), a number of other compositions, both in typescript and manuscript, and selections from fourteen notebooks. Many photographs. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection always closes at 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A retrospective of set and costume designs for the opera by Beni Montresor. In addition, the actual costumes worn by such stars as Sherrill Milnes, Grace Bumbry, and Renata Tebaldi. Starts Thursday, Feb. 5. (Open daily except Sundays, Wednesdays, and Lincoln's Birthday. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—This division of the New York Public Library reopened in a new five-story building this past fall. In the first-floor gallery, an exhibit of works on paper by and about black people has been mounted. The artists include Henry O. Tanner, Romare Bearden, and Jacob Lawrence. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Open daily except Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of photographs, prints, assemblages, sculptures, and paintings by six contemporary artists showing here for the first time: Curtis Bunyan, Nanette Carter, Janet Henry, Howard McCalebb, Leon Waller, and Stanley K. Whitney. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Lincoln's Birthday. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)



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EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Three solo shows: Myrel Chernick (film installation), Carroll Dunham (abstract drawings), and Tom Rubnitz (painted cutouts). Also, a group show of drawings, models, and other works by five architects. Through Feb. 28.

Dia Art Foundation, 6 Harrison St., at Hudson St. 925-8270. Exhibition hours: Thursdays, 4 to 8; Saturdays, 2 to 6.—"The Magenta Lights," an installation by Marian Zazeela in which colored lights are reflected from suspended mobiles. On Wednesdays and Sundays at 6, concurrent four-hour piano improvisations ("The Well-Tuned Piano") by the composer La Monte Young. (Live on Sundays, taped on Wednesdays.) Through Feb. 28.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Eric Bogosian (performance), Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; Schuldt (performance), Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; a show of John Fekner's photographs of the stencilled lettering that he has added to various buildings in the area, through Saturday, Feb. 14.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Michel Auder (video play), Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30 and 10:30; William Hawley (music), Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30; Joan La Barbara (music), Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; a video installation, with sound, by Rita Myers, starts Thursday, Feb. 12.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Dale Duesing, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, Betsy Norden, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, Isola Jones, and James Atherton; conducted by Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Spas Wenkoff, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Florence Quivar, Kathleen Battle, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Dale Duesing, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, Betsy Norden, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, Isola Jones, and James Atherton; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, John Darrenkamp, Julien Robbins, and William Fleck; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 9, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Roberta Knie, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Roberta Peters, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, Arthur Thompson, Julien Robbins, and William Fleck; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Dale Duesing, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, Betsy Norden, Loretta Di Franco, Claudia Catania, Batyah Godfrey, and James Atherton; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Roberta Knie, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Roberta Peters, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, Arthur Thompson, Julien Robbins, and William Fleck; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Betsy Norden, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting a Rorem-Copland-William Schuman program on Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8; Friday, Feb. 6, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 7:30 (all with Marilyn Horne, soprano). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a George Walker-Beethoven-Richard Strauss program on Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8; Friday, Feb. 13, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8; and a nonsubscription performance on Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano).

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Leonard Slatkin conducting. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8, with Jeffrey Siegel, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8, with Mark Peskanov, violin.)

Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra—David Zinman conducting, with Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Ralph Evans, violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Menahem Pressler, piano, and Alexander Kouguell and Fortunato Arico, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra—David Katz conducting, with Sergei Edelmann, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3. For tickets, call 275-5000.)

Connecticut Philharmonic Orchestra—Robert Hart Baker conducting, with Johannes Somary, organ. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting an all-Vivaldi program, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano, and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one devoted to music composed (by Schoenberg, Milhaud, Antheil, and Satie) for silent films, and played as accompaniment to the showing of films by Murnau, Chaplin, Léger, and Clair. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240. . . . ¶ Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing William Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" and Vaughan Williams' "Five Mystical Songs," with Richard Anderson, baritone, and an orchestra and two brass ensembles. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Choral Arts Society of Washington—Mstislav Rostropovich directing a performance of Rachmaninoff's Vespers, with Mary Claire Richardson, contralto, and Gene Tucker, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 7:30.)

St. Thomas Choir—Gerre Hancock directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a program that includes the première of his own work "Legacy." With June Anderson, soprano; Paul Spencer Adkins, tenor; and Charles Roe, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

RECITALS

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Two recitals of Brahms sonatas for violin/piano and viola/piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Christopher O'Riley—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The third in a series of four concerts presenting the complete quartets of Bartók and Mendelssohn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of seven concerts, this one devoted to the music of Donald Martino and Luigi Dallapiccola, performed by the New York New Music Ensemble; Rolf Schulte, violin; Rhonda Rider, cello; and Johana Arnold, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Japan Society—Hamao Fujiwara, violin; Hakuro Mori, cello; Katsurako Mikami, piano; and Naoko Tanaka, viola, in a chamber music recital. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 832-1155, Ext. 50.)

Music from Marlboro—The second program in two series of concerts, these performed by Peter Orth, piano; Carmit Zori, violin; Philipp Naegele, viola; Marcy Rosen, cello; and John Bruce Yeh, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2.)

Ronald Thomas—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2:30.)

Erick Friedman—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Yo-yo Ma and Emanuel Ax—Cello and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Lynn Harrell and James Levine—Cello and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3.)

Zitta Finkelstein—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3.)

Miriam Burton—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3.)

Ruth Glasser and Mara Waldman—Cello and piano, with Setsuko Nagata, violin. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Oscar Shumsky—Violin, in a Bach-Mozart program, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Jens Nygaard, pianist-conductor; and members of the Jupiter Symphony. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Robert Beaser conducting a program that will include new works by Peter Golub and himself, as well as music by Stefan Wolpe, Gunther Schuller, John Lennon and Paul McCartney, and others. With Mary Feinsinger, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

New York Philharmonic Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Music New to New York—With Ruth Dreier, cello; Edmund Niemann, piano; and Curtis Macomber, violin. Ross Lee Finney will provide commentary during the evening. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

Chamber Music—With Rachmael Weinstock, violin; Artur Balsam, piano; and Paul Ingraham, horn. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin/viola; Harold Wright, clarinet; and Benita Valente, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 10-11, at 8.)

Zurich Clarinet Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Jerome Lowenthal—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Zarate Guitar Quartet—A program of classical music for four guitars. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The second in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century music, this one with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; and Harvey Sollberger, conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Badinage—An all-Telemann program performed by Robert Alcala, baroque oboe and recorder; Julianne Baird, soprano; Jerry Brainard, harpsichord; Wendy Gillespie, viola da gamba; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music—James Buswell, violin; Colin Carr and Stephen Kates, cello; Robert Routch, horn; and Yefim Bronfman and Stephanie Brown, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2.)

David Bradshaw—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program entitled "A Renaissance Valentine," with the Madrigal Singers and the Court Dance Company of New York. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

A Brahms Soirée—A program of vocal and keyboard works by Johannes Brahms, performed by pianists Zenon Fishbein and Kuei Pin Yeo and the Paget Chorale, directed by Daniel Paget. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Philip Glass—With his ensemble in three programs. Thursday, Feb. 12, and Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8: Performances of "Einstein on the Beach," in concert form, with Paul Zukofsky, violin, and a chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Music with Changing Parts" and other works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 7: "Music in 12 Parts," a work that lasts five hours (with two forty-minute intermissions). (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Friday, Feb. 13, at 7:35. . . . **rutgers university athletic center:** Nets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Sunday, Feb. 8, at 4:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 9-10.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Thursday, Feb. 12. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 7. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, March 14.

Track Meet—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 6, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 4. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Ingrid Bengis, Janet Burroway, Gail Godwin, Mary Gordon, Erica Jong, Nancy Milford, Honor Moore, and Janet Sternburg reading from their own works. A benefit program. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8. For tickets, call 472-0600.) . . ¶ Carol Muske and Susan Wood reading from their own poetry. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 5, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 6. . . . **sotheby's york avenue galleries,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 2, and Thursday, Feb. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces, among them Tiffany glass and lamps, Lalique glass, and furniture. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at about 3:30: Furniture designed in 1937 by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, from the estate of Conrad Hilton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: English furniture, together with clocks and decorations. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 10 and 2, and Thursday, Feb. 5, at 10: English, Continental, and American silver, Russian works of art and watches, and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 10 and 2: The Prescott Collection of printed books and manuscripts.

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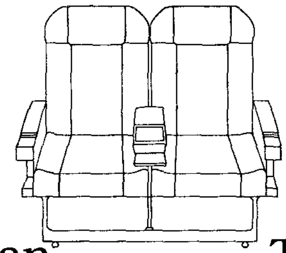

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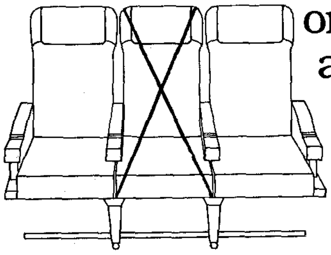

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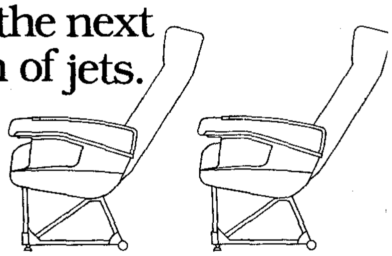

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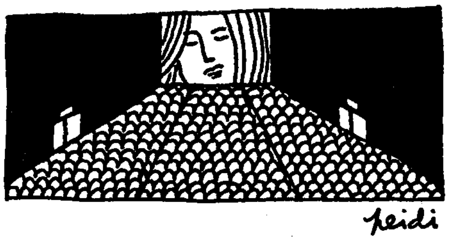

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 8: "The Single Standard" (1929), a silent film, directed by John S. Robertson, with Greta Garbo, Nils Asther, and Johnny Mack Brown; and "The Day After Trinity," a documentary about J. Robert Oppenheimer, directed by Jon Else.
Feb. 9: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 10: "Alambrista" (1978), directed by Robert M. Young, with Domingo Ambriz, Trinidad Silva, and Ned Beatty. Mr. Young will be present at the 8 P.M. showing on Thursday, Feb. 12. On Thursday, Feb. 12, at 10 P.M. only, "Short Eyes" (†).

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Samuel Goldwyn films:
Feb. 4: "Wonder Man" (†) and "Stella Dallas." (†)
Feb. 5: "A Song Is Born" (1948), directed by Howard Hawks, with Danny Kaye; and "Wonder Man." (†)
Feb. 6: "They Shall Have Music" (†); and "A Song Is Born."
Feb. 7: "The Goldwyn Follies" (†) and "They Shall Have Music." (†)
Feb. 8: "Up in Arms" (†) and "The Goldwyn Follies." (†)
Feb. 9: "Splendor" (1935), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Helen Westley; and "Up in Arms." (†)
Feb. 10: "Bulldog Drummond" (1929), directed by Richard Jones, with Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett; and "Splendor."
Feb. 11: "The Princess and the Pirate" (†); and "Bulldog Drummond."
Feb. 12: "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" (†) and "The Princess and the Pirate." (†)
Feb. 13: "My Foolish Heart" (1950), directed by Mark Robson, with Dana Andrews, Susan Hayward, Kent Smith, and Robert Keith; and "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." (†)
Feb. 14: "Wuthering Heights" (†); and "My Foolish Heart."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 5: "The Mirror Crack'd," directed by Guy Hamilton, with Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple; and "Network." (†)
Feb. 6-12: "Any Which Way You Can," directed by Buddy Van Horn, with Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, William Smith, Harry Guardino, and Ruth Gordon; and "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu," directed by Piers Haggard, with Peter Sellers.
From Feb. 13: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Stir Crazy," directed by Sidney Poitier, with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, Georg Stanford Brown, and Jobeth Williams.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Feb. 5: "Scanners," a Canadian film, directed by David Cronenberg, with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan.
Feb. 6-10: "Fear No Evil," directed by Frank LaLoggia, with Stefan Arngrim and Elizabeth Hoffman.
From Feb. 11: "My Bloody Valentine," a Canadian film, directed by George Mihalka, with Paul Kelman and Lori Hallier.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Altered States." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 5: "From the Life of the Marionettes," in German, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath.
From Feb. 6: "Fort Apache, the Bronx," directed by Daniel Petrie, with Paul Newman and Ed Asner.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 5: "Maniac," directed by William Lustig, with Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro.
Feb. 6-12: "Resurrection." (†)
From Feb. 13: "Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen," directed by Clive Donner, with Peter Ustinov, Angie Dickinson, Richard Hatch, and Lee Grant.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"9 to 5," directed by Colin Higgins, with Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Dabney Coleman.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 7: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior"). (†)
From Feb. 8: "Caddie," an Australian film, directed by Donald Crombie, with Helen Morse and Jack Thompson.

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Feb. 5: "Scanners."
Feb. 6-12: "Fear No Evil."
From Feb. 13: "The Dogs of War," directed by John Irvin, with Christopher Walken, Tom Berenger, and Colin Blakely.

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Feb. 10: "The Mirror Crack'd."
From Feb. 11: "Sphinx," directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with Lesley-Anne Down, Frank Langella, Maurice Ronet, and John Gielgud.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Inside Moves," directed by Richard Donner, with John Savage.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 10: "Tribute," directed by Bob Clark, with Jack Lemmon, Robby Benson, and Lee Remick.
From Feb. 11: "The Last Metro," in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Private Benjamin." (†)

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant," an Australian film, directed by Bruce Beresford, with Edward Woodward.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Stir Crazy." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 4, and Wednesday, Feb. 11.)

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman," directed by Joel Schumacher, with Lily Tomlin, Charles Grodin, and Ned Beatty.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Altered States." (†)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Feb. 7: "Raging Bull." (†)
From Feb. 8: "Spetters," in Dutch, directed by Paul Verhoeven.

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Feb. 12: "Seems Like Old Times," directed by Jay Sandrich, with Chevy Chase, Goldie Hawn, and Charles Grodin.
From Feb. 13: "American Pop," an animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Feb. 5: "First Family," directed by Buck Henry, with Gilda Radner, Bob Newhart, and Madeline Kahn.
From Feb. 6: "Popeye." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Tell Me a Riddle," directed by Lee Grant, with Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova, and Brooke Adams.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Competition." (†)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 5: "It's My Turn," directed by Claudia Weill, with Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin.
Feb. 6-12: "Stardust Memories." (†)
From Feb. 13: "Popeye." (†)

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 5: "Blood Beach," directed by Jeffrey Bloom, with David Huffman and Mariana Hill.
Feb. 6-12: "Resurrection." (†)
From Feb. 13: "Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 5: "Popeye." (†)
From Feb. 6: "Fort Apache, the Bronx."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Stir Crazy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 5: "Scanners."
Feb. 6-12: "Fear No Evil."
From Feb. 13: "The Dogs of War."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 12: "Maniac." From Feb. 13: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 10: "9 to 5." From Feb. 11: "Sphinx."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Seems Like Old Times."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Raging Bull." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 3: "Every Man for Himself." (†)
Theatre 4: "Like a Turtle on Its Back," in French, directed by Luc Beraud, with Bernadette Lafont and Jean-François Stevenin.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Feb. 7: "The Elephant Man." (†)
From Feb. 8: "The Earthling," directed by Peter Collinson, with William Holden and Ricky Schroder.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Feb. 12: "The Jazz Singer," directed by Richard Fleischer, with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.
From Feb. 13: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Popeye." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"From the Life of the Marionettes."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique," in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Raging Bull." (†) No evening performances on Monday, Feb. 9.

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Man of Marble," in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)," a Canadian film, in French, directed by Francis Mankiewicz, with Marie Tifo, Charlotte Laurier, and Germain Houde.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: Theatre closed. From Feb. 6: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior"). (†)

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "It's My Turn."
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: "Seems Like Old Times."
Theatre 4: "Stir Crazy."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Like a Turtle on Its Back."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: "Maniac." From Feb. 13: "Popeye." (†)
Theatre 3: "Caligula."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 10: "9 to 5." From Feb. 11: "Sphinx."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: Theatre closed. From Feb. 6: "Fort Apache, the Bronx."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 5: "Any Which Way You Can." From Feb. 6: "9 to 5."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 5: "Private Benjamin." (†) From Feb. 6: "9 to 5."
Theatre 5: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 6: Through Feb. 5: "Flash Gordon." (†) Feb. 6-12: "Resurrection." (†) From Feb. 13: To be announced.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 5: "Airplane!" (†) From Feb. 6: "Seems Like Old Times."
Theatre 4: "The Mirror Crack'd."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Feb. 5: "Seems Like Old Times."
From Feb. 6: "Fear No Evil."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Altered States." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Popeye." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Feb. 12: "Scanners."
From Feb. 13: "The Dogs of War."

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Caligula."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Feb. 12: "Maniac."
From Feb. 13: To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Feb. 12: "Blood Beach."
From Feb. 13: "American Pop."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 4: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michael Piccoli, and Jean Dasté.
Feb. 5: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, a documentary, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; and "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" (1974), a documentary on Antonia Brico, directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow.
Feb. 6: "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy; and "The Blood of a Poet" (1930), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau.
Feb. 7: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Feb. 8: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1969), the first film directed by Martin Scorsese, with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel.
Feb. 9: "The Tin Drum" (1980), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with David Bennent; and "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta, with Angela Winkler.
Feb. 10: "Return of the Street Fighter" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Shigehiro Ozawa, with Sonny Chiba; and "Abashiri Prison #3: Duel at the Wharf" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Teruo Ishi, with Ken Takakura.
Feb. 11-12: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter; "Girl Friends" (†); and "Hester Street" (1975), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with Carol Kane and Mel Howard.
Feb. 13: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
Feb. 14: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus"; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, Dennis Price, and Joan Greenwood.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 4: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "Marked Woman" (1937), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli.
Feb. 5: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.
Feb. 6: "Ludwig" (1973), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano.
Feb. 7: "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff.
Feb. 8: "Gigi" (†) and "Brigadoon." (†)
Feb. 9: "Stay As You Are" (†); and "Immoral Tales" (1976), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk.
Feb. 10: "Best Boy" (†); and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968), directed by Robert Ellis Miller, with Alan Arkin.
Feb. 11: "Electra" (†) and "Phaedra." (†)
Feb. 12: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski.
Feb. 13: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll.
Feb. 14: "Moulin Rouge" (†) and "Lust for Life." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 5: "The Shining" (1980), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, and Danny Lloyd; and "The Killing" (1956), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards.
Feb. 6-7: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.
Feb. 8-9: "The Consequence" (1977), in German, directed by Wolfgang Petersen, with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Sebastiane" (1978), in Latin, directed by Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress.
Feb. 10: "Chac" (†); and "Scent of a Woman" (1976), in Italian, directed by Dino Risi, with Vittorio Gassman.
Feb. 11-12: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland; and "The Night Porter." (†)
Feb. 13-14: "Sleeper" (1973) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

MAURICE FREED

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Feb. 4: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
Feb. 5-7: "Young Frankenstein" (1974), directed by Mel Brooks, with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn; and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970), directed by Billy Wilder, with Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, and Geneviève Page.
Feb. 8-9: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
Feb. 10-11: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin; and "Small Change" (1976), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Geory Desmouceaux.
Feb. 12-14: "Being There" (1979), directed by Hal Ashby, with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "Network." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)
Through Feb. 5: "Point Blank" (1967), directed by John Boorman, with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, and Keenan Wynn; and "The Silent Partner" (1979), directed by Daryl Duke, with Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould.
Feb. 6-8: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Feb. 9-11: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (†) and "The Three Faces of Eve." (†)
Feb. 12-14: "Gigi" (†); and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 4: "Village of the Damned" (1960), directed by Wolf Rilla, with George Sanders, Barbara Shelley, and Michael Gwynne; and "The Haunting" (1963), directed by Robert Wise, with Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson, and Russ Tamblyn.
Feb. 5-7: "Bells Are Ringing" (1960), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Holliday and Dean Martin; and "The Long, Long Trailer" (1954), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.
Feb. 8-9: "Manhattan Melodrama" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy; and "Mannequin." (†)
Feb. 10-11: "I Love Melvin" (1953), directed by Don Weis, with Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, and Una Merkel; and "Small Town Girl" (1953), directed by Leslie Kardos, with Jane Powell, Farley Granger, Bobby Van, and Billie Burke.
Feb. 12-14: "H. M. Pulham, Esq." (†); and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 4: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Totò and Ninetto Davoli.
Feb. 5: "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (1946), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, Kirk Douglas, and Lizabeth Scott; and "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" (1933), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Al Jolson, Harry Langdon, and Madge Evans.
Feb. 6-7: "Ape" (1976), directed by Paul

Leder, with Rod Arrants, Joanna De Varona, and Alex Nicol; and "Dangerous Mission" (1954), directed by Louis Ling, with Victor Mature, Piper Laurie, and William Bendix. Both in 3-D.

Feb. 8: "Pretty Baby" (†); and "The Lovers" (1959), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Jeanne Moreau.

Feb. 9: "The Sleeping Car Murder" (1966), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Simone Signoret and Yves Montand; and "The Confession." (†)

Feb. 10: "The Virgin Soldiers" (1970), directed by John Dexter, with Lynn Redgrave, Hywel Bennett, and Nigel Davenport; and "Seeds of Evil" (1974), directed by Jim Kay, with Joe Dallesandro.

Feb. 11: "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas; and "RoGoPaG" (1962), in Italian, a four-episode film, directed by Roberto Rossellini, Jean-Luc Godard, Pier Paolo Pasolini, and Ugo Gregoretti.

Feb. 12: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "The Front Page" (1931), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton.

Feb. 13-14: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, and Pat Heywood.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 4: "Cabin in the Cotton" (1932), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Bette Davis, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Jordan, and Henry B. Walthall; and "Three on a Match" (1933), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Joan Blondell, Bette Davis, and Ann Dvorak.

Feb. 5: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

Feb. 6-7: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "Private Detective 62" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with William Powell, Margaret Lindsay, and Ruth Donnelly.

Feb. 8: "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck; and "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre.

Feb. 9: "Idiot's Delight" (†) and "Forsaking All Others." (†)

Feb. 10: "Woman of the Year" (†); and "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

Feb. 11: "The Sun Also Rises" (†); and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952), directed by Henry King, with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

Feb. 12: "Mr. Skeffington" (†); and "Old Acquaintance" (1943), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, John Loder, Dolores Moran, and Gig Young.

Feb. 13: "La Bête Humaine" (†); and "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Feb. 14: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 5 at 2:30, 6, and 7:30, and Feb. 6 at 2:30 and 6: Five different programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at noon: "The President Vanishes" (1934), directed by William Wellman, with Arthur Byron, Paul Kelly, and Rosalind Russell. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2:30 and 5: Two different programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at noon: "Zazie dans le Métro" (1960), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: One of the programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 5: "The Ten Commandments" (1923), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Theodore Roberts, Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, and Estelle Taylor. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at noon: "Mom" (1978), directed by Mark Rance; and "Breaking and Entering" (1978), directed by Ann Schaetzel. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: One of the programs of animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 6: A program of short films by Caroline Leaf. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at noon: "Mom" and "Breaking and Entering." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2:30: "The Ten Commandments." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 6: "Stations of the Elevated" (1980), directed by Manny Kirchheimer; and "Energy and Morality" (1979), directed by Swain Wolf. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2:30, 6, and 7:30, and Feb. 13 at 2:30 and 6: Four programs of the works of Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at noon: "Zazie dans le Métro." . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30 and 5: Two programs of the works of Norman McLaren. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (288-9601)—Starting Feb. 4: A series of programs made up of films and video works shown at the museum during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for films and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Feb. 4 at 8: "The Chelsea Girls" (1966), directed by Andy Warhol. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 3: A program of video films by Kit Fitzgerald and John Sanborn. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 and 6 at 8: Two programs of films by Kenneth Anger. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2: A program of video films by Peter Crown and Bill Etra. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 8: A program of films by Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 8: A program of four films each by Jordan Belson and Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8: A program of video films by Kit Fitzgerald and John Sanborn. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 8: "Flesh of Morning" (1956) and "Anticipation of the Night" (1958), both films directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: A program of films by Robert Breer. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8: A program of films by Ricky Leacock, Rachel Strickland, Gail Camhi, and Marjorie Keller. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2: A program of video films by Bob Fleischner and Carla Liss. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 5:30: A program by Rosalind Schneider and Nancy Kendall. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: A program of films by George Kuchar.

Napoleon—Abel Gance's 1927 four-hour silent film. As an accompaniment to the film, the American Symphony Orchestra, directed by Carmine Coppola, will play apposite music written by Mr. Coppola. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 944-9300. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2:30.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Embassy; through Feb. 5.)

Altered States—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde tricks, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (1/19/81) (Murray Hill, Gemini 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Best Boy (1980)—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl, whose presence on both sides of the camera imposes a sense of assurance about the movie's honesty and the validity of our feelings for its unusual hero. (3/10/80) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 10.)

La Bête Humaine (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, with Jean Gabin driving the express train on the run from Le Havre to Paris. The train sequences, which are superb—realistic yet poetic—were shot on location and include views of the Gare Saint-Lazare in Paris in 1938. The film has marvellous atmosphere and a fine cast (Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive. (Remade in Hollywood in 1954 as "Human Desire," directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford and Gloria Grahame.) In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13.)

Brigadoon (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio. Also by executive decree, the director, Vincente Minnelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl (Cyd Charisse), while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings either, but the way it has been done it's hopelessly stagy. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. Lerner wrote the script; Kelly choreographed. With Hugh Laing, Barry Jones, Eddie Quillan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 8.)

Chac (1977)—A film about Mayans seeking rain in a drought. The subtitled speech—there is not much of it, as is usual in solemn ethnological films—is in Cariban, Mayan, and Tzeltal. Rolando Klein directed this extra-beautiful, subnormal-minded picture with a non-professional cast—apart from an extremely well-trained midget from Mexico City. (Cinema Village; Feb. 10.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Ziegfeld; starting Feb. 13.)

The Competition—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level, and between them Irving and Dreyfuss have acquired enough bad acting habits for a different kind of competition. As Irving's teacher, Lee Remick delivers some stunted, pathetic little howlers about life and art; as the vain, lecherous, silver-haired maestro of the symphony orchestra that performs with the finalists, Sam Wanamaker (who looks startlingly like Leonard Bernstein here) gives a polished, old-pro's satirical performance, and struts away with the picture. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (1/19/81) (Loews Tower East.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the prisoners at the Stalinist show trials in Czechoslovakia in 1952 were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 9.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—Fredric March goes in for hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. The director, Rouben Mamoulian, rather overdoes the pseudo-science at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed with sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Mini Cinema; Feb. 9-11.)

Electra (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting, with an authentic solemn grandeur, and with the handsome young Irene Papas as his heroine. Still, in trying to show how vividly modern this classic drama is, he produces discomfort: we're neither quite here nor quite back there. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 11.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Guild; through Feb. 7.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and about people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is: that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Quad Cinema.)

Flash Gordon—It's like a fairy tale set in a discothèque in the clouds. Up there, the archfiend Ming the Merciless (Max von Sydow) toys with Earth until three Earthlings—Dr. Zarkov (Topol), the golden-haired Flash Gordon (Sam J. Jones), and the cuddly Dale Arden (Melody Anderson)—go up in a rocket and crash-land at Ming's palace in Mongo. This picture has some of the knowing, pleasurable giddiness of the fast-moving Bonds. The images are flooded with the primary colors of comic strips—blue and, especially, red at its most blazing; the designer, Danilo Donati, and the cinematographer, Gil Taylor, make the colors so ripely intense that they're near-psychedelic. Ming's daughter, the tiny, voluptuous Princess Aura (Ornella Muti), wiggles and slinks through the palace wearing a shimmering scarlet jump suit; she's a flaming nympho and a perfect little emblem of camp. The director, Mike Hodges, gets right into comic-strip sensibility and pacing. With Brian Blessed as Prince Vultan, the leader of the hawk men (who have huge wings), Timothy Dalton as Prince Barin, and Mariangela Melato and John Osborne. From a script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr.; produced by Dino De Laurentiis; music by the rock group Queen. (1/5/81) (Criterion Center; through Feb. 5.)

Forsaking All Others (1934)—Joan Crawford's thirties melodramas are such tinselled toys that they can be completely unconvincing and still be hypnotic. Swathed in Adrian dresses here, and flanked by Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, she stares at us solemnly, directly—as if challenging us to come to terms with her overwrought modern-woman's problems. In this role, which Tallulah Bankhead had played on Broadway, she's deserted at the altar by Montgomery, then meets Gable and gives Montgomery the same treatment he gave her. In manner, she's somewhere between the lively flapper excitement that made her a star (she used to look sexed to the gills) and the agonized, toothachy concentration that became her style for dramatic acting in the forties. W. S. Van Dyke directed from Joseph L. Mankiewicz's adaptation of the play by E. B. Roberts and F. M. Cavett. With Rosalind Russell, Billie Burke,

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Charles Butterworth, Frances Drake, and Arthur Treacher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 9.)

Gigi (1958)—A plushy, cheerful, musical version of the Colette story about an adolescent girl who is tutored to be a courtesan but is so enchantingly innocent and eager that she winds up the betrothed of the richest, handsomest young man in Paris. Vincente Minnelli directed, in a confident, confectionery style that carries all—or almost all—before it. The elderly Maurice Chevalier singing "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" may give one pause. Leslie Caron is Gigi, and Louis Jourdan is her catch; with Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, John Abbott, Eva Gabor, Jacques Bergerac, and Monique Van Vooren. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Mini Cinema; Feb. 12-14.)

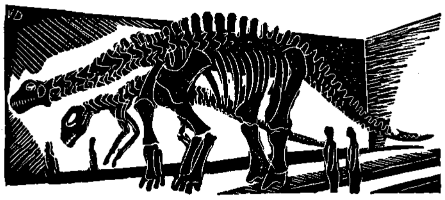
Girl Friends (1978)—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is the interesting one of the counterpull between the wish for sociability and the wish to be alone, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 11-12.)

The Goldwyn Follies (1938)—Bobby Clark, Zorina, and the Ritz Brothers—but not well used. George Marshall directed this somewhat sloppy affair, and the cast includes Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Kenny Baker, Helen Jepson, and Ella Logan. Some good Gershwin songs, and a couple by Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill. (Art; Feb. 7-8.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq. (1941)—Hedy Lamarr as a lady who rejects Boston, and Robert Young as a man who gives up all for it, in a well-made screen version of the John P. Marquand novel. With Ruth Hussey, Charles Coburn, Van Heflin, Fay Holden, and Bonita Granville; directed by King Vidor. (Regency; Feb. 12-14.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—Robert Sherwood's high reputation as a dramatist was always a little mystifying, and never more so than when his windy intellectuality was recorded on film. This allegorical comedy from M-G-M has Clark Gable as a hoofer and Norma Shearer as a fake Russian countess (the roles made famous on Broadway by Lunt and Fontanne). It's set in an Alpine winter-sports hotel high above a world about to be engulfed in war. The characters include a leftist, a pair of honeymooners, and so forth, and there's got to be an antiwar message in it somewhere. Gable isn't bad (and he gets a chance to do a deliberately clunky, bedraggled dance to "Puttin' on the Ritz"), but oh, that Shearer! With Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, Joseph Schildkraut, Skeets Gallagher, Laura Hope Crews, Pat Paterson, Virginia Grey, Joan Marsh, Bernadene Hayes, and Fritz Feld. Directed by Clarence Brown, who hopelessly struggles to give this stagy material some style and impudence. Sherwood did the adaptation himself, providing early scenes to establish that the hoofer and the "countess" had had an affair years before, when they were both in vaudeville, and adding a new upbeat ending. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 9.)

Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formations in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, and trees. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Plaza; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 6.)



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Lust for Life (1956)—Unlike the usual Hollywood lives of artists, this biographical movie about Vincent van Gogh (Kirk Douglas) and his loneliness and his frustrated attempt at friendship with Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) is thoughtful, ambitious in a dedicated way, and remarkably free of howlers. Perhaps just because it is so concerned with fidelity to the facts, it's less exciting than one might hope; something seems to be missing (a unifying dramatic idea, perhaps), but it's far from a disgrace, and the performers are never an embarrassment. The cast includes James Donald as Theo, Pamela Brown, Henry Daniell, Lionel Jeffries, Jill Bennett, Everett Sloane, Niall MacGinnis, Isobel Elsom, Laurence Naismith, Madge Kennedy, and Noel Purcell. A team of art directors worked out locations (in France and Holland) and interiors that relate to the paintings, many of which are shown. Vincente Minnelli directed for M-G-M, in CinemaScope and color; John Houseman produced; Norman Corwin adapted Irving Stone's best-selling biography; Freddy Young and Russell Harlan were the cinematographers; Miklos Rozsa did the music. Quinn took the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

Mannequin (1938)—Joan Crawford is a lyric talker in this one; poetic flights are her specialty as she rises from Hester Street to penthouses, suffering from emotional conflicts every step of the way. Her boyfriend, Spencer Tracy, makes good in the shipping business but has trouble with labor organizations; Alan Curtis, a friend from her poor-but-innocent days, is a corner loafer with a mean slant to his fedora. The director, Frank Borzage, gives some care to the tenement sequences, but he's perfunctory when the locales become swanky. The unconvincing script (from a Katherine Brush story) is no more than an excuse for M-G-M gloss and glamour; all the way through, a simple statement of the truth would solve the heroine's wracking problems. (Regency; Feb. 8-9.)

Mr. Skeffington (1944)—A Bette Davis vehicle, and notable mainly as such. It's about a man who loves his wife in spite of the trouble she gives him, which is plenty. Claude Rains is the man. With Walter Abel, Richard Waring, George Coulouris, and Marjorie Riordan; directed by Vincent Sherman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 12.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Cinematography by Oswald Morris; Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant. The movie could have used a script consultant. Huston and Anthony Veiller adapted Pierre La Mure's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

Network (1976)—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. Who has—him? Oh, no, the blacks, the revolutionaries, and a power-hungry executive at the fictional UBS network named Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway). The cast of this messianic farce includes William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; Feb. 12-14.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (Cinema Village; Feb. 11-12.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelettish version, featuring Melina Mercouri, who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 11.)

Popeye—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, and Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'-Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (Festival, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 1; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; starting Feb. 6. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Feb. 13.)

Pretty Baby (1978)—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (Thalia; Feb. 8.)

The Princess and the Pirate (1945)—The elaborate Technicolor romps that Bob Hope did with Virginia Mayo aren't the best settings for his casual wit; the situations are too strained, the fooling around is too buffoonish. Kids probably enjoy these Hope movies more than adults do. This one is set in the early nineteenth century. Hope is Sylvester the

Great, a quick-change artist. Mayo is a princess travelling incognito, and they get kidnapped by pirates. Victor McLaglen and Walter Slezak are the sinister villains; David Butler directed. (Art; Feb. 11-12.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbished the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious, frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, and Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Feb. 5.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 2, Olympia, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Paramount. No evening performances on Monday, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Feb. 7.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and Criterion; Feb. 6-12.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty (1947)—Worse than there's any excuse for, considering that the James Thurber story seems like simple, foolproof movie material. But this was to be a big Sam Goldwyn production, and somebody decided that it wasn't enough simply to show the extravagant daydreams of a timid, harried man (Danny Kaye), so a plot was invented that plunges him into a string of adventures that are as unbelievable as any of his dreams. Kaye is often very funny—fantasizing himself as a grim-faced captain battling a typhoon or as an eminent surgeon saving a patient's life—but when the picture gets derailed and he starts chasing crooks, it's tedious. The scriptwriters, Ken Englund and Everett Freeman, don't do too well by the domestic episodes, either. The cast includes Boris Karloff, Florence Bates, Virginia Mayo (she's not much help), Ann Rutherford, Reginald Denny, and Fritz Feld. Norman McLeod directed; Sylvia Fine provided two patter numbers, which seem rather inappropriate. (Art; Feb. 12-13.)

Short Eyes (1977)—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). The play shows through the documentary surface, and the film's potency is in its words, yet parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be, and the neo-Cagney cocky humor and the moments of pain, danger, and cruelty suggest that this may be the most emotionally accurate—and so most frightening—movie about American prisons ever made. Shot entirely in the Tombs; with Piñero as Go Go, Bruce Davison as the child-molester, and Joe Carberry as Longshoe Murphy. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Feb. 12, at 10.)

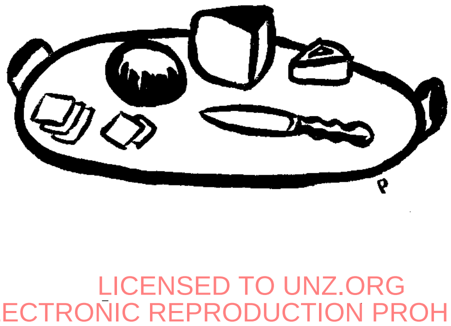
Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (72nd Street East; Feb. 6-12.)

Stay As You Are (1979)—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this vapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (12/24/79) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 9.)

Stella Dallas (1937)—A sentimental warhorse, but effective. In this version, directed by King Vidor, Barbara Stanwyck plays the uncouth young woman who gives up her daughter (Anne Shirley), and John Boles is the socially proper man she can't live up to. Tim Holt, Marjorie Main, Alan Hale, and Barbara O'Neil are also in the cast, but the picture is entirely Stanwyck's, and worth seeing for her brassy, touching, all-out performance. (Art; Feb. 4.)

The Sun Also Rises (1957)—Perhaps more fiestas and bullfights than are quite necessary, but Tyrone Power (Jake Barnes), Errol Flynn (Mike Campbell), Ava Gardner (Lady Brett Ashley), Eddie Albert (Bill Gorton), and many others contrive to turn the Hemingway book into a reasonably literate film. Directed by Henry King. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 11.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower, who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and by Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)



They Shall Have Music (1939)—A film of lower East Side life, which can hardly be called realistic, since Jascha Heifetz wanders in and out of it. With Joel McCrea, Andrea Leeds, Gene Reynolds, Walter Brennan, Porter Hall, Terry Kilburn, and Diana Lynn. Directed by Archie Mayo. (Art; Feb. 6-7.)

The Three Faces of Eve (1957)—Joanne Woodward's big one—her Academy Award-winning role as the drab Southern housewife and mother with a splintered personality. The heroine calls herself Eve White when she's good and Eve Black when she's bad and sexy, and has yet another personality—that of the upstanding, intelligent woman whom the writer-producer-director, Nunnally Johnson, approves of. Shallow, but the gimmick is appealing, and Woodward's showmanship is very likable. With Lee J. Cobb and David Wayne and an introduction by Alistair Cooke. Adapted from a book by two doctors: C. H. Thigpen and H. M. Cleckley. (Mini Cinema; Feb. 9-11.)

Up in Arms (1944)—Danny Kaye in a musical (score by Ray Heindorf, Louis Forbes, Harold Arlen, and Ted Koehler) having something to do with the Second World War but designed mainly to strut Mr. Kaye's stuff. There's also Dinah Shore, Dana Andrews, and Constance Dowling. Directed by Elliott Nugent. (Art; Feb. 8-9.)

Woman of the Year (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great, but the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 10.)

Wonder Man (1945)—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen, directed by Bruce Humberstone. (Art; Feb. 4-5.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced, Hecht and MacArthur did the script. Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Art; Feb. 14.)

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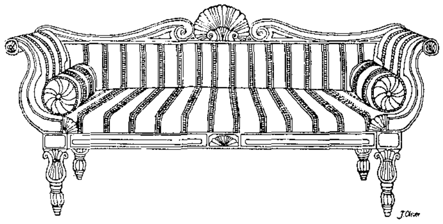
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOW that the American hostages are home from Iran, the newly inaugurated Reagan Administration has been left with the confusing task of framing American policies toward Iran and toward any future episodes of kidnapping. It is the work of statecraft to harmonize divergent interests, but rarely have policies been beset by such a bewildering array of pressures, many of them represented by vociferous spokesmen in this country. Initially, one strong pressure, born of the emotion of the moment, was for punishment of Iran. It was maintained that Iran had simply done something bad and deserved to be chastised. Less impulsive reasoning, however, argued for restraint. First, there was the mundane matter of oil to be considered. If we punished Iran, then our supply of oil from the Middle East might be jeopardized, with familiar painful consequences. Second, there was the Soviet Union to bear in mind. Punishment might drive Iran into an alliance with the Soviets, the containment of whose power is the leading goal of the Reagan Administration's foreign policy. For the advocates of a "tough" American foreign policy, the conflict was plain: toughness toward Iran might prove to be weakness toward the very power whom our toughness was ultimately meant to deter. According to this line of thought, although emotion might counsel punishment, cold strategic calculation counselled patience. However, the advocates of punishment had a cold strategic argument to make, too. It has long been a basic tenet of those who advocate the tough line in foreign policy that force, if it is to be respected, must be unleashed from time to time, and especially whenever any "humiliation" of our country might be perceived. Punishment of Iran, therefore, although it might harm the immediate interests of the United States, would teach the whole world a salutory "lesson" about our will, and increase our power and prestige in the long run. The counter-argument, of course, was that in carrying out these pedagogical responsibilities before the global classroom we would gain only the appearance of power, while the reality of it seeped away from us in the Middle East. Still, none of these arguments had any relevance unless some fitting punishment could be devised, so the question was raised of whether or not the Reagan Administration should honor the agreement for the release of the hostages which had been signed by the Carter Administration. For a day or two, there were rumors that it would not respect the agreement, but they were laid to rest in a television appearance on "The MacNeil/Lehrer Report" by James Baker, the White House Chief of Staff, and Edwin Meese, counsellor to the President, both of whom said that the agreement would definitely be respected but that certain provisions would be "reviewed," to make sure they were legal. This subtle qualification was hardly likely to satisfy such critics as Jesse Helms, Republican Senator from North Carolina, who wanted the whole agreement thrown out, because, he said, it was reached under duress with "a bunch of bums." The day after the Administration had made its mild policy known to the world, President Reagan confusingly seized the occasion of the reception of the hostages on the South Lawn of the White House to declare that American policy in the event of any future kidnapping would be "swift and effective retribution"—a vow that seemed to give new life to the punishment idea but at the same time seemed to have been undercut, even before it was announced, by the Administration's own moderate statements in the case at hand. Moreover, it was a policy that seemed to run counter to the spirit of the occasion at which the announcement was made, for if "retribution" should be carried out while a kidnapping was in progress it would very likely get hostages killed, and then there would be no welcoming ceremonies on the White House lawn. If, on the other hand, retribution should be carried out after hostages were released, it might be far from "swift," and, in fact, would almost certainly be in violation of an agreement very like the one that the Reagan Administration had just decided to accept. A few days later, at his first news conference as President, Reagan seemed to add to the arguments against such punishment by stating that "revenge" against Iran would not be worthy of our country. One was left to wonder why, if it was unworthy now, it would be worthy on some future occasion.



Such were the vexations encountered by the hard-line strategists of the new Administration. The reactions among the hostages themselves and between the hostages and the public were far simpler, and, for the most part, in an entirely different vein. The homecoming had an overwhelmingly affectionate, peaceful, civilian character—military overtones were notably lacking. The word that kept coming up was not "punishment" or "retribution" but "love." One hostage called the public's welcome "a bath of love;" at the White House reception, a few moments after President Reagan spoke of retribution Bruce Laingen, the hostage who became a spokesman for the others, described their "love affair" with the

American people, and mentioned his special appreciation of a sign in the vicinity of West Point which had said "And the World Will Be Better for This." One of the public's most often expressed sentiments was "We love you." Michael Metrinko, a hostage who was held in solitary confinement for nine months, told an interviewer, "The time for bitterness is past. It's never worthwhile to get revenge." And Moorhead Kennedy, whose wife, Louisa Kennedy, had won the admiration of the country as a spokesman for the families of the hostages, now won the admiration of the country himself in a wise and moving interview with Barbara Walters on ABC, in which he denied that the United States had been humiliated by the kidnapping, and said that, on the contrary, the country had been the winner in its strange contest with Iran. By showing restraint, he observed, "we became the moderates and they became the villains, and they lost any chance, forever—thank God—of becoming the leadership of the uncommitted part of the world." A victorious nation, he seemed to be saying, has no need to take revenge.

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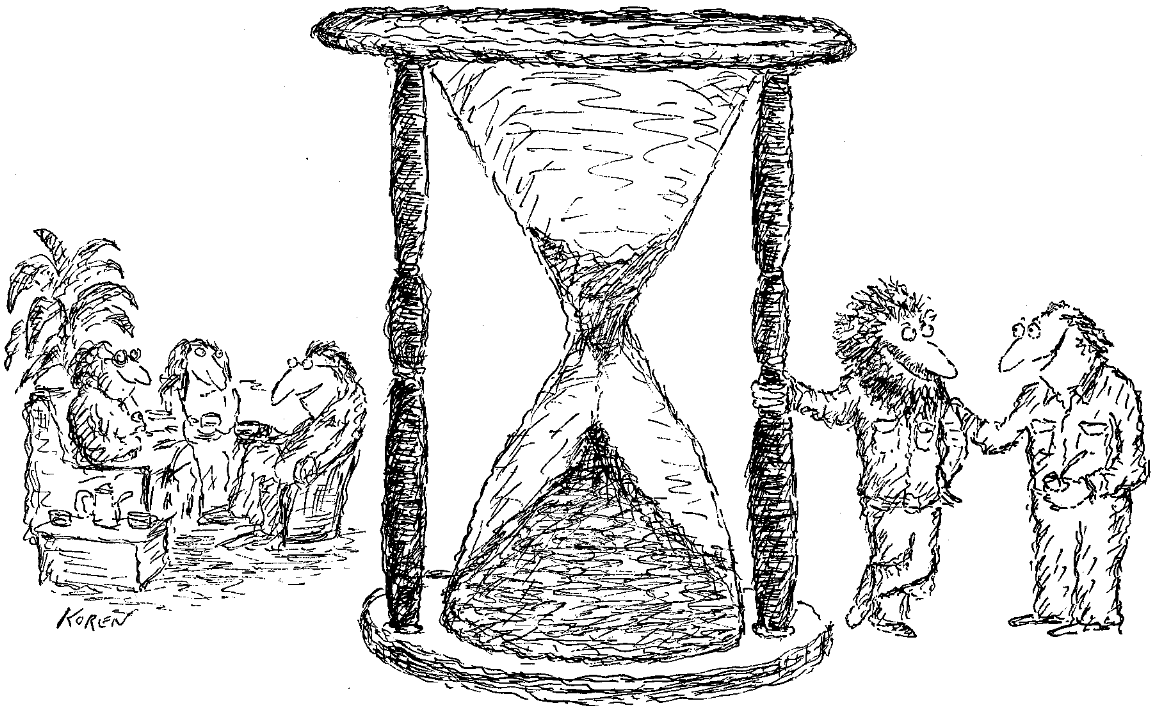
Inauguration

OUR Special Inauguration Correspondent, having taken a few days to separate the various strands of what he saw and felt in Washington, has filed the following report:

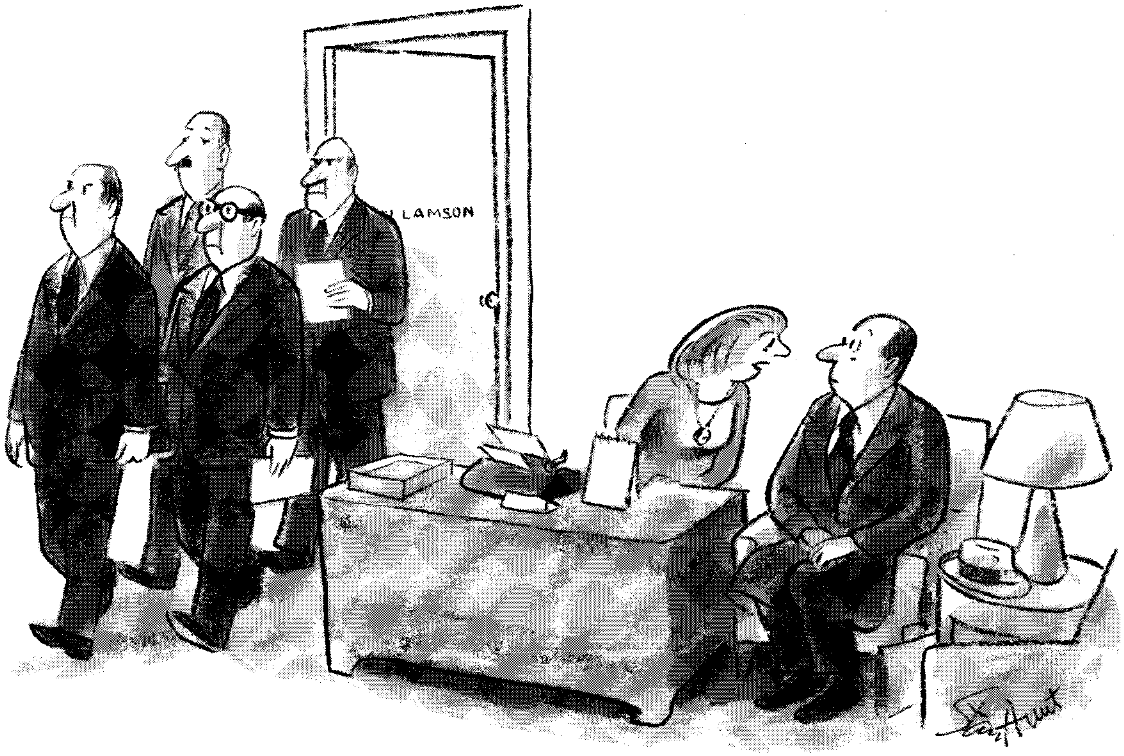
Funny thing, but when everything happens at once nothing seems to be happening. Curious historical slow motion sets in, which in this case transformed installation of a new President, release of hostages, fireworks, throngs, parades, receptions, and national currents and hopes into an apparently predestined tableau—one that might have been rehearsed for many months. Washington itself was notably subdued during weekend before the ceremonies. Spent quiet evening with old friends in Georgetown, and their minds drifted back to other times and other Presidents. Host said, "I can recall when President Truman asked Dean Acheson to become his Secretary of State. Acheson demurred. He told the President that he didn't feel qualified for the job. Truman gave him a long look. 'There may be at least fifteen people in this country who could do as good a job as you, but I don't know their names,' said Truman. 'As for being President, I don't feel qualified, either, but *I've* got the job.' "

Spent a morning in a high-ceilinged, ornate room in the Senate Building picking up credentials for the swearing in. Important part of an Inauguration, since credentials are carefully screened, and Secret Service must grant clearance. Encountered exceptional courtesy and good humor on everybody's part. Was handed elegant invitation, seating pass, admission card to the Capitol Building on Inauguration Day, and two handsome photographs—of Ronald Reagan and George Bush. Thanked a lovely lady and a hard-eyed Secret Service man, and wandered through the Capitol corridors. Found myself in room that served as the Senate Chamber from 1810 to 1859, now elegantly restored. Thomas Jefferson inaugurated in this room on March 4, 1801. Very quiet, very distinguished chamber, carpeted in red with gold stars; has numerous shiny brass spittoons near the mahogany desks, and each desk bears a small nameplate, a white quill pen, a silver-topped inkwell, and a bottle of blotting sand. Passed through the old Supreme Court Chamber, with a robe hook for each Justice, one marked with a white knob reading "The Chief Justice." Washington fever beginning to hit me. Almost hung my hat and coat on the hooks.

Nearly three o'clock on Saturday now. Walked over to Corcoran Gallery for opening of Leonardo da Vinci exhibit—the Codex Leicester, bought in London last December for five million eight hundred thousand dollars by Dr. Armand Hammer. Sedate crowd at Corcoran. Spotted Dr. Hammer, a spry octogenarian; a very beautiful Kay Halle; and Paul Volcker, chairman of Federal Reserve. Murmur of excitement as Mrs. Reagan was introduced, to warm applause. She was in bottle green, and looked stunning. "I am honored to open this Leonardo exhibit," she said. "My husband and I were in the arts ourselves until we found another line of work." She cut ribbon, formally opening exhibit. A sumptuous buffet followed. Biggest shrimps I have ever seen. Biggest shrimp *dip* I have ever seen. Smoked salmon being sliced with Renaissance delicacy. Everywhere, a multitude of crudités, all being discreetly gobbled up, to accompaniment of discreet music from string orchestra at bottom of grand staircase. Codex, in Leonardo's own hand, consists of seventy-two sheets, ingeniously displayed



"What a pleasure to find someone else who detests digital watches."



"None of those are Mr. Lamson. They're Mr. Lamson's surrogates. Actually, there is no Mr. Lamson."

separately, so that one can see both sides of the manuscript, written backward in brown ink in Renaissance Italian. My knowledge of Renaissance Italian skimpy, and I had no mirror, so took everything on faith. Leonardo, I learned from printed legends beside the manuscript pages, dwelt in spare yet eloquent detail on water currents, astronomy, geology, and other matters. He wrote that he gathered ideas and observations as they occurred to him. He explained that "air must have darkness beyond it, and hence it appears blue," and went on to say that "the Reader will not wonder if I make great jumps from one subject to another."

At six o'clock, fireworks, at Lincoln Memorial. Have rarely been so cold. Feet and hands had no discernible connection with other parts of body. Memorial floodlit in the crisp evening air. Huge throng walking briskly toward monument. In roadways, almost total gridlock. Crawled over miles and miles of television cable and took up post in front of monument at moment Mr. and Mrs. Reagan started slowly down the broad marble steps. Could see Old Abe in his marble chair behind them, inside monument. Abe hatless. Reagan hatless but wearing heavy dark overcoat and striking white gloves. Mrs. Reagan looked as cold as everybody else. Both Reagans took places at foot of steps, and blankets were placed over their knees. Reagan extremely alert to everything—especially to playing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Fireworks beyond one's childhood dreams: the whole night filled with bombs bursting in air, rockets, shooting stars. Hundreds of big bangs. Seemed as though entire city were under attack. Offered silent prayer of thanks that the brightly lighted sky and the explosions all around were peaceful demonstrations. People standing near me had small transistor sets: no word on hostages yet. Reagan left without speaking but with a broad wave of the hand.

Next day, traffic at absolute standstill. Tried to take cab down near White House but abandoned it blocks away and walked past Blair House and White House. Huge crowds standing outside watching limousines come and go. Very orderly air, no tension. Police very calm. Walked down to Corcoran again, this time to see the exquisite Nigerian terra-cotta heads from the fifteenth century, and was surprised to find huge crowd, mostly black parents with their children, many of the children perched on parents' shoulders. A quiet, intense experience, and the look of pride on the faces of the onlookers something not to be forgotten.

Monday afternoon, and events began to pile up. The Vice-President's Reception at the Museum of American History was expected to receive fifteen thousand visitors. Most of them, it seemed, were lined up patiently outside museum, moving ahead barely at all along Fourteenth Street and down Constitution Avenue in order to reach long, tunnel-like yellow canopies leading up to the museum itself. Figured these people might be there for hours, even days. Thanks to credentials, was able to take up post looking into the well of the Foucault Pendulum—showing the earth's rotation—a floor below me. Red-coated color guard on a platform, with silver pikes. One redcoat carried a huge, old-fashioned painted drum. Military everywhere in dress uniforms. Again, a great throng, as Bush was to make several appearances during afternoon and people were being admitted in shifts. "I try to take in as many historic events as possible," said lady standing beside me with two small children. "I take the children everywhere when there is a historic event. At the Dallas Fair, I lost my little boy in the crush. Tom thought I had him, and I thought Tom had him, and it was a *mess*." There was a sudden hush. Mr. Bush bounded onto platform, followed by Mrs. Bush. Great applause. Bush boyish, exuberant, said he had been observing Mr. Reagan closely the last few days. Said he was in a position to do so, and he wanted each and every one of us to know that Mr. Reagan was anxious to get on with the job, to perform the work for which he had been elected. "And you all know what I mean by that," he said, to tumultuous cheers. I glanced down at pendulum below me and noticed a sign on railing which read, "Although the pendulum seems to be rotating slowly, actually it is you and the museum that are rotating."

Tuesday—Inauguration Day. Down to swearing in by subway. Profound courtesy in Washington from the subway set toward strangers. People patiently explain intricacies of how to obtain fare cards, make change, and insert cards, and tell you what station to step off at. Smooth, lovely subway. Transistor radios in great profusion now. Hostages still not free. Thousands and thousands in subway, but no shoving or other rudeness. Damn hard to believe. Washington subways are deep under the earth, and the escalators at one of main exit stations for the ceremony—Capitol South—were not running, so thousands trudged up many steep stairs clasping their portable radios. Walked with throng toward the West Front of the Capitol. Had choice seat beneath platform, next to spirited California woman who was wearing large button depicting Ronald Reagan in a cowboy hat. "You would make me extremely happy if you would wear a Reagan button," she said to me, producing a small gold-plated pin reading simply "Ronald Reagan." I accepted pin. "This whole thing," she said, with a broad sweep of her hands, "is a tribute to what the country now thinks of California. Bringing in people like Sinatra, Carson, and Hope. That's what California can do. Those are the most important people in the country, and they are California-based." She said she had not bought a new dress specially for the occasion; she was wearing short brown boots and a cloth coat trimmed with fur. All around us, however, were ladies wearing mink and sable and occasionally ermine. Small children scattered everywhere displayed large quantities of photographic equipment—cameras and telescopic lenses.

Solemn ceremonies got under way with the Marine Band playing everything from Sousa to Gershwin.

"Some of those people up there behind the dignitaries," said the lady beside me, "are Eagles."

"Eagles?" I asked.

"Eagles," she said. "Eagles give ten thousand dollars per annum to the Republican Party."

"Per annum?" I asked.

"Per annum," she said.

I turned around in my seat to catch a glimpse of the huge mass of people stretching out behind me toward the Mall.

Both Houses of Congress arrived. The Supreme Court arrived. "Leonine," muttered a man next to me, referring to the Chief Justice.

The diplomatic corps arrived. "They're not out yet," said someone in my row. "Almost, but not quite."

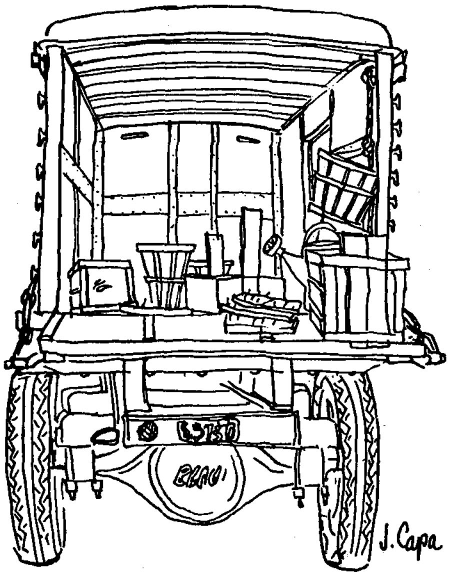
Mrs. Reagan and Mrs. Carter took their seats. Jimmy Carter entered, and "Hail to the Chief" was played for the last time in his Presidency. Reagan was delayed coming through the rotunda of the Capitol to the platform. Then he arrived, to the accompaniment of a mighty trumpet flourish. Carter looked composed, and had a warm smile on his face. Reagan was solemn and dignified, and took the oath of office with deep emphasis on every word, every syllable. "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully . . ." A peaceful transfer of power, and half a world away another transfer of power was within grasp. When Reagan finished his speech, it was his turn to be greeted with "Hail to the Chief."

The thousands slowly filed from their seats toward the broad avenues of the city. It seemed that everybody now had a small radio.

"I think they are airborne!" shouted someone in the crowd.

"I don't think they have cleared Iranian air space!" called out another.

I had a brief lunch in the Senate Refectory (the traditional Navy bean soup) and walked onto the East Front to watch the President join the parade. "They are really on their way home now," said a guard on the Capitol steps. He was clearly moved. The President emerged briskly from the Capitol, in his morning coat, and entered the open rear seat of his limousine. The First Lady, in a red twill cavalry coat, stood beside him. He looked years younger than when he had delivered his Inaugural speech, only an hour or so before. The huge plaza outside the Capitol was cleared of everybody but dignitaries and police and motorcycles and Secret Service and special guests. The cavalcade started down Capitol Hill onto Pennsylvania Avenue, and headed toward the White House.

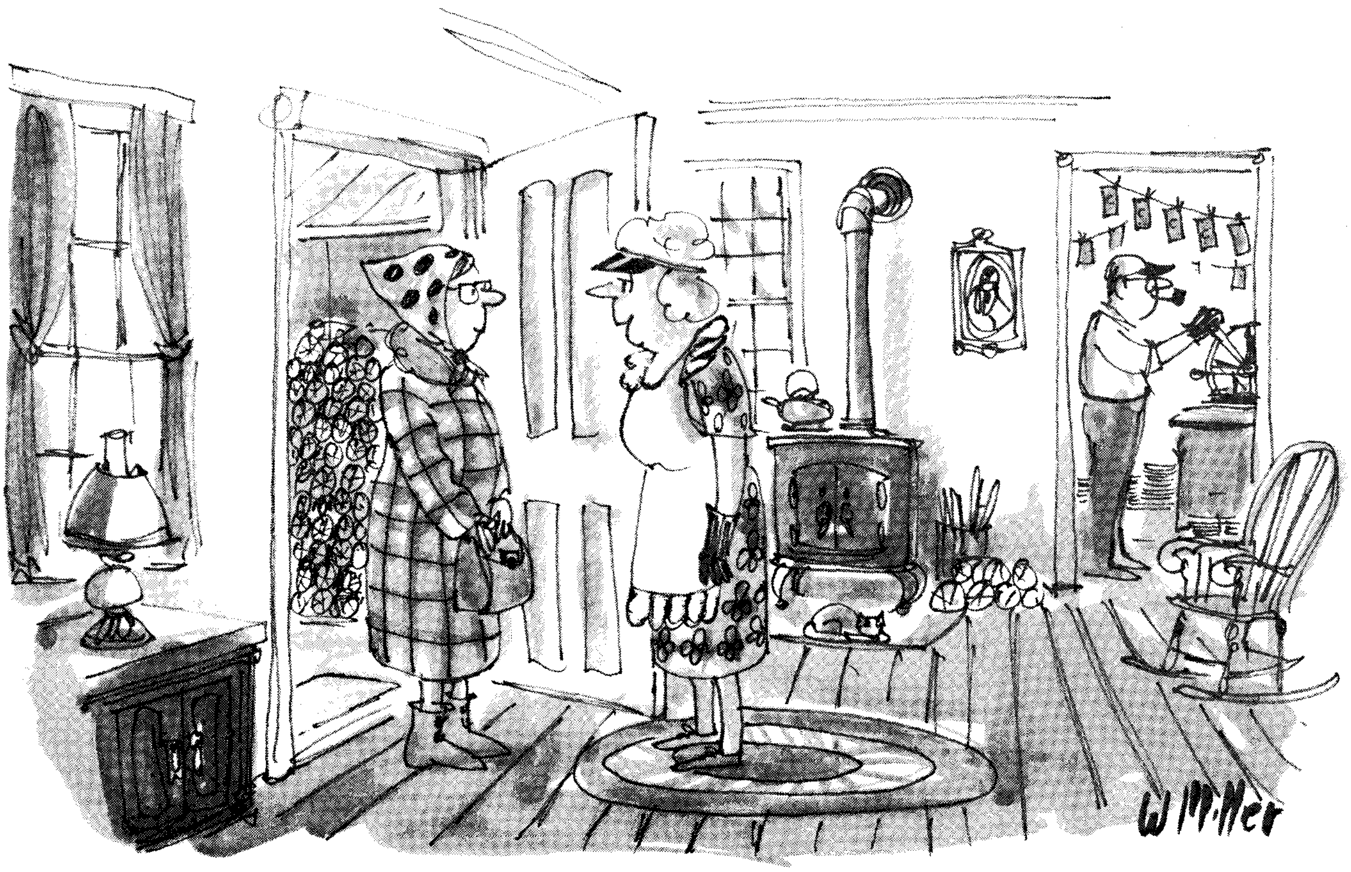


As for me, I walked and walked. In the evening, in a crowded, silent bar on Pennsylvania Avenue, I watched the hostages emerge from their plane at Algiers, and then I walked over behind the White House to the Ellipse and stood awhile in front of the now fully lighted Christmas tree behind the South Lawn. The words "And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea" kept running through my head. We could do worse than hold on to the thought.

Shalala

THE last time we ran into Dr. Donna Shalala, she was an associate professor of politics and education at Teachers College of Columbia University and was working in the 1973 campaign of Robert F. Wagner, Jr., who had just won the Democratic nomination for Manhattan councilman-at-large. Since then, she has gone from one demanding job to another. In 1975, she was appointed a director and treasurer of New York's Municipal Assistance Corporation. In 1977, she left that post to become Assistant Secretary for Policy Development and Research in the Department of Housing and Urban Development, in Washington. In December, 1979—after a long search by the board of trustees of the City University of New York—she was named president of Hunter College, and last September she assumed that position. On a recent Friday, she was the guest speaker at the weekly luncheon meeting of the City Club of New York, which is an association of about five hundred professional people, business people, and civic officials whose aim is to act as a sort of gadfly in the city's political and economic life. The subject of Dr. Shalala's speech was "Washington Afterthoughts—About American Cities," and we stopped by to hear what she had to say.

The luncheon was held in a large room on the seventeenth floor of the Graduate Center, on West Forty-second Street. Some forty club members were there, lunching on broiled



"Come on in, Dolores. Al got in twenty-five cords of firewood. I froze and canned a winter's supply of food. And now we're just putting the finishing touches on six months' worth of money."

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chopped sirloin, brown rice, and succotash, and as they started on mixed-fruit pie Dr. Shalala stood up to speak. A small, dark, vivacious-looking woman of thirty-eight, she was wearing a black knit suit with a black-and-white polka-dot shirt. She began by saying, "I thought that what I might do today is to put into some perspective, if I can, my return from Washington, and what I thought I had learned in that city. I really have been gone for almost four years, and, as I indicated to my luncheon hosts, I did not come up very often to New York. So I've been down in Washington and across the country and around the world since I last saw many of you." She went on to discuss things like federal aid to urban areas (it is difficult to get any consensus these days on what sort of aid is appropriate), problems in housing (the federal government's choices about whether to stimulate the construction industry or to give direct help to needy people can result in very different patterns of aid, with the contrast especially strong between the older cities of the Northeast and the boom towns of the Southwest), and the way things really work in Washington (urban policy is less likely to be influenced by people in H.U.D. than by people in the Council of Economic Advisers and in the Treasury, State, and Defense Departments). At the end of her speech, she said, "While I would like to have done some things differently in Washington, I am convinced that we are in a transitional phase in American life. I happen to have had a terrific time in Washington, even though we didn't deal with many of the issues that I had hoped a Democratic Administration would deal with. And I recommend that beautiful, tough city, with the extraordinarily able men and women who work there. But I see no light at the end of the tunnel after coming back from Washington. Nor any light at the end of the tunnel in the eighties, because we will surely continue to struggle with many of the problems that I've outlined here. As a colleague of mine said, 'anyone who sees a light at the end of the tunnel in this business is probably going in the wrong direction.' "

There were questions. One man asked Dr. Shalala what she thought of President Reagan's plan to merge the Department of Education with a reconstituted Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

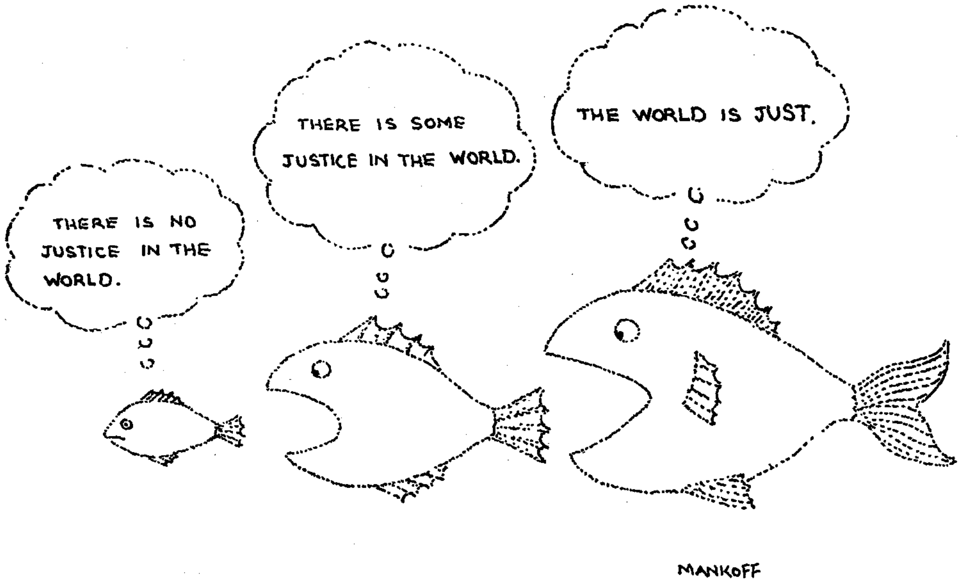
She answered that she thinks the plan is a mistake, because a Cabinet-level agency gets more attention and a higher order of treatment than a lower-level agency, and, besides, a Cabinet-level agency is more accountable to the President.

Another man asked what role she foresaw for Hunter College during her tenure.

She replied, "I told the chancellor and the board of trustees that I was not interested in heading a college that was going to be a trade school or a vocational institution. I'm committed to a first-class liberal-arts education, because I do not believe that we know a better way of preparing people for the future."

As the luncheon meeting broke up, we had a chance to ask Dr. Shalala how she liked her new job.

"Well, I've been at Hunter only


THERE IS NO JUSTICE IN THE WORLD.
THERE IS SOME JUSTICE IN THE WORLD.
THE WORLD IS JUST.
MANKOFF

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since September 1st," she said. "But it's nice to be out of policymaking and in a situation where you can interact with actual human beings. One of the nice things about the job is that every once in a while I run into a parent or get to take a phone call. Last week, for example, I had a frantic phone call from a parent who said that he'd already spoken to his daughter's counsellor and the dean of students. It seems that his daughter was flunking freshman biology, and he wanted to know whether I thought he should pull her out of school and set her to work. I suggested immediately that he not do that. He said that everybody else had told him the same thing, but he insisted that I give him a better reason than the others had. So I suggested that he not pull his daughter out of college because twenty years ago—at the end of my first semester in college—*I* was flunking freshman biology, and I not only made it through biology but made it through college. I must say that working at Hunter is fun. I may be one of the few college presidents in America who are having a good time."

Observation

THE following is not an opinion. It's just an observation. Each week at this time, the management of "The Talk of the Town" reserves about this many column inches in case a reporter goes out looking and comes back with an observation. This week's observation, which is being transmitted live, comes from Studio 6B at WNBC-TV, Channel 4, on the sixth floor of the RCA Building, in Rockefeller Center. Each week, Channel 4 reserves Studio 6B for one hour so that you or anyone else can have sixty seconds of your opinions recorded on videotape. Channel 4 believes in doing this as a public service and also because the Federal Communications Commission thinks it's a good idea. Channel 4 firmly supports the policy of televising this segment, which is called "Your Opinion," at times like 10:28 A.M. and 11:52 A.M. on Sundays. Channel 4 feels that if you have an opinion it's not enough for you to sit at home in your living room with your feet propped on the ottoman and talk back to the TV set. Channel 4 views with favor the concept of your sending the station the text of what you have to say, whereupon Channel 4 will decide whether you represent a responsible point of view. (Channel 4 will be generous about this.) Channel 4 would rather slip and fall on the ice than deprive you of the opportunity to drive into the city and pay eight dollars to park and then come up to Studio 6B so that you can see what it's like to be on television. Channel 4's parent company, RCA, is proud of its long-standing decision to pay good money to Joe Michaels, the director of editorial services, and to his assistant, Gerry Salvatorelli—a qualified broadcasting professional, who is standing by to rehearse you and give you instructions such as "Your text is tight" or "You're five seconds over" or "Pretend that you're telling this to a friend." Channel 4 has examined all sides of the issues, and, as far as the management of the station is concerned, if you're a registered nurse, like Vicki Brinsko, it's part of your public duty to go out there in front of the red light and say that nurses deserve a better break, or if you're a real-estate developer, like Gerald T. Rhine, you should step forward and state that real-estate developers deserve a better break, or if you're Luis Miranda, of the Community Service Society, you're welcome to say that the federal government needs to do more of this and less of that about minority-youth unemployment. Channel 4 would rather have its wallet and credit cards stolen than prevent Ralph Caso, an attorney who used to be the Nassau County Executive and could now use some free air time, from telling the viewers why he prefers announcerless football telecasts. Channel 4 would neglect its own grandmother before it would relent in its impassioned defense of your right to have your face painted by Frances Kolar, in the makeup department, before you go to wait a few minutes in the "green room," where you will kill time before your taping session by watching the pretty paralegal lose to the wise-guy electrical contractor, who will go on to win seven thousand two hundred dollars on "Card Sharks." Finally, it is the opinion of Channel 4 that the "den" corner of the living-room-like set in Studio 6B, which is where Sue Simmons and Jack Cafferty interview interesting people on "Live at Five," is the best place to tape "Your Opinion," and that all opinioneers should sit in the swivel chair that has been placed there but remember not to swivel. Channel 4 knows as well as it knows its own name that this shouldn't require more than three takes per opinion. Despite Channel 4's commitment to the right of free expression of anyone who says that the bookcase in the den corner looks fakey, Channel 4 feels that whoever says that doesn't understand the first thing about how television works, because Channel 4 knows that fake books will come across better on the monitor than real books would. However, if you hold an opposing point of view, or any point of view, you are welcome to call up or write to the station, and Channel 4 will probably let you go on the air and have your say.

FRENCH CRENELLATION

INVITED to speak at the inaugural of the latest in the series of bunkers established under the Paris Faubourg Art Depot, this one to be used for storing rare examples of French crenellation, I cannot help asking myself, "What else can Charles Filament, leading historian and philosopher of his generation, say about a subject to which he has so often and brilliantly contributed in the past?" And I know some of you are already murmuring, "Crenellation! What is the *point!* Look at the way the world is *going!* What help is all this to *us!*"

When General Achille Sifflet subjugated America not so long ago, he found the inhabitants of Washington living in wattled huts that they had to enter on their hands and knees. They spent their waking hours playing with the rusted scraps of old assembly lines abandoned by the departing Dramssks, who had finally given up hope of ever civilizing them. Their only food was heff, a primitive offshoot of the potato, which they fried in large communal caldrons kept bubbling day and night.

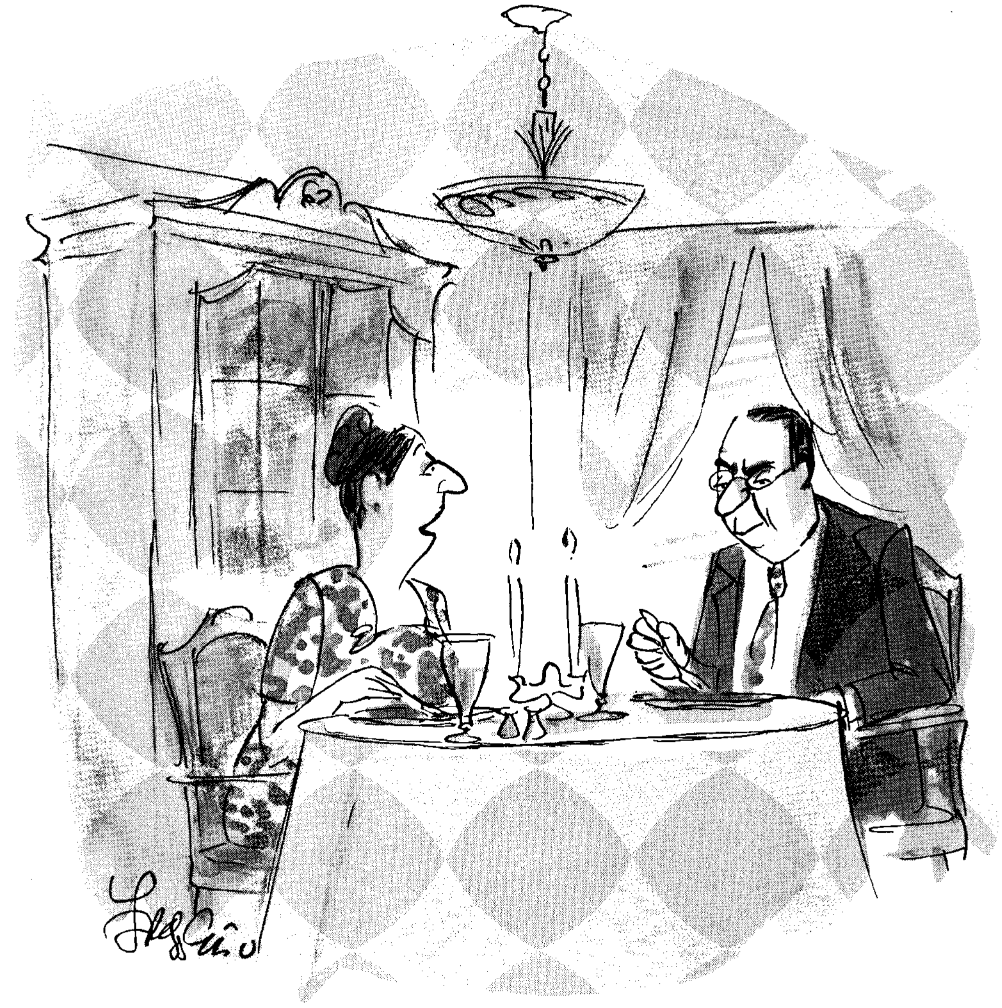
As General Sifflet's Chief Biographer, I was among the last to disembark, and I saw that smoke billowing from the open-air cooking pots had completely overpowered the First Diarists Special Regiment. Attributing the cloud to some advanced and mysterious weapon, I feared for my documentation, and the turbulent arrival of the Americans, clad in unmatched furs and shoes cut out of automobile tires, did nothing to still my apprehension. However, their tumultuous pushiness turned out to be the curiosity of the unsophisticated, which was soon satisfied by the distribution of gilt picture frames, postcard views of Vosges sawmills in November, and little pieces of bread. Having mistaken General Sifflet for the Moon Goddess of Seine-et-Marne, whose arrival is prophesied in the Early Financial Chronicle, the soothsayers offered him a ritual jug, the contents of which he drank down without a thought for his own safety. Then, looking out over the restless crowd, none in it more than two feet tall, the General spoke the words that have so often been misquoted: "We shall have to proceed very, very slowly."

His first act was to call in all the local idols and put them through a shredder. Then came the gradual introduction of Old World secrets: the swaddling of infants, the application of leeches, and the delicate, painstaking doctoring of wine. Have I remembered to say I had the General's entire confidence? One day he turned to me and said, "A little crenellation won't hurt them now. It will keep you on your toes, Filament, and off mine." (I think most of you are familiar with my anthology of his quips, "General Merriment," which contains over nine hundred jokes, amply illustrated by photos of myself at home, at school, and in retirement.)

I set to work with a will, discovering the population to be more childlike and trusting than its fierce demeanor suggested. Finding myself worshipped as an Auxiliary Sunspot, a minor deity mentioned in the old Chronicle, gave me pause, but I bore in mind the General's counsel: "Each step must be explained. When you run out of explanations, throw them a biscuit." I am afraid I soon ran out of both. Some women, not knowing what crenellation was for, wore it in their hair. Others believed it had everything to do with fertility—a blind credence that accounts for a swift fall of the birth rate. It was not until William Thrisbee, last in the line of native kings, published a paper proving that crenellation was an *inhibiting* factor that procreation resumed its normal cadence.

As we sailed away, leaving behind a subdued and cultivated nation, I ventured a remark to General Sifflet: How long would it be before they reverted to savagery? I do not recall his reply. Recent excavations in O Street N.W. have brought to light examples of French crenellation introduced by me at that time, as well as decadent specimens that can safely be dated a little later. Its refining influence, I venture to say, remains alive in subconscious racial memory.

—MAVIS GALLANT



"I added ginger to wake up the peas."

NANCY CULPEPPER

WHEN Nancy received her parents' letter saying they were moving her grandmother to a nursing home, she said to her husband, "I really should go help them out. And I've got to save Granny's photographs. They might get lost." Jack did not try to discourage her, and she left for Kentucky soon after the letter came.

Nancy has been vaguely wanting to move to Kentucky, and she has persuaded Jack to think about relocating his photography business. They live in the country, near a small town an hour's drive from Philadelphia. Their son, Robert, who is eight, has fits when they talk about moving. He does not want to leave his room or his playmates. Once, he asked, "What about our chickens?"

"They have chickens in Kentucky," Nancy explained. "Don't worry. We're not going yet."

Later he asked, "But what about the fish in the pond?"

"I don't know," said Nancy. "I guess we'll have to rent a U-Haul."

When Nancy arrives at her parents' farm in western Kentucky, her mother says, "Your daddy and me's both got inner ear and nerves. And we couldn't lift Granny, or anything, if we had to all of a sudden."

"The flu settled in my ears," Daddy says, cocking his head at an angle.

"Mine's still popping," says Mother.

In a few days they plan to move Granny, and they will return to their own house, which they have been renting out. For nine years, they have lived next door, in Granny's house, in order to care for her. There Mother has had to cook on an ancient gas range, with her mother-in-law hovering over her, supervising. Granny used only lye soap on dishes, and it was five years before Nancy's mother defied her and bought some Joy. By then, Granny was confined to her bed, crippled with arthritis. Now she is ninety-three.

"You didn't have to come back," Daddy says to Nancy at the dinner table. "We could manage."

"I want to help you move," Nancy says. "And I want to make sure Granny's pictures don't get lost. Nobody cares about them but me, and I'm afraid somebody will throw them away."

Nancy wants to find out if Granny has a picture of a great-great-aunt named Nancy Culpepper. No one in the family seems to know anything about her, but Nancy is excited by the thought of an ancestor with the same name as hers. Since she found out about her, Nancy has been going by her maiden name, but she has given up trying to explain this to her mother, who persists in addressing letters to "Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cleveland."

"There's some pictures hid behind Granny's closet wall," Daddy tells Nancy. "When we hooked up the coal-oil stove through the fireplace a few years ago, they got walled in."

"That's ridiculous! Why would you do that?"

"They were in the way." He stands up and puts on his cap, preparing to go out to feed his calves.

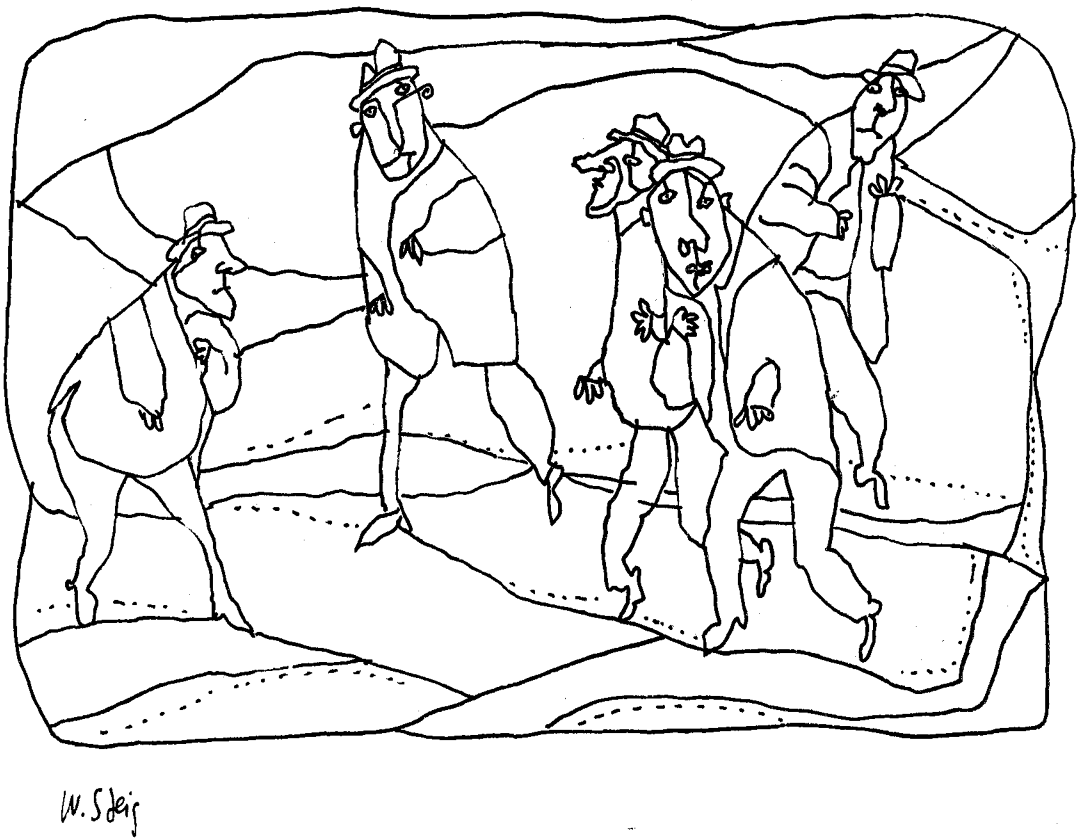
"Will Granny care if I tear the wall down?" Nancy asks, joking.

Daddy laughs, acting as though he understood, but Nancy knows he is pretending. He seems tired, and his billed cap looks absurdly small perched on his head.

WHEN Nancy and Jack were married, years ago, in Massachusetts, Nancy did not want her parents to come to the wedding. She urged them not to make the long trip. "It's no big deal," she told them on the telephone. "It'll last ten minutes. We're not even going on a honeymoon right away, because we both have exams Monday."

Nancy was in graduate school, and Jack was finishing his B.A. For almost a year they had been renting a large old house on a lake. The house had a field-rock fireplace with a heart-shaped stone centered above the mantel. Jack, who was studying design, thought the heart was tasteless, and he covered it with a Peter Max poster.

At the ceremony, Jack's dog, Grover, was present, and, instead of organ music, a stereo played "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." It was 1967. Nancy was astonished by the minister's white robe and beard and by the fact that he



Tiptoes

chain-smoked. The preachers she remembered from childhood would have called him a heathen, she thought. Most of the wedding pictures, taken by a friend of Jack's, turned out to be trick photography—blurred faces and double exposures.

The party afterward lasted all night. Jack blew up two hundred balloons and kept the fire going. They drank too much wine-and-7Up punch. Guests went in and out, popping balloons with cigarettes, taking walks by the lake. Everyone was looking for the northern lights, which were supposed to be visible that evening. Holding on to Jack, Nancy searched the murky sky, feeling that the two of them were lone travellers on the edge of some outer-space adventure. At the same time, she kept thinking of her parents at home, probably watching "Gunsmoke."

"I saw them once," Jack said. "They were fantastic."

"What was it like?"

"Shower curtains."

"Really? That's amazing."

"Luminescent shower curtains."

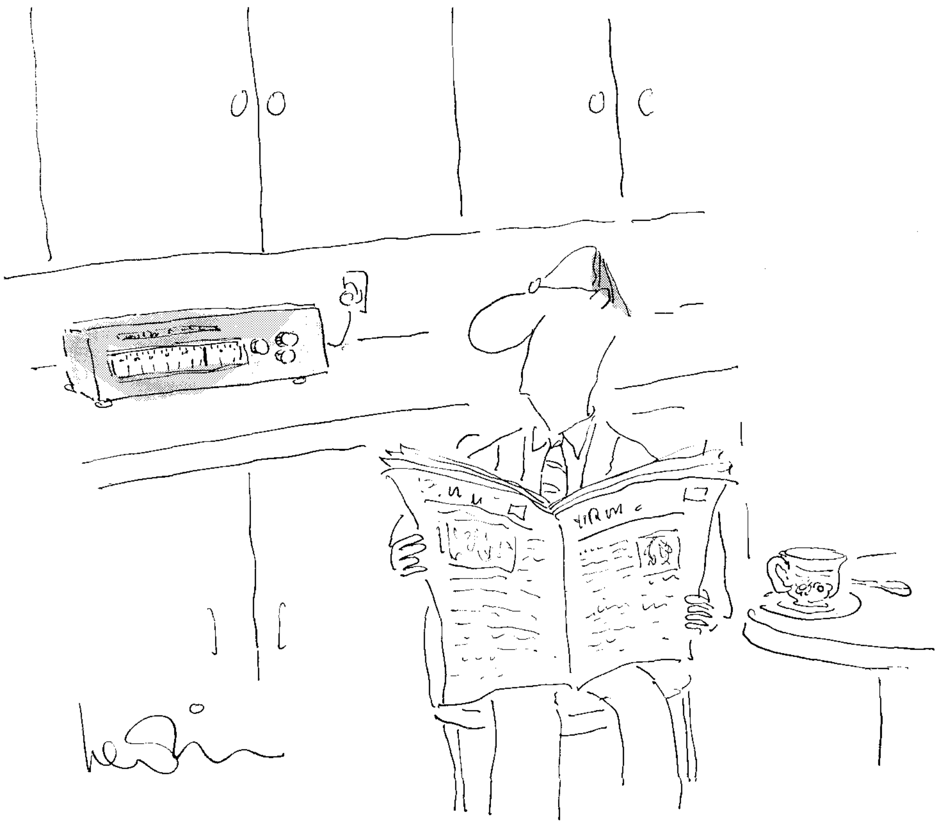
"I'm shivering," Nancy said. The sky was blank.

"Let's go in. It's too cloudy anyway. Someday we'll see them. I promise."

Someone had taken down the poster above the fireplace and put up the picture of Sgt. Pepper—the cutout that came with the album. Sgt. Pepper overlooked the room like a stern father.

"What's the matter?" a man asked Nancy. He was Dr. Doyle, her "American History 1861 to 1865" professor. "This is your wedding. Loosen up." He burst a balloon and Nancy jumped.

When someone offered her a joint, she refused, then wondered why. The house was filled with strangers, and the Beatles album played over and over. Jack and Nancy danced, hugging each other in a slow two-step that was all wrong for the music. They drifted past the wedding presents, lined up on a table Jack had fashioned from a door—hand-dipped candles, a silver roach clip, "The Joy of Cooking," signed pottery in nonfunctional shapes. Nancy wondered what her parents had eaten for supper. Possibly fried steak, two kinds of peas, biscuits, blackberry pie. The music shifted and the songs merged together; Jack and Nancy kept dancing.



"The third-largest bank in the country announced today that it would jump off the Brooklyn Bridge. Other banks are expected to follow its example."

• •

"There aren't any stopping places," Nancy said. She was crying. "Songs used to have stopping places in between."

"Let's just keep on dancing," Jack said.

Nancy was thinking of the blackberry bushes at the farm in Kentucky, which spread so wildly they had to be burned down every few years. They grew on the banks of the creek, which in summer shrank to still, small occasional pools. After a while Nancy realized that Jack was talking to her. He was explaining how he could predict exactly when the last, dying chord on the album was about to end.

"Listen," he said. "*There.* Right there."

NANCY'S parents had met Jack a few months before the wedding, during spring break, when Jack and Nancy stopped in Kentucky on their way to Denver to see an old friend of Jack's. The visit involved some elaborate lies about their sleeping arrangements on the trip.

At the supper table, Mother and Daddy passed bowls of food self-consciously. The table was set with some napkins left over from Christmas. The vegetables were soaked in bacon grease, and Jack took small helpings. Nancy sat rigidly, watching every movement, like a cat stationed near a bird-feeder. Mother had gathered poke, because it was spring, and she said to Jack, "I bet you don't eat poke salet up there."

"It's weeds," said Nancy.

"I've never heard of it," Jack said. He hesitated, then took a small serving.

"It's poison if it gets too big," Daddy said. He turned to Nancy's mother. "I think you picked this too big. You're going to poison us all."

"He's teasing," Nancy said.

"The berries is what's poison," said Mother, laughing. "Wouldn't that be something? They'll say up there I tried to poison your boyfriend the minute I met him!"

Everyone laughed. Jack's face was red. He was wearing an embroidered shirt. Nancy watched him trim the fat from his ham as precisely as if he were using an X-Acto knife on matboard.

"How's Granny?" asked Nancy. Her grandmother was then living alone in her own house.

"Tolerable well," said Daddy.

"We'll go see her," Jack said. "Nancy told me all about her."

"She cooks her egg in her oats to keep from washing a extry dish," Mother said.

Nancy played with her food. She was looking at the pink dining-room wall and the plastic flowers in the window. On the afternoon Jack and Nancy first met, he took her to a junk shop, where he bought a stained-glass window for his bathroom. Nancy would never have thought of going to a junk shop. It would not have occurred to her to put a stained-glass window in a bathroom.

"What do you aim to be when you graduate?" Daddy asked Jack abruptly, staring at him. Jack's hair looked oddly like an Irish setter's ears, Nancy thought suddenly.

"Won't you have to go in the Army?" Mother asked.

"I'll apply for an assistantship if my grades are good enough," Jack said. "Anything to avoid the draft."

Nancy's father was leaning into his plate, as though he were concentrating deeply on each bite.

"He makes good grades," Nancy said.

"Nancy always made all A's," Daddy said to Jack.

"We gave her a dollar for ever' one," said Mother. "She kept us broke."

"In graduate school they don't give A's," said Nancy. "They just give S's and U's."

Jack wadded up his napkin. Then Mother served fried pies with white sauce. "Nancy always loved these better than anything," she said.

After supper, Nancy showed Jack the farm. As they walked through the fields, Nancy felt that he was seeing peaceful landscapes—arrangements of picturesque cows, an old red barn. She had never thought of the place this way before; it reminded her of prints in a dime store.

WHILE her mother washes the dishes, Nancy takes Granny's dinner to her, and sits in a rocking chair while Granny eats in bed. The food is on an old TV-dinner tray. The compartments hold chicken and dressing, mashed potatoes, field peas, green beans, and vinegar slaw. The servings are tiny—six green beans, a spoonful of peas.

Granny's teeth no longer fit, and she has to bite sideways, like a cat. She wears the lower teeth only during meals, but she will not get new ones. She says it would be wasteful to be buried with a new three-hundred-dollar set of teeth. In between bites, Granny guzzles iced tea from a Kentucky Lakes mug. "That slaw don't have enough sugar in it," she says. "It makes my mouth draw up." She smacks her lips.

Nancy says, "I've heard the food is really good at the Orchard Acres Rest Home."

Granny does not reply for a moment. She is working on a chicken gristle, which causes her teeth to clatter. Then she says, "I ain't going nowhere."

"Mother and Daddy are moving back into their house. You don't want to stay here by yourself, do you?" Nancy's voice sounds hollow to her.

"I'll be all right. I can do for myself."

When Granny swallows, it sounds like water spilling from a bucket into a cistern. After Nancy's parents moved in, they covered Granny's old cistern, but Nancy still remembers drawing the bucket up from below. The chains made a sound like crying.

Granny pushes her food with a piece of bread, cleaning her tray. "I can do a little cooking," she says. "I can sweep."

"Try this boiled custard, Granny. I made it just for you. Just the way you used to make it."

"It ain't yaller enough," says Granny, tasting the custard. "Store-bought eggs."

When she finishes, she removes her lower teeth and sloshes them in a plastic tumbler on the bedside table. Nancy looks away. On the wall are Nancy's high-school-graduation photograph and a picture of Jesus. Nancy looks sassy; her graduation hat resembles a tilted lid. Jesus has a halo, set at about the same angle.

Now Nancy ventures a question about the pictures hidden behind the closet wall. At first Granny is puzzled. Then she seems to remember.

"They're behind the stovepipe," she says. Grimacing with pain, she stretches her legs out slowly, and then, holding her head, she sinks back into her pillows and draws the quilt over her shoulders. "I'll look for them one of these days—when I'm able."

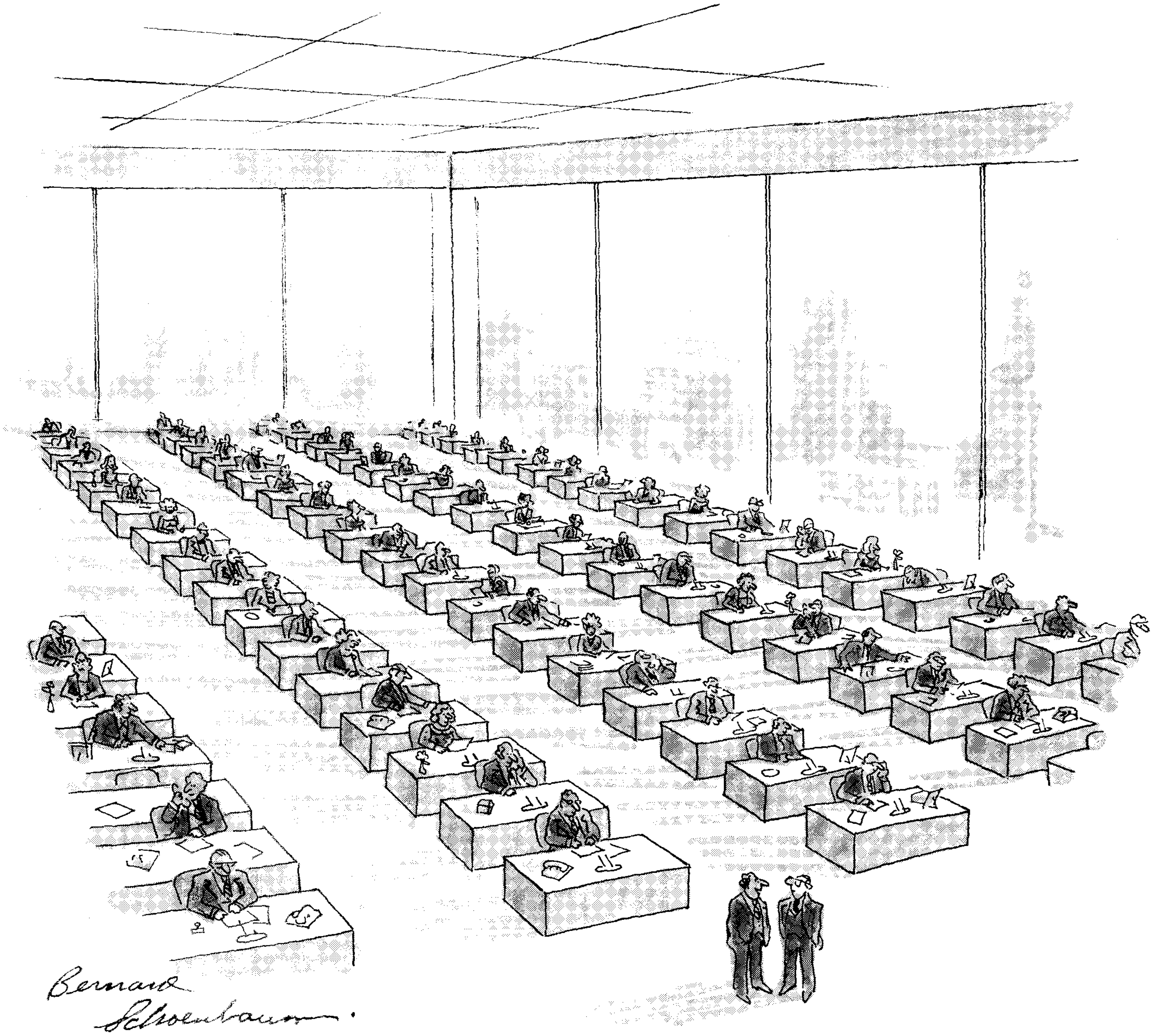
JACK photographs weeds, twigs, pond reflections, silhouettes of Robert against the sun with his arms flung out like a scarecrow's. Sometimes he works in the evenings in his studio at home, drinking tequila sunrises and

THE CHRISTMAS CACTUS

All during the Christmas rush
I waited for the thing to come alive.
Eyed it while I gift-wrapped scarves,
withered it with scorn as I threw
the green and silver bundles under the tree.
By New Year's
I vowed to be happy
living with just stems.

Then one day in February,
the worst month of the year—
making up in misery what it lacks in length—
the blooms shot out,
three ragged cerise bells that rang
their tardy hallelujahs on the sill.
Late bloomers,
like the girls that shine
and shine at long last
at the spring dance
from their corner of the gym.

—L. M. Rosenberg



"Who sets the tone here?"

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composing bizarre still-lifes with light bulbs, wine bottles, Tinkertoys, Lucite cubes. He makes arrangements of gourds look like breasts.

On the day Nancy tried to explain to Jack about her need to save Granny's pictures, a hailstorm interrupted her. It was the only hailstorm she had ever seen in the North, and she had forgotten all about them. Granny always said a hailstorm meant that God was cleaning out his icebox. Nancy stood against a white Masonite wall mounted with a new series of photographs and looked out the window at tulips being smashed. The ice pellets littered the ground like shattered glass. Then, as suddenly as it had arrived, the hailstorm was over.

"Pictures didn't use to be so common," Nancy said. Jack's trash can was stuffed with rejected prints, and Robert's face was crumpled on top. "I want to keep Granny's pictures as reminders."

"If you think that will solve anything," said Jack, squinting at a negative he was holding against the light.

"I want to see if she has one of Nancy Culpepper."

"That's *you.*"

"There was another one. She was a great-great-aunt or something, on my daddy's side. She had the same name as mine."

"There's another one of you?" Jack said with mock disbelief.

"I'm a reincarnation," she said, playing along.

"There's nobody else like you. You're one of a kind."

Nancy turned away and stared deliberately at Jack's pictures, which were held up by clearheaded pushpins, like translucent eyes dotting the wall. She examined them one by one, moving methodically down the row—stumps, puffballs, tree roots, closeups of cat feet.

Nancy first learned about her ancestor on a summer Sunday a few years before, when she took her grandmother to visit the Culpepper graveyard, beside an oak grove off the Paducah highway. The old oaks had spread their limbs until they shaded the entire cemetery, and the tombstones poked through weeds like freak mushrooms. Nancy wandered among the graves, while Granny stayed beside her husband's gravestone. It had her own name on it, too, with a blank space for the date.

Nancy told Jack afterward that when she saw the stone marked "NANCY CULPEPPER, 1833-1905," she did a double take. "It was like time-lapse photography," she said. "I mean, I was standing there, looking into the past and the future at the same time. It was weird."

"She wasn't kin to me, but she lived down the road," Granny explained to Nancy. "She was your granddaddy's aunt."

"Did she look like me?" Nancy asked.

"I don't know. She was real old." Granny touched the stone, puzzled. "I can't figure why she wasn't buried with her husband's people," she said.

ON Saturday, Nancy helps her parents move some of their furniture to the house next door. It is only a short walk, but when the truck is loaded they all ride in it, Nancy sitting between her parents. The truck's muffler sounds like thunder, and they drive without speaking. Daddy backs up to the porch.

The paint on the house is peeling, and the latch of the storm door is broken. Daddy pulls at the door impatiently, saying, "I sure wish I could burn down these old houses and retire to Arizona." For as long as Nancy can remember, her father has been sending away for literature on Arizona.

Her mother says, "We'll never go anywhere. We've got our dress tail on a bedpost."

"What does that mean?" asks Nancy, in surprise.

"Use to, if a storm was coming, people would put a bedpost on a child's dress tail, to keep him from blowing away. In other words, we're tied down."

"That's funny. I never heard of that."

"I guess you think we're just ignorant," Mother says. "The way we talk."

"No, I don't."

Daddy props the door open, and Nancy helps him ease a mattress over the threshold. Mother apologizes for not being able to lift anything.

"I'm in your way," she says, stepping off the porch into a dead canna bed.

Nancy stacks boxes in her old room. It seems smaller than she remembered, and the tenants have scarred the woodwork. Mentally, she refurnishes the room—the bed by the window, the desk opposite. The first time Jack came to Kentucky he slept here, while Nancy slept on the couch in the living room. Now Nancy recalls the next day, as they headed west, with Jack accusing her of being dishonest, foolishly trying to protect her parents. "You let them think you're such a goody-goody, the ideal daughter," he said. "I bet you wouldn't tell them if you made less than an A."

Nancy's father comes in and runs his hand across the ceiling, gathering up strings of dust. Tugging at a loose piece of door facing, he says to Nancy, "Never trust renters. They won't take care of a place."

"What will you do with Granny's house?"

"Nothing. Not as long as she's living."

"Will you rent it out then?"

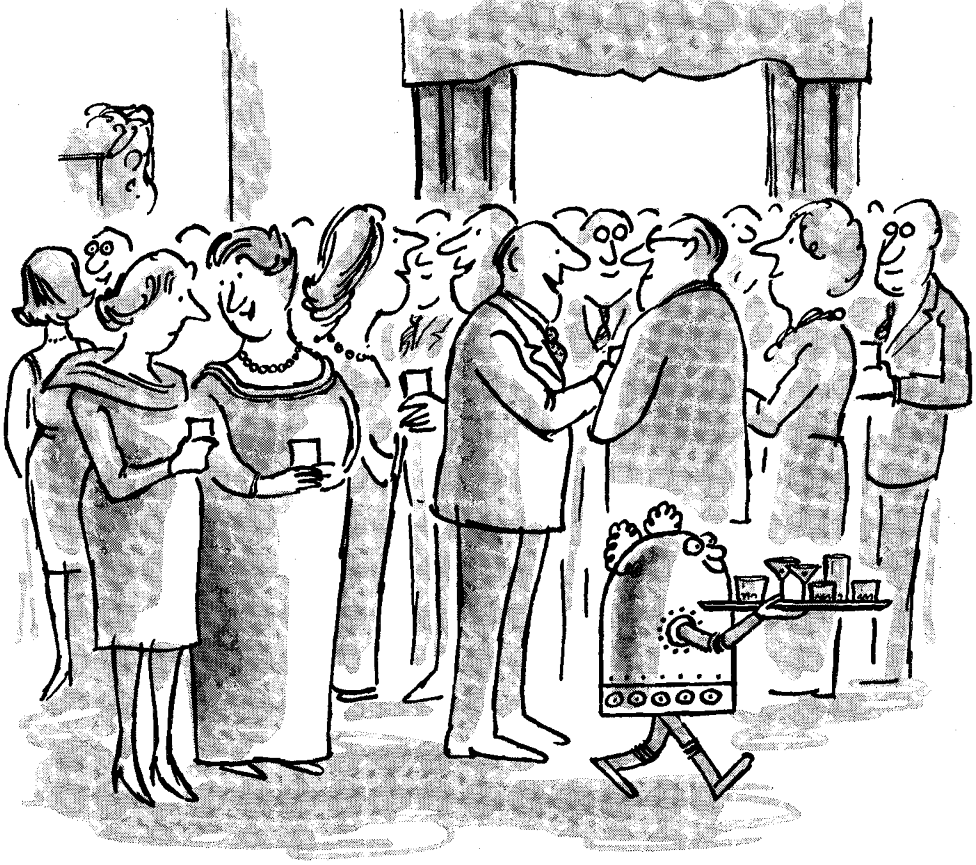
"No. I won't go through that again." He removes his cap and smooths his hair, then puts the cap back on. Leaning against the wall, he talks about the high cost of the nursing home. "I never thought it would come to this," he says. "I wouldn't do it if there was any other way."

"You don't have any choice," says Nancy.

"The government will pay you to break up your family," he says. "If I get like your granny, I want you to just take me out in the woods and shoot me."

"She told me she wasn't going," Nancy says.

"They've got a big recreation room for the ones that can get around,"



"He's an absolute treasure. We got him for four thousand eight hundred and ninety dollars at Radio Shack, batteries not included."

Daddy says. "They've even got disco dancing."

When Daddy laughs, his voice catches, and he has to clear his throat. Nancy laughs with him. "I can just see Granny disco-dancing. Are you sure you want me to shoot you? That place sounds like fun."

They go outside, where Nancy's mother is cleaning out a patch of weed-choked perennials. "I planted these iris the year we moved," she says.

"They're pretty," says Nancy. "I haven't seen that color up North."

Mother stands up and shakes her foot awake. "I sure hope y'all can move down here," she says. "It's a shame you have to be so far away. Robert grows so fast I don't know him."

"We might someday. I don't know if we can."

"Looks like Jack could make good money if he set up a studio in town. Nowadays people want fancy pictures."

"Even the school pictures cost a fortune," Daddy says.

"Jack wants to free-lance for publications," says Nancy. "And there aren't any here. There's not even a camera shop within fifty miles."

"But people want pictures," Mother says. "They've gone back to decorating living rooms with family pictures. In antique frames."

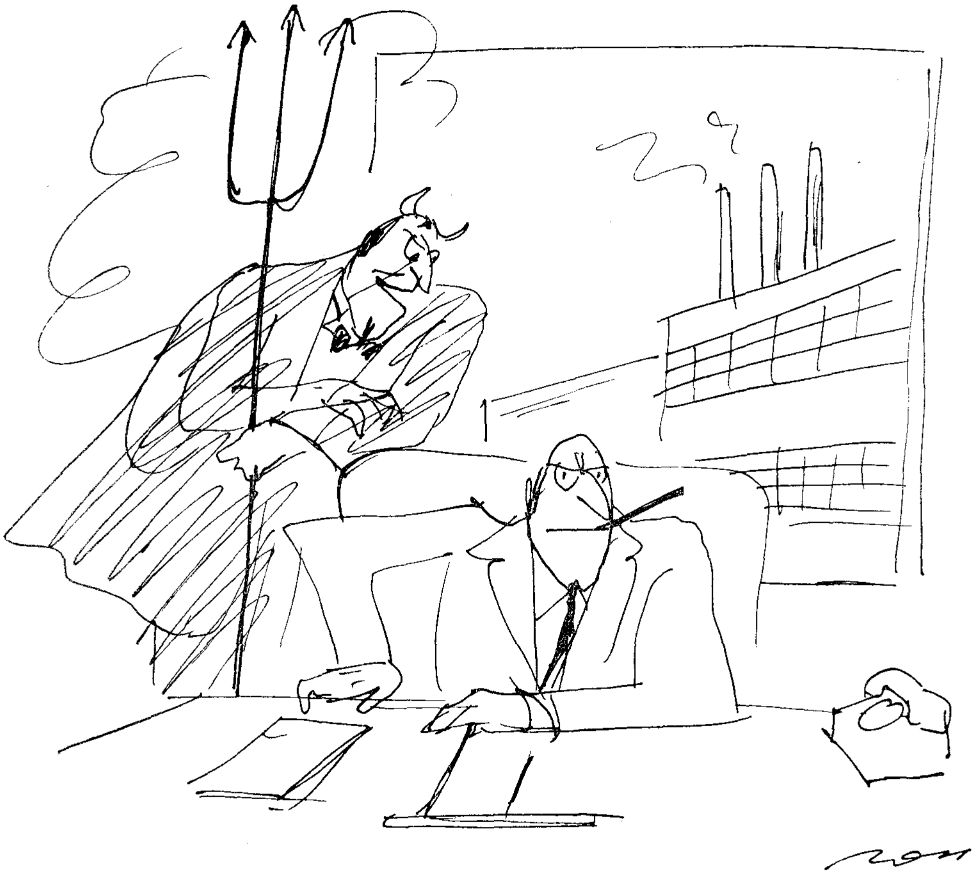
Daddy smokes a cigarette on the porch, while Nancy circles the house. A beetle has infested the oak trees, causing clusters of leaves to turn brown. Nancy stands on the concrete lid of an old cistern and watches crows fly across a cornfield. In the distance a series of towers slings power lines across a flat sea of soybeans. Her mother is talking about Granny. Nancy thinks of Granny on the telephone, the day of her wedding, innocently asking, "What are you going to cook for your wedding breakfast?" Later, seized with laughter, Nancy told Jack what Granny had said.

"I almost said to her, 'We usually don't eat breakfast, we sleep so late!' "

Jack was busy blowing up balloons. When he didn't laugh, Nancy said, "Isn't that hilarious? She's really out of the nineteenth century."

"You don't have to make me breakfast," said Jack.

"In her time, it meant something really big," Nancy said helplessly. "Don't you see?"



"The public be damned, right?"

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Now Nancy's mother is saying, "The way she has to have that milk of magnesia every night, when I know good and well she don't need it. She thinks she can't live without it."

"What's wrong with her?" asks Nancy.

"She thinks she's got a knot in her bowels. But ain't nothing wrong with her but that head-swimming and arthritis." Mother jerks a long morning-glory vine out of the marigolds. "Hardening of the arteries is what makes her head swim," she says.

"We better get back and see about her," Daddy says, but he does not get up immediately. The crows are racing above the power lines.

Later Nancy spreads a Texaco map of the United States out on Granny's quilt. "I want to show you where I live," she says. "Philadelphia's nearly a thousand miles from here."

"Reach me my specs," says Granny, as she struggles to sit up. "How did you get here?"

"Flew. Daddy picked me up at the airport in Paducah."

"Did you come by the bypass or through town?"

"The bypass," says Nancy. Nancy shows her where Pennsylvania is on the map. "I flew from Philadelphia to Louisville to Paducah. There's California. That's where Robert was born."

"I haven't seen a geography since I was twenty years old," Granny says. She studies the map, running her fingers over it as though she were caressing fine material. "Law, I didn't know *where* Floridy was. It's way down there."

"I've been to Florida," Nancy says.

Granny lies back, holding her head as if it were a delicate china bowl. In a moment she says, "Tell your mama to thaw me up some of them strawberries I picked."

"When were you out picking strawberries, Granny?"

"They're in the freezer of my refrigerator. Back in the back. In a little milk carton." Granny removes her glasses and waves them in the air.

"LARRY was going to come and play with me, but he couldn't come," Robert says to Nancy on the telephone that evening. “He had a stomach ache.”

“That’s too bad. What did you do today?”

“We went to the Taco Bell and then we went to the woods so Daddy could take pictures of Indian pipes.”

“What are those?”

“I don’t know. Daddy knows.”

“We didn’t find any,” Jack says on the extension. “I think it’s the wrong time of year. How’s Kentucky?”

Nancy tells Jack about helping her parents move. “My bed is gone, so tonight I’ll have to sleep on a couch in the hallway,” she says. “It’s really dreary here in this old house. Everything looks so bare.”

“How’s your grandmother?”

“The same. She’s dead set against that rest home, but what can they do?”

“Do you still want to move down there?” Jack asks.

“I don’t know.”

“I know how we could take the chickens to Kentucky,” says Robert in an excited burst.

“How?”

“We could give them sleeping pills and then put them in the trunk so they’d be quiet.”

“That sounds gruesome,” Jack says.

Nancy tells Robert not to think about moving. There is static on the line. Nancy has trouble hearing Jack. “We’re your family, too,” he is saying.

“I didn’t mean to abandon you,” she says.

“Have you seen the pictures yet?”

“No. I’m working up to that.”

“Nancy Culpepper, the original?”

“You bet,” says Nancy, a little too quickly. She hears Robert hang up. “Is Robert O.K.?” she asks through the static.

“Oh, sure.”

“He doesn’t think I moved without him?”

“He’ll be all right.”

“He didn’t tell me goodbye.”

“Don’t worry,” says Jack.

“SHE’S been after me about those strawberries till I could wring her neck,” says Mother as she and Nancy are getting ready for bed. “She’s talking about some strawberries she put up in nineteen seventy-*one*. I’ve told her and told her that she eat them strawberries back then, but won’t nothing do but for her to have them strawberries.”

FEBRUARY

The one who lights the wood stove
Gets up in the dark.

How cold the iron is to the hand
Groping to open the flue,
The hand that will draw back
At the roar of the wind outside.

The wood that no longer smells of the woods,
The wood that smells of rats and mice—
And the matches which are always so loud
In the glacial stillness.

By its flare you’ll see her squat:
Gaunt, wide-eyed;
Her lips saying the stark headlines
Going up in flames.

—CHARLES SIMIC

• •

“Give her some others,” Nancy says.

“She’d know the difference. She don’t miss a thing when it comes to what’s *hers*. But sometimes she’s just as liable to forget her name.”

Mother is trembling, and then she is crying. Nancy pats her mother’s hair, which is gray and wiry and sticks out in sprigs. Wiping her eyes, Mother says, “All the kinfolks will talk. ‘Look what they done to her, poor helpless thing.’ It’ll probably kill her, to move her to that place.”

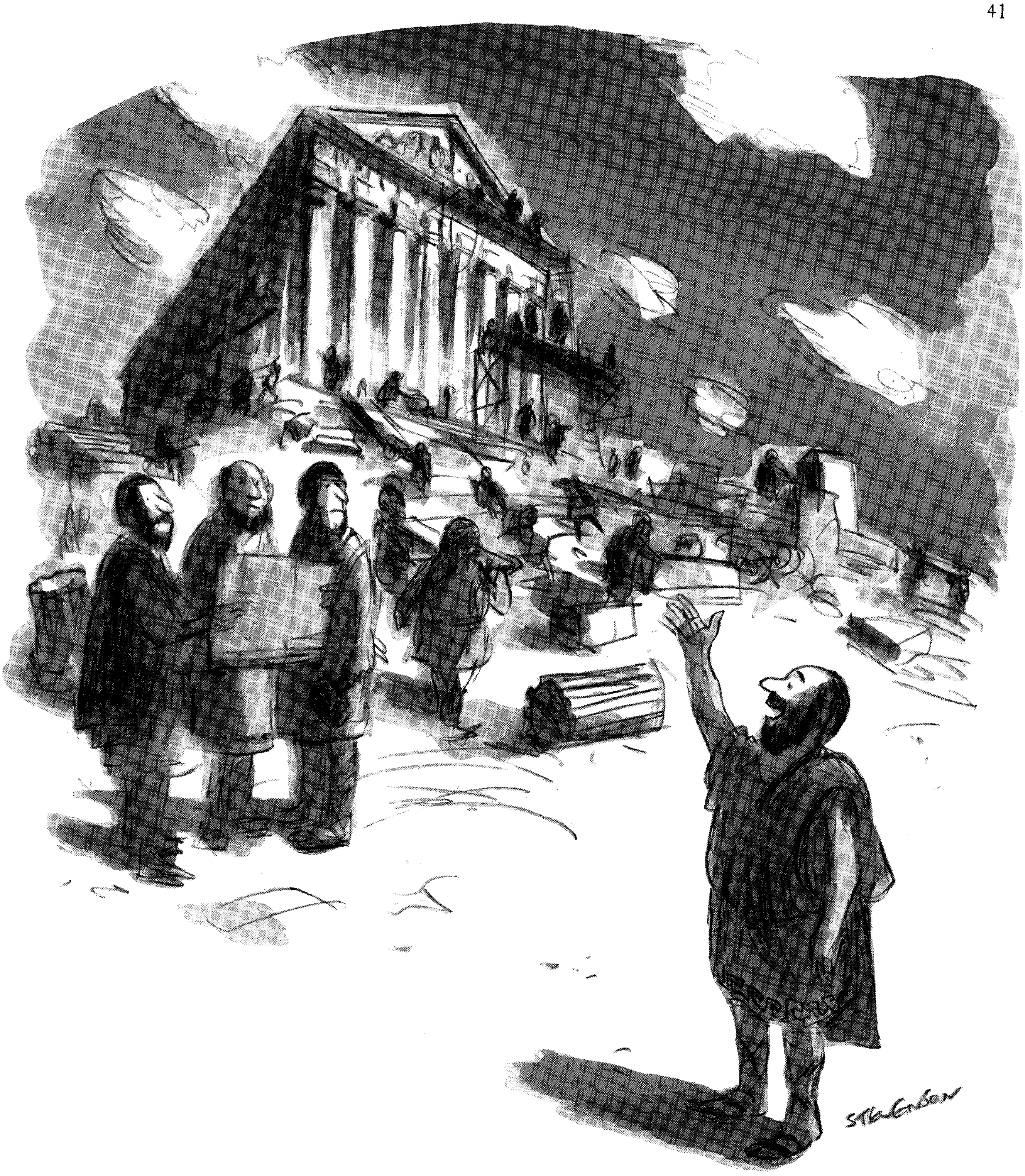
“When you move back home you can get all your antiques out of the barn,” Nancy says. “You’ll be in your own house again. Won’t that be nice?”

Mother does not answer. She takes some sheets and quilts from a closet and hands them to Nancy. “That couch lays good,” she says.

When Nancy wakes up, the covers are on the floor, and for a moment she does not remember where she is. Her digital watch says 2:43. Then it tells the date. In the darkness she has no sense of distance, and it seems to her that the red numerals could be the size of a billboard, only seen from far away.

Jack has told her that this kind of insomnia is a sign of depression, while the other kind—inability to fall asleep at bedtime—is a sign of anxiety. Nancy always thought he had it backward, but now she thinks he may be right. A flicker of distant sheet lightning exposes the bleak walls with the suddenness of a flashbulb. The angles of the hall seem unfamiliar, and the narrow couch makes Nancy feel small and alone. When Jack and Robert come to Kentucky with her, they all sleep in the living room, and in the early morning Nancy’s parents pass through to get to the bathroom. “We’re just one big happy family,” Daddy announces, to disguise his embarrassment when he awakens them. Now, for some reason, Nancy recalls Jack’s strange still-lifes, and she thinks of the black irises and the polished skulls of cattle suspended in the skies of O’Keeffe paintings. The irises are like thunderheads. The night they were married, Nancy and Jack collapsed into bed, falling asleep immediately, their heads swirling. The party was still going on, and friends from New York were staying over. Nancy woke up the next day saying her new name, and feeling that once again, in another way, she had betrayed her parents. “The one time they really thought they knew what I was doing, they didn’t at all,” she told Jack, who was barely awake. The visitors had gone out for the Sunday newspapers, and they brought back doughnuts. They had doughnuts and wine for breakfast. Someone made coffee later.

IN the morning, a slow rain blackens the fallen oak branches in the yard. In Granny’s room the curtains are gray with shadows. Nancy places an old photograph album in Granny’s lap. Silently, Granny turns pages of blank-faced babies in long, white dresses like wedding gowns. Nancy’s



"Terrific! Really great! I love it! Everybody in Athens loves it!"

• •

father is a boy in a sailor suit. Men and women in pictures the color of café au lait stand around picnic tables. The immense trees in these settings are shaggy and dark. Granny cannot find Nancy Culpepper in the album. Quickly, she flips past a picture of her husband. Then she almost giggles as she points to a girl. "That's me."

"I wouldn't have recognized you, Granny."

"Why, it looks just *like* me." Granny strokes the picture, as though she were trying to feel the dress. "That was my favorite dress," she says. "It was brown poplin, with grosgrain ribbon and self-covered buttons. Thirty-two of them. And all those tucks. It took me three weeks to work up that dress."

Nancy points to the pictures one by one, asking Granny to identify them. Granny does not notice Nancy writing the names in a notebook. Aunt Sass, Uncle Joe, Dove and Pear Culpepper, Hortense Culpepper.

"Hort Culpepper went to Texas," says Granny. "She had t.b."

"Tell me about that," Nancy urges her.

"There wasn't anything to tell. She got homesick for her mammy's cooking." Granny closes the album and falls back against her pillows, saying, "All those people are gone."

While Granny sleeps, Nancy gets a flashlight and opens the closet. The inside is crammed with the accumulation of decades—yellowed newspapers, boxes of greeting cards, bags of string and worn-out stockings. Granny's best dress, a blue bonded knit she has hardly worn, is in plastic wrapping. Nancy pushes the clothing aside and examines the wall. To her right, a metal pipe runs vertically through the closet. Backing up against the dresses, Nancy shines the light on the corner and discovers a large framed picture wedged behind the pipe. By tugging at the frame, she is able to work it gradually through the narrow space between the wall and the pipe. In the picture a man and woman, whose features are sharp and clear, are sitting expectantly on a brocaded love seat. Nancy imagines that this is a wedding portrait.

In the living room, a TV evangelist is urging viewers to call him, toll-free. Mother turns the TV off when Nancy appears with the picture, and Daddy stands up and helps her hold it near a window.

"I think that's Uncle John!" he says excitedly. "He was my favorite uncle."

"They're none of my people," says Mother, studying the picture through her bifocals.

"He died when I was little, but I think that's him," says Daddy. "Him and Aunt Lucy Culpepper."

"Who was she?" Nancy asks.

"Uncle John's wife."

"I figured that," says Nancy impatiently. "But who *was* she?"

"I don't know." He is still looking at the picture, running his fingers over the man's face.

Back in Granny's room, Nancy pulls the string that turns on the ceiling light, so that Granny can examine the picture. Granny shakes her head slowly. "I never saw them folks before in all my life."

Mother comes in with a dish of strawberries.

"Did I pick these?" Granny asks.

"No. You eat yours about ten years ago," Mother says.

Granny puts in her teeth and eats the strawberries in slurps, missing her mouth twice. "Let me see them people again," she says, waving her spoon. Her teeth make the sound of a baby rattle.

"Nancy Hollins," says Granny. "She was a Culpepper."

"That's Nancy Culpepper?" cries Nancy.

"*That's* not Nancy Culpepper," Mother says. "That woman's got a rat in her hair. They wasn't in style back when Nancy Culpepper was alive."

Granny's face is flushed and she is breathing heavily. "She was a real little-bitty old thing," she says in a high, squeaky voice. "She never would talk. Everybody thought she was curious. Plumb curious."

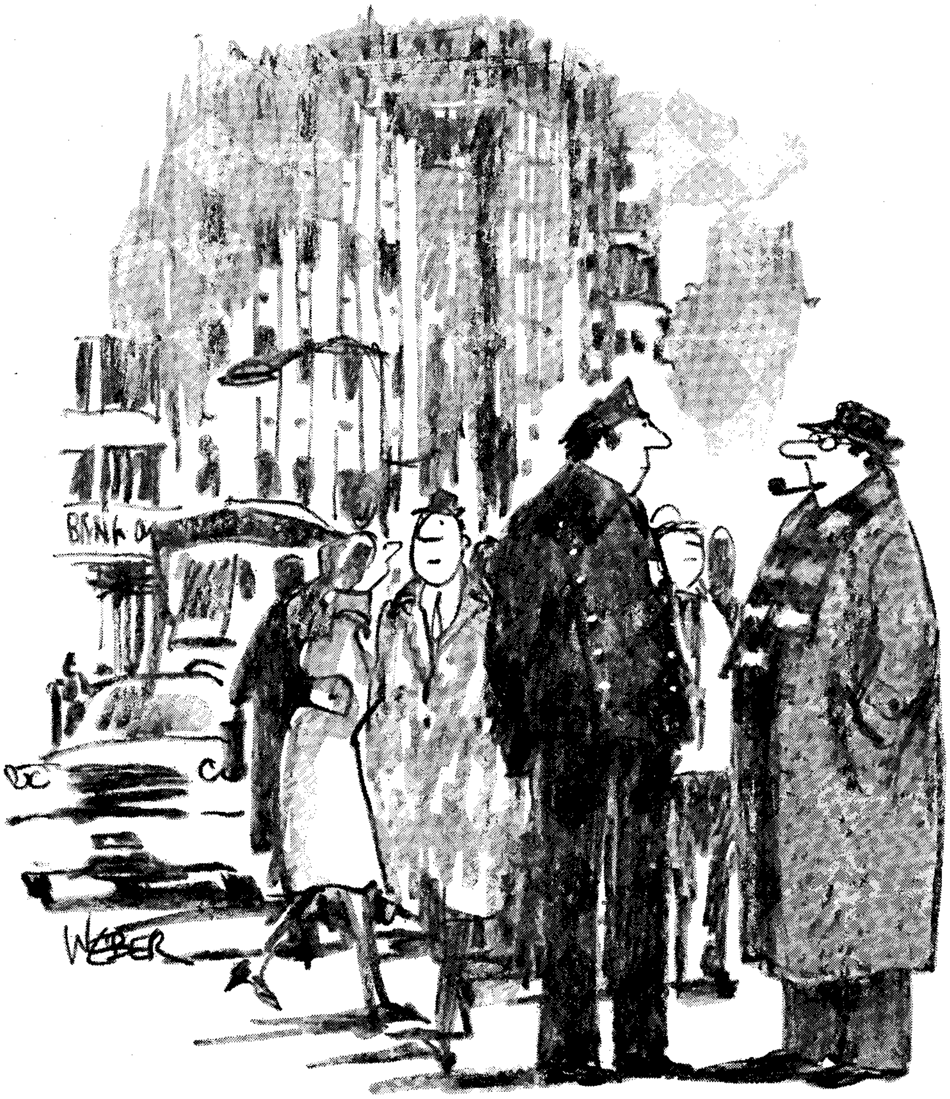
"Are you sure it's her?" Nancy says.

"If I'm not mistaken."

"She don't remember," Mother says to Nancy. "Her mind gets confused."

Granny removes her teeth and lies back, her bones grinding. Her chest heaves with exhaustion. Nancy sits down in the rocking chair, and as she rocks back and forth she searches the photograph, exploring the features of the young woman, who is wearing an embroidered white dress, and the young man, in a curly beard that starts below his chin, framing his face like a ruffle. The woman looks frightened—of the camera perhaps—but nevertheless her deep-set eyes sparkle like shards of glass. This young woman would be glad to dance to "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" on her wedding day, Nancy thinks. The man seems bewildered, as if he did not know what to expect, marrying a woman who has her eyes fixed on something so far away.

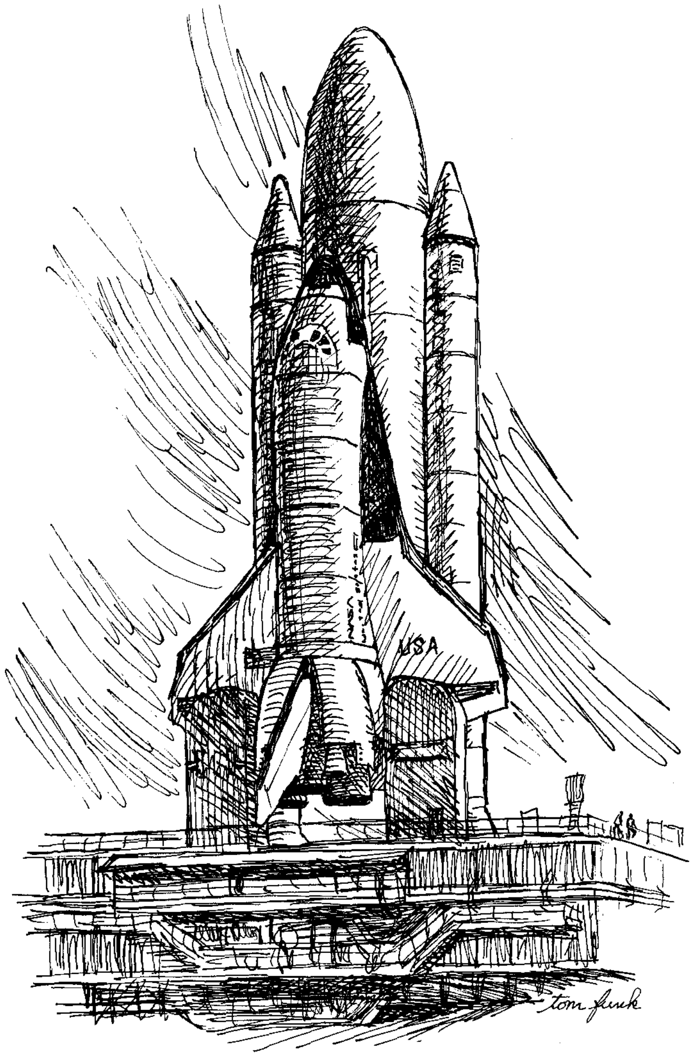
—Bobbie Ann Mason



"*Excuse me, Officer. I'm an academic. Where am I?*"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SHUTTLE—I



WHEN the first space shuttle takes off from the Kennedy Space Center, at Cape Canaveral, Florida, it will look like nothing that has ever been launched before: a huge white bomb, perhaps, with a Roman candle on either side, and, stuck on the middle, a delta-wing glider. The big bomb—a hundred and fifty-four feet long and twenty-seven and a half feet in diameter, far bigger than the glider attached to it—is an external tank containing liquid propellant for the main engines, under the glider's vertical tail; the two Roman candles, a hundred and forty-nine feet long and twelve feet in diameter, are solid-propellant boosters, whose job is to get the external tank and the glider off the ground and on their way into earth orbit; and the glider, a hundred and twenty-two feet long with a wing span of seventy-eight feet, is the shuttle orbiter, named Columbia—a versatile space freighter that is the size of a DC-9 and is capable of housing a crew of as many as seven astronauts for as long as a month in orbit, and of carrying in its capacious cargo bay anything from satellites, equipment for experiments, or a small laboratory to the components of a space station or some other large space structure. The shuttle—or the space-transportation system, as the whole assemblage is known—is basic to future developments in space; it is a revolutionary spacecraft that renders all other types obsolete and is causing the redesign of related hardware, such as unmanned satellites.

Almost everything about the space shuttle is different from any of the craft that American astronauts have flown before (and any that Soviet cosmonauts still fly). A Mercury, Gemini, or Apollo spacecraft was launched on top of a stack of boosters—usually three—which fired serially; the shuttle orbiter is part of what is called a parallel cluster of rockets, which all fire at once. The earlier craft—conical capsules with rounded bottoms covered by heat shields—plunged back through the atmosphere on a trajectory that could not be altered much; the orbiter, having wings and also an intricate thermal-protection system, will glide back through the atmosphere to a controlled landing, on wheels, on a long runway. Because the old capsules plopped down in the ocean, they became corroded and couldn't easily be renovated and sent up again. (On the average, sixty pounds of salt was removed from an Apollo craft after splashdown.) In the past, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration operated as if it were an airline that threw each of its planes away after one flight. Because the orbiter comes down on dry land, it can be used over and over again; the twofold result—immensely liberating to NASA planners—is to greatly increase the ease of getting into space and simultaneously to reduce the price of a ticket. Payloads on the Delta rockets currently being used as launch vehicles cost about two thousand dollars a pound to get into orbit; the shuttle can bring the price down to three hundred dollars or less—provided that everything goes according to plan. A point that received little attention when the shuttle was approved by Congress, in 1972, is that these savings will not be realized unless an orbiter flies into space at least twenty-five times a year—almost as many flights as the total number of manned missions the United States has so far flown. Three more orbiters are on order—they should be ready by late 1984—and between March of 1981 and the end of 1993 NASA expects to launch almost five hundred shuttle flights, eventually working up to forty a year. NASA claims to have the minimum twenty-five flights a year assured, for the government plans to transfer all satellite launches—the military's as well as NASA's—to the shuttle. If NASA is to get forty shuttle launches a year, however, it will require the active participation of industry, both in this country and abroad. The shuttle could make going into space so routine that it would become an integral part of life on earth; indeed, if NASA has its way things on earth may never be quite the same again. NASA is much taken with the observation—made by astronauts going to the moon—that the earth is an island in space, and also with the notion that people on islands tend to prosper in proportion to how much they use the sea around them.

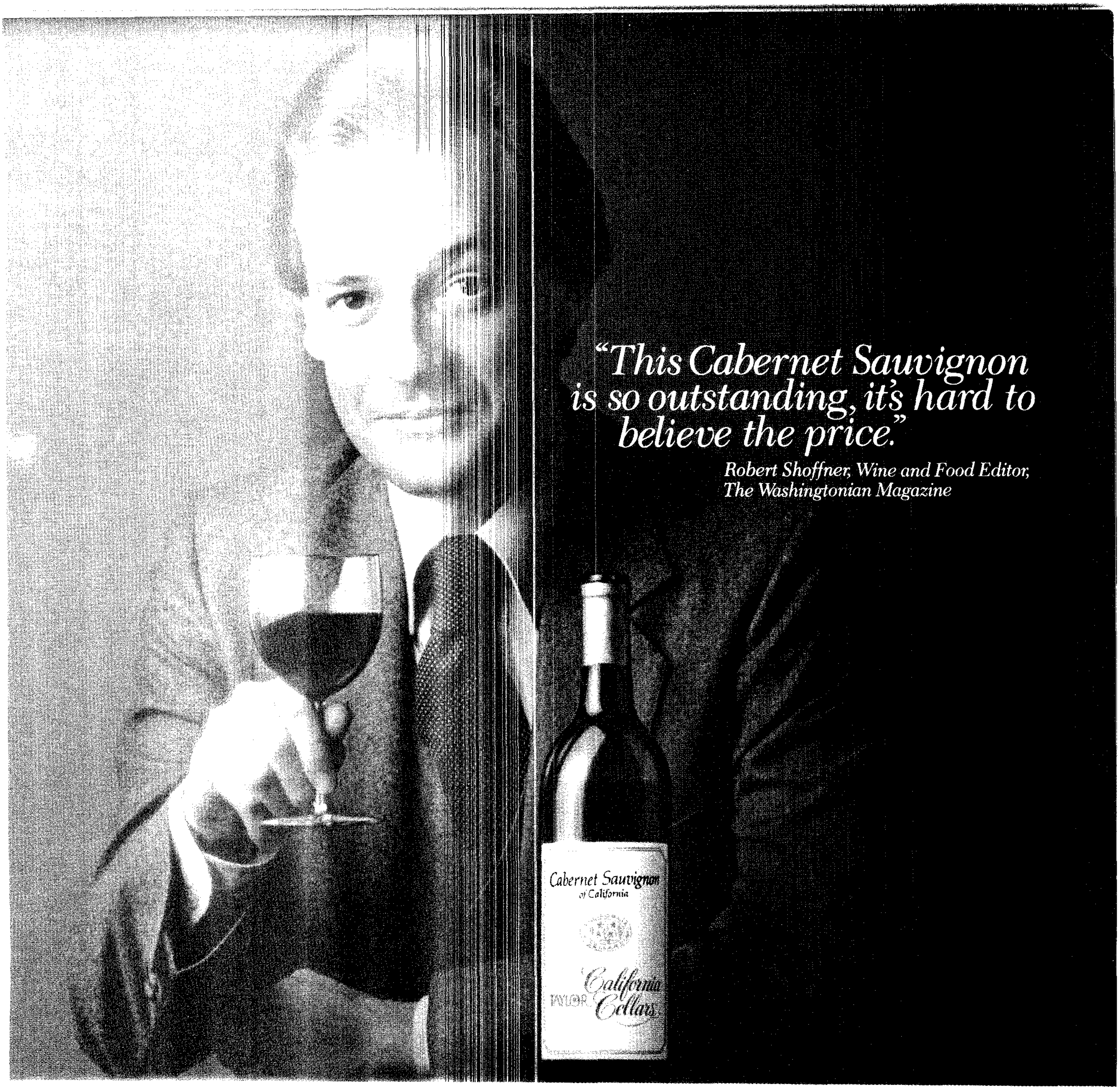
If the United States had not been in such a hurry to beat the Russians to

"Dearest Elizabeth! Have I ever told you how ravishing you look from here?"

• •

the moon twenty years ago, NASA might have come up with a reusable spacecraft to begin with, for in 1958 it was working on plans for a more primitive space glider, called Dyna-soar, that would have been launched into orbit by rocket and would have returned by gliding on delta-shaped wings to an airfield. Though in those days, when almost nothing was known about space, it would have taken not only more time to develop the glider—rather than the ballistic spacecraft—but also a good deal more money, the evolution of spacecraft would have been more natural and orderly. The ballistic craft was a sort of mutation, with few antecedents, whereas the winged spacecraft is the main evolutionary line of the rocket ship; in fact, engineers had been working on this design long before there was a space program. In Germany in the late nineteen-thirties, work was proceeding on the winged V-1 rocket bomb, which blasted off an inclined ramp; before the end of the Second World War, the Germans were working on a winged rocket bomb that would have followed an arc into space and glided down to hit New York City, more than thirty-five hundred miles away. They also made a rocket-powered airplane, the Messerschmitt 163, which launched a piloted glider to forty thousand feet. After the war, this line of research continued in the United States, to which a number of the German experts had emigrated. The first American rocket plane was the X-1, which in October of 1947 was carried aloft in the modified bomb bay of a B-29 and released. Piloted by Captain (now General) Charles Yeager, it reached a height of forty-two thousand feet and became the first piloted aircraft to exceed the speed of sound (Mach 1, which varies between seven hundred and sixty m.p.h. at sea level and six hundred and sixty m.p.h. above thirty-six thousand feet; Yeager's speed was Mach 1.015). Yeager then glided the plane to a landing on a dry lake bed at Edwards Air Force Base, in California. The X-series rocket planes looked like little winged bombs; they had short, conventional wings of a type known as straight wings. As the planes in the X-series went higher and faster—reaching Mach 2.1 and sixty-two thousand feet, and then reaching Mach 3.2 and seventy thousand feet—the wing design became increasingly swept back, to diminish atmospheric friction, which nevertheless caused the wings to get as hot as twelve hundred degrees. In July of 1962, Major Robert White, flying the X-15, a descendant of Captain Yeager's craft, rocketed at a speed of almost Mach 6 to an altitude of over three hundred and fourteen thousand feet—almost above the earth's atmosphere and officially in space. He was not, however, the first man to attain that honor; by that time, several Soviet and American cosmonauts and astronauts had travelled into space by a quite different method.

During the next couple of decades, as Mercury, Gemini, and Apollo capsules had their fling, the rocket planes mostly stayed on the ground. Still, those who had worked with them remained loyal to them; the day of the rocket planes would come again, they were sure. In the opinion of these partisans, it now has, even though the shuttle differs in some respects from its forerunners: it is much bigger, goes about four times as fast, and requires much more complex systems for navigation and heat protection. From August through October of 1977, a prototypical orbiter, the Enterprise, which was principally a test vehicle and probably won't ever be used in space, went through a series of tests



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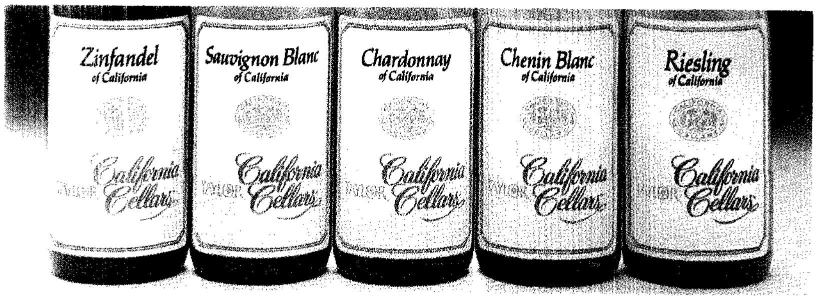

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that involved its being carried atop a Boeing 747 jumbo jet twenty to twenty-six thousand feet above the dry lake bed at Edwards and released to see if it could glide to a landing. The astronaut flying the orbiter on one of these flights was Colonel Joseph H. Engle, an Air Force pilot, who had flown the X-15 before joining NASA. The Boeing 747 was piloted by Colonel Fitzhugh Fulton, who had flown the B-29 bombers that carried the X-series planes slung underneath. Afterward, Fulton remarked that he was pleased to have taken Engle up and dropped him once again; Engle replied that since his orbiter had been on top, this time he had dropped Fulton. Clearly, all hands were delighted to be getting back to what they considered the main event.

The Three Certainties
DEATH
TAXES
I.R.S.
BOBO
R. Chast

THE Columbia won't be taken up on an airplane when it goes into space; it will be launched vertically from its pad at Cape Canaveral. (The orbiter's big rockets—a cluster of three at the rear, known as the space-shuttle main engines—were made by the Rocketdyne Division of Rockwell International; the delta wings were made by the Grumman Corporation; and the tail was made by Fairchild Republic. Most of the orbiter was put together at the Palmdale, California, plant of the prime contractor, Rockwell International; the main engines, however, were installed at Canaveral.) A few hours before the launch, which is scheduled to take place at 7:23 in the morning on March 17th, the crew members (on the first mission, there will be only two—John W. Young, the commander, and Robert L. Crippen, the pilot) will crawl from the gantry through a hatch in the side of the orbiter leading directly into the crew quarters. This is a room that is directly below the cockpit when the orbiter is horizontal (as it will be in space). To get to the cockpit while the craft is vertical, they will have to crawl across a doorway that is normally in the rear wall of the crew quarters belowdecks but is now part of the floor; turn right; and squirm through what is normally a ceiling hatch but is now a small doorway in an upright wall. Countdown procedures take much less time than they did in the old days, for the orbiter's computers—the most sophisticated yet on a spacecraft—have a far greater capacity than the old Apollo ones had: what used to take twenty-eight hours can now be done in two and a half. The rockets will be ignited while the shuttle is still clamped to the pad; when the space-shuttle main engines are fired, the whole assembly will bend about nineteen inches and settle back; then the two solid-propellant boosters will be ignited. The fire, the flame, the noise, and the vibration will be reminiscent of the Saturn 5 boosters that sent Apollo spacecraft to the moon (though that assemblage of hardware stood twice as high as the shuttle's hundred and eighty-four feet), but because of the solid-propellant boosters there will be even more flame and smoke. Since the total thrust of the shuttle is six million nine hundred thousand pounds, while the shuttle with all its fuel weighs about four and a half million pounds, when bolts holding the shuttle to the pad are released the astronauts will feel a decided jerk, as if the pull of the earth's gravity had suddenly increased by fifty per cent. The shuttle will leap straight up, clearing its tower in about seven seconds—much faster than the Saturn 5s, which rose slowly and majestically. The purpose of all this power is to put into orbit around the earth a spacecraft far heavier than any previous one. The shuttle orbiter alone weighs a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and fully loaded it could weigh more than two hundred thousand—as much as the Skylab space station, which was made largely from the third stage of the Saturn rocket. Because of the orbiter's tremendous weight, all early shuttle missions will be launched from Cape Canaveral and directed to the east into orbits with low inclinations to the equator; that way, the spacecraft can take advantage of an extra boost—slightly more than a thousand miles an hour's worth—from the earth's rotation. Later, after the shuttle has been proved (the first four missions are to be test flights), and after facilities at Vandenberg Air Force Base, in California, are completed, launches will be made from there, into polar orbit. The two solid-propellant boosters will burn for two minutes, when the shuttle will arrive at an altitude of twenty-eight miles. Then they will be jettisoned and parachute into the ocean, landing a hundred and sixty miles off the coast of Florida, where they will be retrieved. The remaining rockets—the three main engines, which burn the propellant (liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen) in the external tank—will continue to fire for about six minutes longer. These three rockets, which are arranged in a triangle—one on top and two below—provide only a million or so pounds of thrust, or less than a fifth of that provided by the solid-propellant boosters. What the main engines lack in thrust, however, they make up in efficiency: by the time they have finished burning, the spacecraft will be travelling about seventeen thousand miles an hour—close to orbital velocity.

Although the liquid occupies considerably more space (that is why the external tank is the most voluminous part of the entire shuttle), it weighs less per pound of thrust than the solid propellant; indeed, one purpose of the solid fuel is to get the lighter, faster liquid to the altitude where it will do the most good. Not only do the main engines have to provide enough velocity to send the craft almost into orbit but they also have to be small enough to fit inside the orbiter, so that they can be returned to earth and reused. Consequently, they must be able to generate three times as much pressure in the chambers where the fuel is burned as any previous rocket. Since they must also fire longer (eight minutes, the total time it takes to get the orbiter from the ground almost into orbit, as opposed to five minutes, the maximum attained by any single stage of the earlier boosters) and a great deal more often (fifty-five times, as opposed to other big boosters, which fired only once), their development was one of the two biggest technological problems faced by the designers of the shuttle. (The other major problem was the attachment of thermal tiles to the orbiter.) A special high-pressure turbopump, working at more than three times the horsepower of previous pumps and operated by a turbofan propelled by hot gases, had to be built to get the fuel into the chamber. Then, in tests, the fan blades cracked repeatedly, because of metal fatigue, and a valve in a pump once stuck, causing an explosion. There were other explosions as well. These problems, and other problems with the tiles, caused delays, and the shuttle is now three years behind its original schedule. Excluding inflation, it has cost six billion seven hundred million dollars—over one and a half billion more than it should have. Congress initially authorized five billion one hundred million dollars. NASA and other aerospace officials feel that this cost overrun is not out of line, considering the size and novelty of the project; they also feel that many of their troubles stemmed from the fact that too little money was authorized to begin with, forcing them to skimp on such things as testing in the early phases of the program. If they had had more to start with, they suggest, the problems and the delays, and perhaps even the final cost, would have been less.

Just short of orbit, the external tank, which is the only part of the shuttle that isn't reusable, will be jettisoned, and will burn up as it plunges back through the atmosphere; whatever debris there may be will scatter over the Indian Ocean. In fact, the main engines will shut off just before orbit, so that the external tank can be jettisoned accurately, rather than reaching orbit and later falling who knows where, as in the case of Skylab. With its main engines off, the shuttle will take about half an hour longer to reach orbit than previous spacecraft did; for the same reason, on the first couple of flights the craft's trajectory, and eventual orbit, will be inclined at a little over forty degrees to the equator—higher than in later flights—in the event that the main engines burn too long (what NASA engineers call an overspeed); too low an inclination might allow debris from the tank to land on Australia. Since the exact point of the tank's breakup in the atmosphere—and hence where the pieces will fall—is partly dependent on how hot and how high the tank gets during its ascent, these temperatures and altitudes will be carefully measured during the first four flights. The notion of throwing away the external tank once bothered many engineers—among them Max Faget, NASA's chief designer, who had hoped that all parts of the shuttle would be reusable. In the early nineteen-seventies, when the shuttle was first on the drawing boards, there was no external tank; rather, the orbiter was attached to an enormous booster rocket that not only contained propellant but also had wings of its own, a dozen air-breathing jet engines, and a cockpit for pilots who, after the booster had launched the orbiter toward space, would fly it back to an airfield to be used again. Because this booster would have more than doubled the cost of the project, it was scrapped. Still wanting to achieve total reusability, NASA next considered using a booster that could have been parachuted into the ocean and recovered; but, at almost a million pounds, such a booster would have been too heavy. The only solution then was to move the propellant (in stages: first the hydrogen, then the oxygen) to an expendable external tank.

With the propellant used up and the external tank jettisoned, the orbital maneuvering system, or O.M.S.—two more small rockets, occupying pods on either side of the aft fuselage which straddle the triangle of main engines—gives the spacecraft its final push into orbit, and from now on the two O.M.S. rockets provide the orbiter with its main forward thrust. The craft is climbing in an elliptical orbit; when it reaches the apogee, a hundred and thirty nautical miles above the earth (it will reach that point a little over half an hour later), the rockets will fire again, to make the orbit circular at that altitude. (Later, the orbit will be raised to a hundred and fifty nautical miles.) Though the O.M.S. rockets are far less powerful than the main engines, each one will have to fire five times during the first mission, and is built to last for a hundred missions.

There is always the possibility that something might go wrong on the way to orbit—one of the main engines could fail, for example—in which case NASA has a number of what it calls abort modes. If a problem occurs early enough—within four minutes and twenty-three seconds of launch—the shuttle, having released its solid-propellant boosters but still firing its remaining main engines, will swing around and roll over to position the orbiter on top, drop downward, and return to the landing strip at Cape Canaveral, jettisoning its external tank after the main engines cut off, so that the orbiter coasts to a landing; the duration of such a round trip would be twenty-two minutes. If the shuttle were farther along when the trouble arose, it could circle once around the earth (thus executing what is known as an abort once around) and land at the Northrup Strip, a white-gypsum dry lake bed in New Mexico that is visible from the air for more than a hundred miles. This area is easier to reach than Edwards for a spacecraft on the orbiter's trajectory; the entire trip would take an hour and forty-seven minutes. In addition to Edwards, Canaveral, Northrup, and Vandenberg, NASA has other emergency landing sites around the world, in Spain, Okinawa, and Hawaii; in a pinch, any field longer than ten thousand feet would do. If the orbiter is far enough along when a problem occurs, it can actually "abort to orbit," pushing on into a lower than usual orbit and perhaps even continuing its mission there. The only contingency that really worries NASA is a blowup on or just above the pad; the four orbital test flights will have ejection seats, but they are designed for an airborne release, and it would be difficult, close to the pad, to shoot an astronaut clear of an explosion or a fire.

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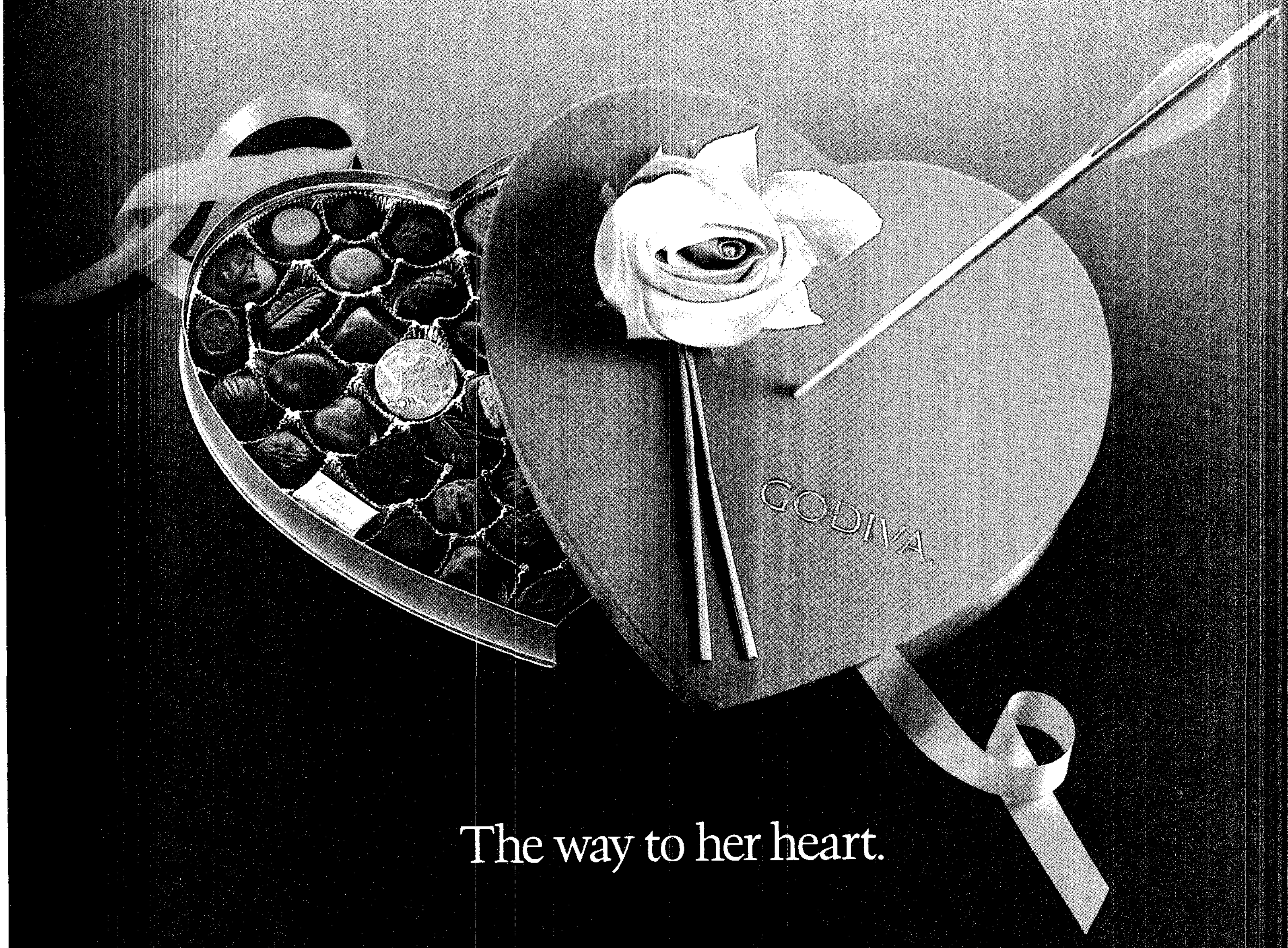

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almost the same size as the doors spring up just inside them, to radiate heat from the cabin and from the electronic devices throughout the craft. (If, for any reason, the doors cannot open, the astronauts will abort the mission and come home, for if the radiators cannot be exposed to space the craft will overheat.) Anything but sleek, the orbiter resembles a tubby, squared-off version of the Concorde. Unlike the Concorde, it has a blunt nose, five rockets in its tail, and a skin of heat-resistant tiles. Perhaps, with its delta wings, its chunky fuselage, and its black-and-white coloring (black underside, black nose, white sides and top), it looks a little like a squat, swept-back penguin, with wings partly open; like that awkward, flightless bird, which is at home on land and in water, the orbiter is at home in two elements—space and the earth's atmosphere—and about the most remarkable thing that either of them does is move back and forth from one element to the other.

BRINGING a craft the size of the orbiter from space down through the atmosphere to the earth's surface in a manner so that it can be used again is a different proposition from landing an Apollo capsule. During the transition, the orbiter will have ceased to be a spacecraft and turned into an aircraft—a transformation that makes it unique as an orbiting vehicle. Even though the flight down through the atmosphere will last just under half an hour, it is the major element in determining what this hybrid craft looks like; the broad wings with their flaps, or elevons, and the tall, vertical tail label the orbiter an aircraft even more obviously than the five rocket bells and forty-four small thrusters (sixteen all but imperceptible nozzles around the nose, fourteen more aft on each side of the O.M.S. pods) identify it as a spacecraft. Inside, the cockpit seems more like a conventional airliner's than like a spacecraft's. It has two couches, and in front of each are instruments for indicating altitude, heading, and air speed, which are common equipment in aircraft. Set into the dashboard just above, though, is a spacecraft's guidance indicator, which is a black-and-white ball that gives the craft's roll, pitch, and yaw; it does this by means of the three inertial-measurement units—instruments, familiar to astronauts, containing accelerometers (for sensing acceleration) and gyroscopes, and the electronic equipment necessary for interpreting them. They are tied into the shuttle's intricate computer system. Flying in the air is more complex than flying in space, so the aircraft controls far outnumber the spacecraft ones, but some of the most important controls are for both. For example, there is a sort of lever protruding from a floor console in front of each astronaut which in space will operate the thrusters for attitude control, and in the atmosphere will control the flaps for banking and turning.

The two astronauts will strap themselves into their couches—for larger crews, additional couches can be rigged at the rear of the cockpit or belowdecks—with Young, the commander, on the left, and Crippen, the pilot, on the right. Young, a retired Navy captain, who was born in San Francisco and grew up in Orlando, Florida, is a swarthy, wiry, laconic man. He celebrated his fiftieth birthday last September and is a veteran of four spaceflights, the most recent being Apollo 16, to the hills of Descartes on the moon, in April of 1972. In addition to his assignment to the first shuttle mission, he is chief of the Astronaut Office. Crippen, a Navy captain still on active duty, is a talkative Texan of forty-three who has never been in space before. To prepare for the first shuttle landing, thrusters will fire a little more than an hour before the expected touchdown, turning the craft tail first and making it travel backward, so that when its O.M.S. rockets are fired it will be slowed down and drop out of orbit. The astronauts can perform the turning maneuver—like any other—manually, with the lever in front of them, or automatically, by punching the instructions into computer keyboards on the center pedestal between them; either way, the impulses pass through the computer system. The orbiter is far more automated than any past spacecraft or aircraft—with the exception, possibly, of certain advanced military planes. The Apollo astronauts, while they often landed close to their targets, did have the entire Pacific Ocean to splash down in. The shuttle astronauts will have to land precisely every time, despite winds and other variable atmospheric conditions, which have a greater effect on a winged craft than on a ballistic one.

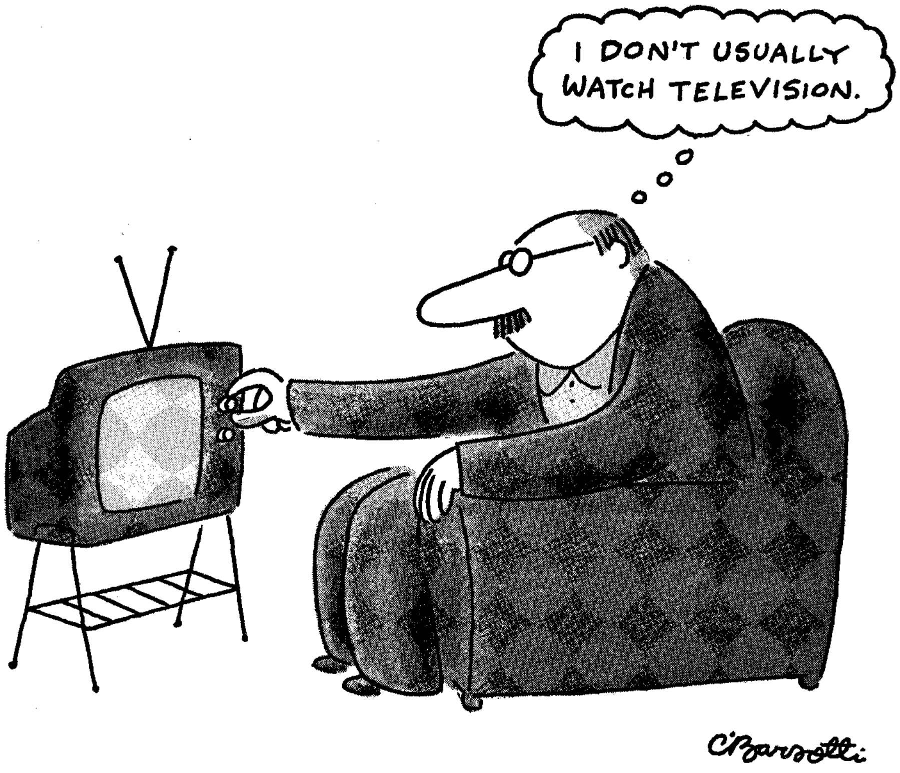
For navigation, the Apollo command module, with all its redundancy, had only one computer; the orbiter has four, and they all operate synchronously, checking on one another continuously—if one makes a mistake, the three others can catch it and alert the crew. This happened during the first of the five landing tests, in August of 1977; when the Enterprise—commanded by Fred Haise, who was then a civilian astronaut sharing the captaincy of those missions with Colonel Engle (Haise had been the lunar-module pilot of the aborted Apollo 13 mission in April of 1970) but has now joined the Grumman Aerospace Corporation as vice-president of space programs—was first released by the Boeing 747 that carried it, one computer showed that it was still attached to the mother ship, whereas the three others showed that it wasn't. The crew was alerted and turned off the dissenter, and the flight proceeded without interruption. In addition to the four computers that are operating, there is a fifth, kept as a backup.

The computer system is capable of flying the orbiter from space to the ground without any assistance from the astronauts, and in the future it will do so for much of the entry sequence. Still, the astronauts will have plenty of responsibility. The commander will already have punched into the computers the necessary instructions for the rocket-firing—called the de-orbit burn—that will slow the craft somewhat and put it on a trajectory toward the earth; these instructions will include the time of ignition (the instant the O.M.S. rockets will fire) and the precise yaw, pitch, and roll of the spacecraft. On the first four missions, this information will come, as it has in the past, from Mission Control, at the Johnson Space Center, in Houston, but on later missions the planning for rocket-firings and new trajectories will be done by the computers in the spacecraft. The O.M.S. rockets will fire for about two and a half minutes when the orbiter is approaching the middle of the Indian Ocean; fifty-seven minutes later—it will take a little over twenty-seven minutes to reach the top of the atmosphere, a little under thirty from there to the ground—the craft will land at Edwards Air Force Base. (NASA's part of Edwards is called the Dryden Flight Research Center.) The specific landing site will be Rogers Dry Lake, a landing strip of seven and a half miles; it was selected because, as one astronaut put it, "general opinion is that for the first missions it would be prudent to select a runway that is very long." After the four orbital test missions, if everything goes well, the landings will be transferred to a three-mile runway at Cape Canaveral, and later to Vandenberg, whose runway should be completed in 1983.

After the de-orbit burn, Young and Crippen will turn the orbiter so that it faces forward again. After passing over Guam, the last occasion the astronauts will have to talk with the ground until they approach California, the computer will go into its entry-guidance mode. The orbiter will pitch up to forty degrees—to what is called the angle of attack—so that when it hits the upper atmosphere it will do so with its underside, which is covered with the heat-resistant tiles, in the lead. (On later flights, the angle of attack might be lowered a little, increasing friction with the atmosphere, so that flight engineers can see the effects of greater heat.) The friction from atmospheric drag, which is what slows the orbiter for landing, will begin to heat the tiles soon after the craft, travelling at seventeen thousand miles an hour (or Mach 26), meets the first traces of air, at about four hundred thousand feet over Wake Island. As speed is lost and velocity is turned to heat, the tiles will become an incandescent red. The high temperature—exceeding twenty-five hundred degrees in some places—will cause ionization (atoms of air will lose electrons, and an electromagnetic sheath will form around the orbiter), and when this happens the orbiter will lose radio contact with the ground, as previous spacecraft have done under the same circumstances. For much of the next twenty-five minutes, until the craft lands at Edwards, three thousand miles away, the navigation will be done by the inertial-measurement units, without help from the ground. The tiles will redden rapidly, for the maximum friction will occur at the outset, when the craft—having already lost a small amount of its speed—slows from seventeen thousand miles an hour to ten thousand. There will be enormous stresses on the wings, and during the period of greatest strain the orbiter may roller-coaster up and down a bit, but commands programmed into the computer system will dampen these movements. Though the underside will get redder and redder, no flames will stream behind the spacecraft; unlike the earlier, ballistic capsules, whose shields dispelled heat by ablating and flaking off, the orbiter's thermal-protection system—which was as hard to develop as the turbopumps for the main-engine rockets—radiates most of the heat away.

Some parts of the craft will get redder than others. Because various areas present different thermal problems, they are covered with different materials; a craft as large as the orbiter cannot have a single, one-piece heat shield like the ones on the bottoms of the much smaller Apollo, Gemini, and Mercury capsules. Even in the large area homogeneous enough to be covered with the same material (the underside, clad with tiles), the tiles have to be cut six inches square, to accommodate the difference in the rate of expansion and contraction between the tiles and the orbiter's aluminum skin. The reddest and hottest part will be the nose, which will reach a temperature of twenty-six hundred and sixty-five degrees; it is covered not with tile but with a cone made of a compound called carbon-carbon. The next-hottest areas are the leading edges of the wings, which, because they are the thinnest part of the craft and therefore less able to absorb heat than the thicker, inner parts of the wings and the fuselage, will reach twenty-three hundred degrees; these, too, are protected with carbon-carbon. (The upper surface of the hinging for the elevons—the flaps that turn and bank the craft and are part of the thin trailing edges—and part of the elevons themselves are covered with Inconel, a heat-resistant metal that was used in alloy form on the X-15; the Inconel was applied in complex overlapping sheets, much like an armadillo's shell, so the flaps would be able to move.) The sides and the top of the fuselage, which get the least hot—up to about twelve hundred degrees—are covered mainly with white tile, the best color for minimizing heat from the sun before entry; the coolest parts of the sides and the top, which won't reach more than seven hundred degrees during entry, are covered with a coated, heat-resistant felt material called Nomex.

The underside of the wings and fuselage, which takes the brunt of the heat, is slightly rounded, like a gigantic surfboard, and each tile there—black, partly because that color helps protect the craft from the chill of space—is placed at a forty-five-degree angle to the axis of the craft, making a kind of diamond, with the corner forward. There are thirty-two thousand tiles on the orbiter, and all of them were in-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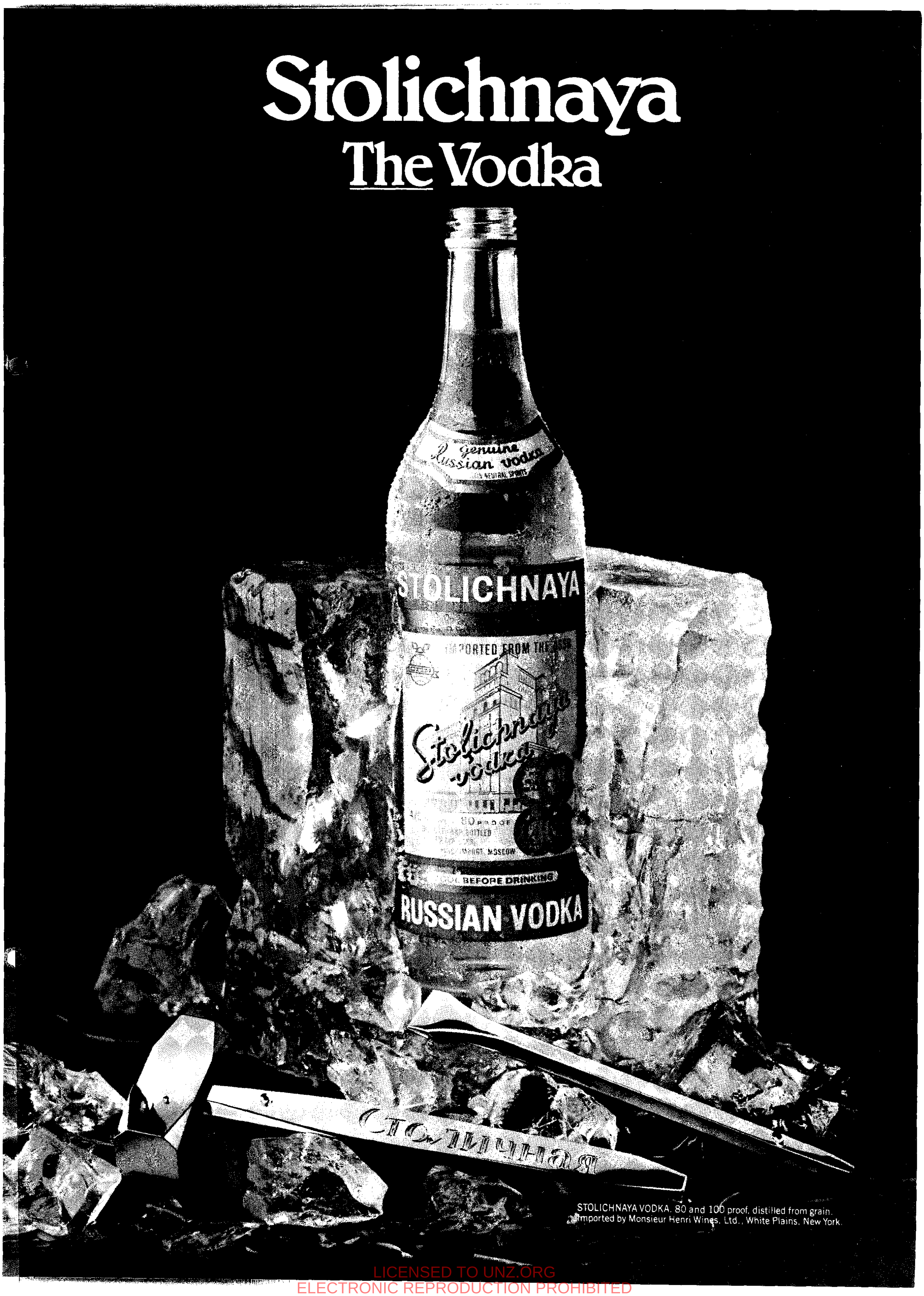
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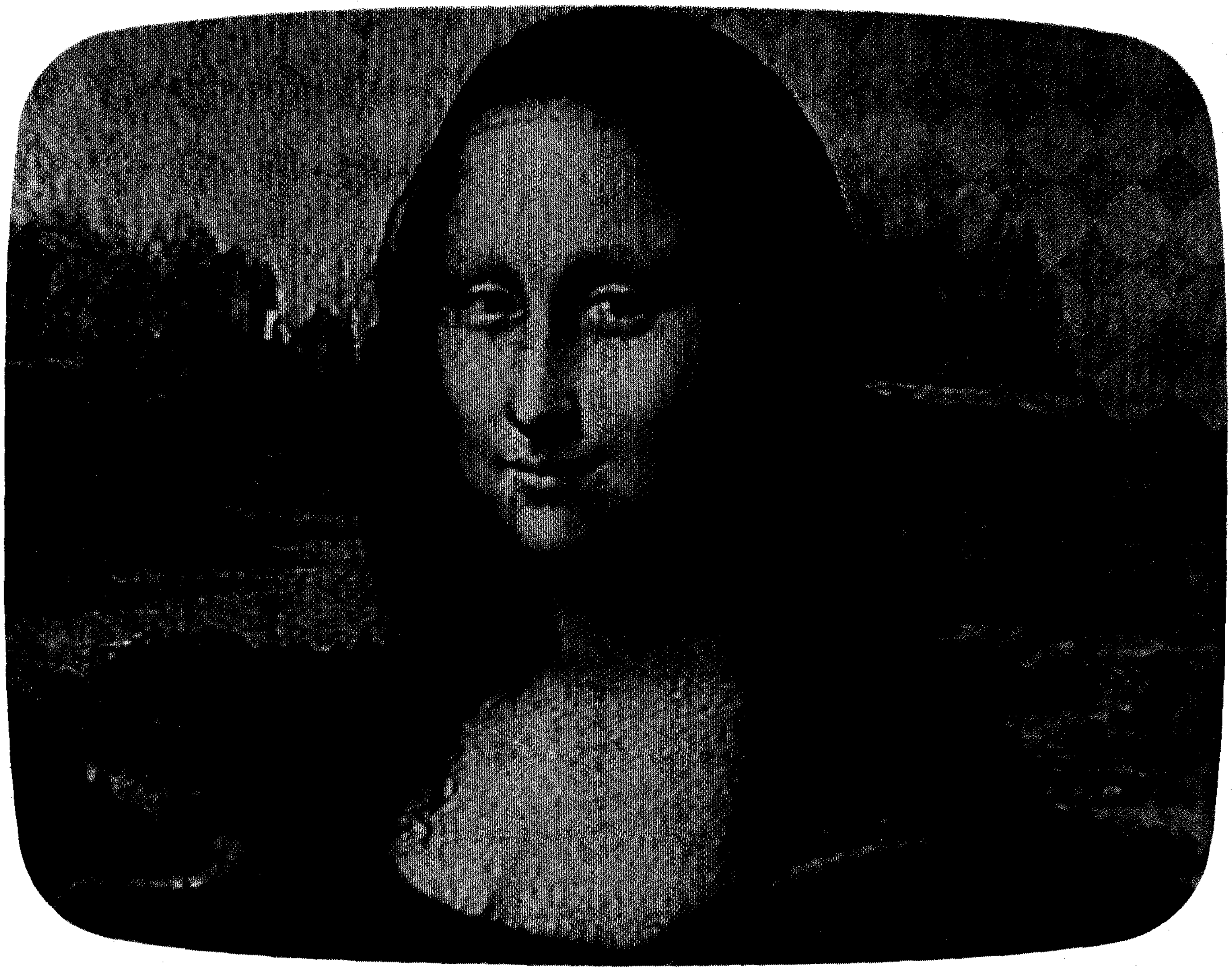

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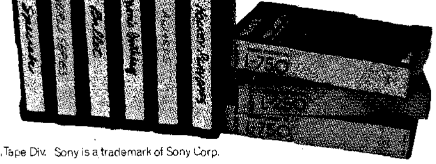

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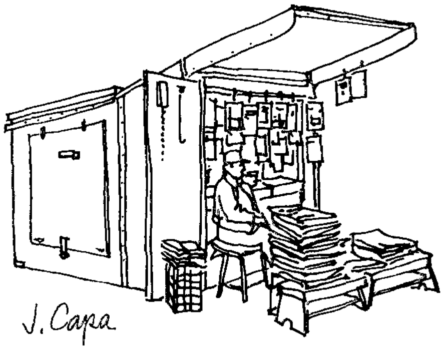
dividually cut, at the California plants of the Lockheed Missiles & Space Company and Rockwell International, from blocks of a lightweight, low-density sintered (that is, heated without melting) silica fibre, made from high-quality silica sand from Minnesota and Ohio. The tiles are of varying thickness, depending on the amount of heat they will be exposed to. One reason the orbiter looks so boxlike is that Faget wanted to make it a little easier to cut the tiles and put them on. Even so, a number of them—particularly those toward the nose, where the curves are sharper and there are more hatches and other openings to be covered, and on the lower side of the elevons—had to be sculptured, with the sort of machine used for copying statuary, from molds that had been made of those areas. In the more difficult areas, the tiles are cut smaller. The differences in both size and thickness are carefully graduated; if there were any abrupt steps between tiles, the effects of turbulence on the sharp edges would make them even hotter. As for the minimal gaps that do exist, they are sealed at the bottom by strips of Nomex felt. The tiles themselves are bonded to squares of Nomex felt with a strong, heat-resistant silicone adhesive; the felt squares, in turn, are bonded to the aluminum skin of the craft with the same silicone adhesive. (Because the fitting and bonding of the tiles was a more difficult job than anticipated, several thousand tiles had yet to be installed when the Columbia was transported, on the back of a Boeing 747, from California to the Kennedy Space Center, in March of 1979; in addition, during the transcontinental trip several of the tiles on the curved nose area were damaged. Then there was a continual and time-consuming ferrying of molds and finished tiles back and forth between the Space Center and California.) Inside the aluminum skin, the fuselage is stuffed with insulation blankets. Less than ten per cent of the reëntry heat should get through the tiles, and only one per cent should penetrate the aluminum (which won't get any hotter than three hundred and fifty degrees) and flow on into the insulating material. By the time that happens, the craft should have slowed down enough that the cold of the upper atmosphere will begin to reverse the flow and draw the heat away.

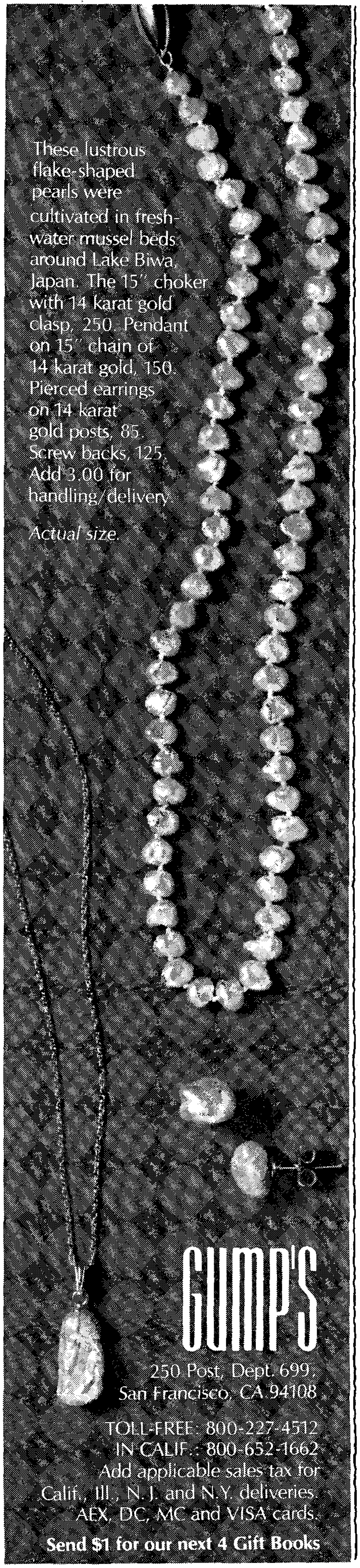
Young and Crippen should feel no increase in temperature; nor should they experience many other adverse effects. Even at the period of maximum stress, they will probably not feel faint, as might be expected because of an unaccustomed rush of blood from the head to the feet; since the orbiter's wings provide a certain amount of lift, allowing the craft to come down at a shallower angle than the ballistic capsules did, only about a third as many gravitational forces will be weighing the astronauts down—one and a half times the earth's gravity instead of five times or more. Similarly, the transition of the orbiter from spacecraft to aircraft—under the control of the computers—will be a gradual one. As the orbiter sinks deeper into the atmosphere and the thrusters become less useful, a hydraulic system that operates the elevons will be turned on; this system is pressurized to three thousand pounds per square inch, so the elevons can be moved or held still, despite the tremendous braking force of the atmosphere upon them. (Partly because it was tricky to insulate, the hydraulic system posed still another major design problem.) First, the elevons at the back of the wings, whose function is to control pitch and roll, are activated; initially, they will be operated in conjunction with the thrusters that control the same motions in space, for the air will still be very thin.

As the orbiter descends into denser air, the thrusters will be phased out. The first to go will be the ones for roll, and then the ones for pitch. The yaw thrusters will be kept on, because the device that governs the same motion in an airplane—the rudder on the tail—will still be off; at the orbiter's high angle of attack, the tail flaps will be out of the air flow and so will be useless. The orbiter will be slowing all the time, however, and its angle of attack will be dropping. By a hundred and sixty thousand feet, when it is five hundred and thirty-five miles from Edwards, it will have slowed to Mach 12—enough so that the heat ionization is gone and radio contact can resume. From then on, the orbiter can use ground stations for navigation. At sixty thousand feet, as the craft's speed falls below the speed of sound, the angle of attack will drop to half a degree. The rudder will be on, and the yaw thrusters will finally be turned off. The orbiter will now be entirely an airplane—or, rather, a glider, since it is unpowered.



Young and Crippen will pass the coast north of Monterey Bay at a hundred and twenty thousand feet, going Mach 6 and heading south toward Bakersfield. They will still be dropping fast. From high over the Pacific, the California coast and the Sierras will seem to the astronaut-pilots to leap up at them. To slow down, they may begin to use the speed brakes. The rudder flap divides longitudinally to form two panels, which, when they are splayed apart, form a V-shaped wedge that drags against the air. In order to use up more ground—to avoid overshooting their runway—they may bank in giant S-turns, seventeen degrees to the left of the flight path and seventeen degrees to the right. The orbiter responds more crisply than many large planes, according to Colonel Engle—though, he says, it is not as quick in its responses as the tiny X-15 he flew fifteen years before. As the orbiter banks, it may lurch a little—something Haise attributes to the fact that the cockpit of the chunky craft is very high in relation to its center of gravity. In fact, the orbiter will drop like a rock. At NASA, it is sometimes called the Flying Brickyard—a reference not only to the tiles on its bottom and sides but also to the way it plummets. A glider may fly as much as forty feet horizontally for every foot it drops; in other words, it has what pilots call a lift-over-drag ratio, or L over D, of forty to one, which they consider very good. A jet airliner gliding in for an unpowered landing goes fifteen feet forward for every foot it drops—an L over D of fifteen to one, which pilots also consider pretty good. The L over D of the orbiter is four and a half to one, which is not good. It is, however, better than an Apollo capsule's—a mere .4 to one.

This meteoric rate of descent has to do with the nature of the delta wing, which doesn't extend very far to the side and therefore affects a relatively small volume of air. The deltas do have a big area, but area is not important in this regard; what holds an aircraft up is either wings that push



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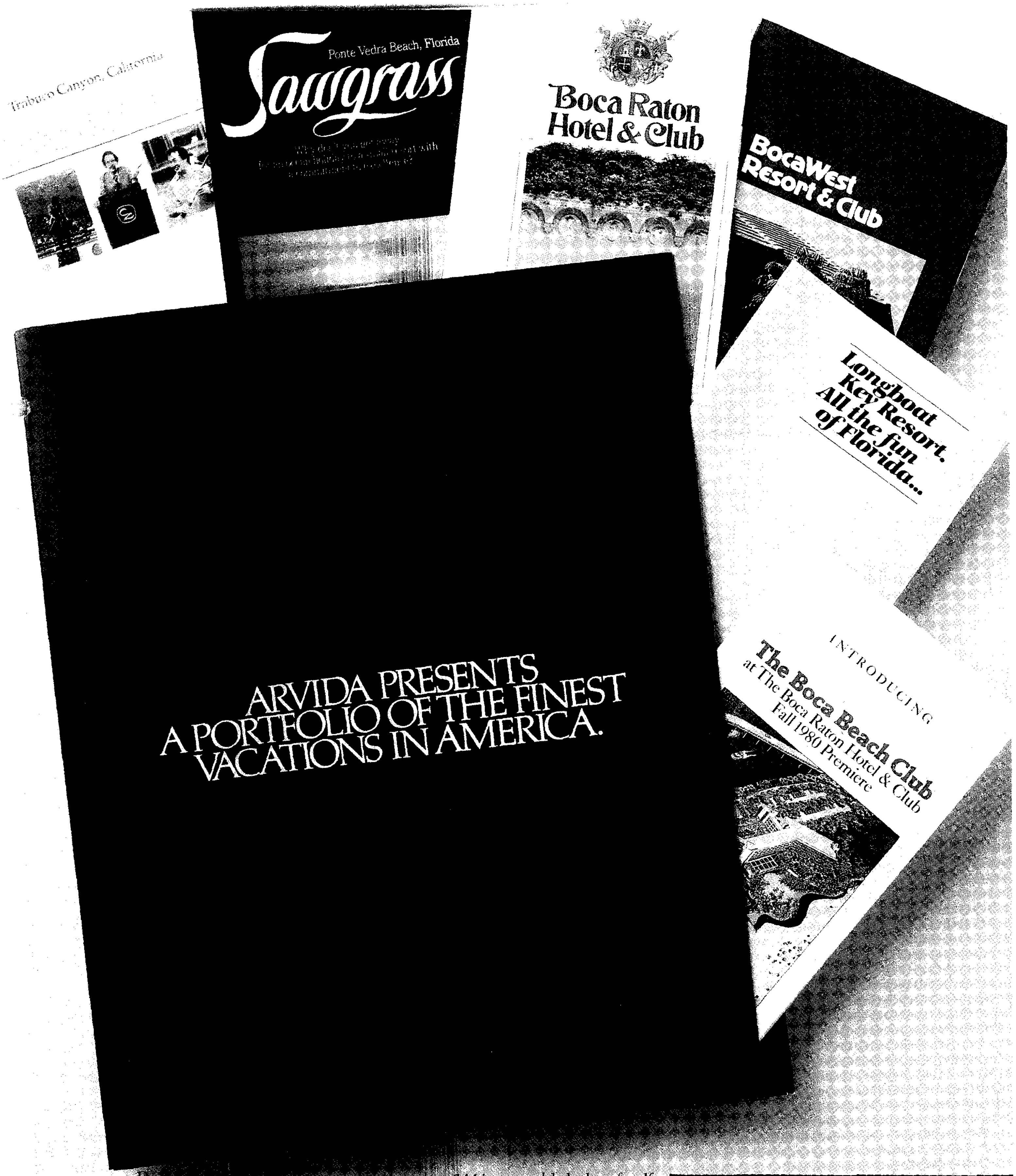
air down or wings that have less air pressure on their top than on their bottom. Either way, the longer they are and the farther they stretch to the sides, the greater the lift. Originally, the orbiter's wings were to have been not deltas but long and straight, like those on most conventional aircraft, and there was to have been a horizontal tail as well—an arrangement that is still preferred by Faget, because he wanted a more favorable L over D at landing. (The delta, in fact, has a quite favorable L over D during the early phase of entering the atmosphere, but this is not to the craft's advantage, since it stretches out the period of greatest heat.) The evolution of the orbiter's wings from straight to delta had to do with the evolution of the shuttle as a whole. In the early days, when both the orbiter and the great winged booster were to carry their own fuel, it made sense for the orbiter, which would have had its center of gravity more nearly in the middle, to have a pair of straight wings amidships. In the later design stage, when the fuel was moved outside and the orbiter's main engines grew very large, some engineers argued that Faget's spindly craft, with thin wings that had long leading and trailing edges, would incur more trouble with heat during entry than a stubby craft with broad delta wings. Faget—a courtly, soft-spoken man, whose office, high in the headquarters building at the Johnson Space Center, is filled with early models of the shuttle—tried to get around this difficulty by sweeping the wings back somewhat and increasing the angle of attack during the early, high-heat phase of entering the atmosphere to between sixty and seventy degrees, since that would reduce the effects of the heat and still permit a relatively favorable L over D for landing. And, in fact, this straight-winged craft, coming in fast at a high angle of attack, would have incurred only about forty per cent of the heat that the delta-winged craft will have to face. But the other engineers pointed out that the delta, even with its reduced L over D close to the ground, was the natural choice, because it would provide the bulk of its lift in back, where lift was needed. Faget still thought he could save the straight wings (and the gentler ride to earth) by switching them around with the tail; indeed, he might have carried the day if it were not for the military planners, who, because in the future all their satellites will be launched from the shuttle, have as great an interest in it as NASA. They insisted that the orbiter be able to bank twelve hundred miles to the left or right of its trajectory—a maneuver that is necessary if the astronauts have to execute an abort once around, when their landing field could be far to the side of their trajectory. Only the delta wings, with their more favorable L over D at high altitudes, would allow the craft to plow around like that; consequently, Faget lost the straight wings with their more beneficial L over D at landing.

On the first mission, Young and Crippen will most likely pass high over the runway at Edwards at about fifty thousand feet, going at Mach 1, and loop far out over the desert to the east in a huge, banking left-hand turn; during the turn, at forty thousand feet, they will override the computer and bring the orbiter down manually. (On later flights, the automatic-landing feature—it is called autoland and is common on commercial jets—will be used increasingly far down, until it has been proved through touchdown, though, generally speaking, astronauts, like pilots everywhere, prefer to fly a craft themselves.) As Young and Crippen hurtle from twenty-five thousand feet down to the ground, they will be on familiar territory, for the landing-test flights in 1977 were conducted from about that height. At ten thousand feet, they will be flying down a glide path of twenty-two degrees—about seven times as steep as that of a jet airliner on a powered approach. The craft's speed will be two hundred and ninety nautical miles an hour; the brake on the tail will be open about thirty per cent. The commander will have his hand on the hand control in front of him—or stick, as it is called now that the craft is down in the atmosphere. Young, aided by the orbiter's radar, will be aiming the nose at a point on the ground perhaps five thousand feet short of the runway; possibly he will use the edge of Rogers Dry Lake. Haise, who used a different runway, aimed the nose at Lancaster Road, which crosses the dry lake. Young, seeing the lake bed enlarge rapidly in front of him, and no doubt experiencing what Haise once candidly described as "a high adrenaline flow," will not be wishing that they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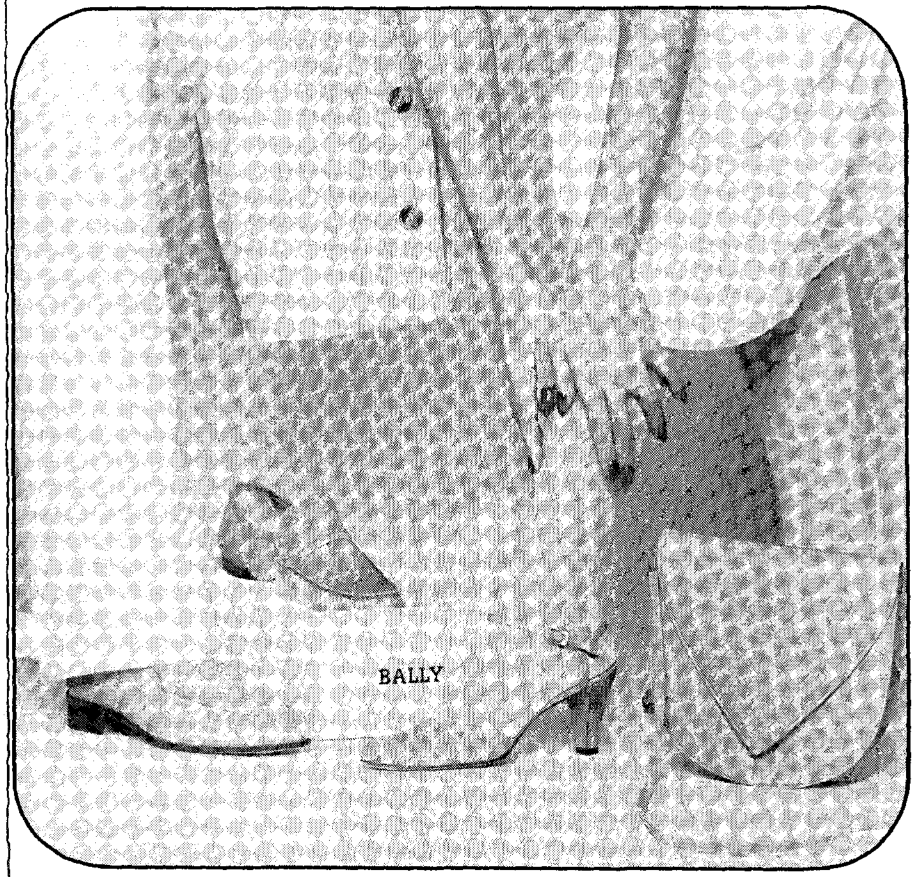
were hurtling toward the ground at a lower speed; he will probably be hoping that they are going fast enough. "You want to come in fast in an unpowered plane," Haise explained. "You want to have all that energy to turn into lift and give you time to find the ground." The orbiter will by now have slowed to two hundred and fifty nautical miles an hour. At an altitude of twelve hundred feet, when the craft is perhaps ten thousand feet short of the runway, Young should pull back on the stick, making the plane's nose rise; he will do this a second time at seven hundred and fifty feet. As a result of these maneuvers, the glide path will gradually flatten out until the orbiter—over the runway now—is travelling on a fairly level path above the ground at two hundred and ten nautical miles an hour. If Young should pull the nose up too soon, he might find himself at too great an altitude when he came over the runway, and as the craft continued to lose energy it could reach its stall speed and drop. The same thing could happen if he executed the maneuver too late, for delta-wing craft tend to squash a great deal of air against the ground, and this forces them back up; with the consequent loss of time comes a loss of energy, which causes a plane to come down too hard.

Everything depends on precise timing. Young should know when the craft is at the proper altitude and is travelling at the proper speed for him to pull the nose up, because this information will be projected onto a Plexiglas screen in the window directly in front of him. The screen is positioned so that the astronaut-pilots do not have to move their heads to look at the control panels—something that is important not only because it allows the commander and the pilot to keep their eyes on the edge of the dry lake and the runway beyond but also because men returning from space have found that head movements can cause vertigo. There are other physical problems that might interfere with an astronaut's ability to land the shuttle, such as a deterioration of his psychomotor skills through lack of practice: pilots of high-performance aircraft are apt to lose their acute sense of timing and their instinctive reactions for landing unless they are rehearsed continually, and an astronaut-pilot would have a hard time brushing up these skills during a protracted period in space. Dr. Lon Bergman, a flight



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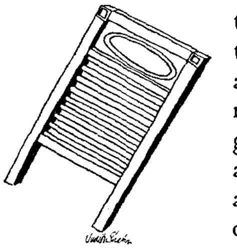
surgeon at the Johnson Space Center, believes that landing an orbiter after a relatively long mission might be a tricky matter. "I don't like the idea at all," he said recently. The astronauts tend to minimize such difficulties. Captain Joseph Kerwin, who spent twenty-eight days in space as science pilot of the first Skylab crew, points out that jet pilots sometimes suffer from vertigo—they might think they are in a steep, banking turn when in fact they are going straight—and have therefore learned to rely on their instruments rather than on their own sense of balance when their vision is blocked, and he says he is sure that the shuttle astronauts will, too. Captain Kerwin, who is a doctor, feels, as many other doctors do, that if the astronauts eat better and get more rest while they are in space (astronauts have often skimped on food and rest in the past) they will be in fine condition for the landing. The best safeguard, though, may be that the early missions will last no more than seven days, and there may be no thirty-day missions until the next decade, by which time many of the problems may have been solved.

Like Kerwin, Haise doesn't expect any trouble—for Young and Crippen or for anyone else. When he was asked whether an astronaut might miss the moment of pulling up the nose at twelve hundred feet, he said, "You could do it with your eyeballs in good weather. Also, you have those displays on the window in front of you. So you'd have to be blind and deaf not to flare at the right time." As it happens, Haise himself ran into a minor problem the third time he landed the orbiter: after he pulled up the nose, the craft still had too much energy—it was going about twenty nautical miles an hour faster than he expected—and as soon as the wheels touched down it skipped back up into the air. Luckily, after it touched down again and skipped again, it settled down for good. Ideally, with the craft travelling horizontally at two hundred and ten nautical miles an hour a few feet above the ground, all Young will have to do is ease up on the stick and let the wheels settle down. (If all goes according to schedule, the landing for the first flight will take place on March 19th at 10:53 A.M.) The craft may coast a mile farther before it rolls to a stop. The runway will have been swept clean by motorized street sweepers; otherwise, pebbles might be kicked up, smashing the brittle thermal tiles on the craft's underbelly. Because the tiles are so fragile, no one aside from the ground crew will be allowed anywhere near an orbiter after it has landed; later, mechanics will attach suction cups to the tiles and pull to see if any of them have come loose. As soon as the orbiter stops, it will be surrounded by a fleet of NASA cars, trucks, and fire engines, as well as equipment for cooling the craft against any residual heat from entry.



LANDING may be the most novel part of a shuttle mission, and the one that most strongly influenced the shuttle's design, but the orbiter's main purpose is to be in space. The first mission will be short, only fifty-four and a half hours, including two nights in orbit. While the astronauts are flying over the United States on their first orbit, they will open the cargo-bay doors and perhaps televise some of the sights back to earth; they will spend the rest of the day setting up the craft and doing a few flight tests, as well as carrying out the O.M.S. burns that will raise the orbit to a hundred and fifty miles; before they go to bed, they may do another television show. The next day, they will have a rehearsal for returning to earth, including closing the cargo-bay doors and opening them again; do another TV show (a guided tour of the cabin); practice putting on their space suits (though they will not go outdoors for a spacewalk); perform some more flight tests; and, before going to bed, put on yet another TV show (this time a guided tour of their living quarters). On the last day, they will close the payload-bay doors again and come home. Later flights will be more ambitious.

On an ordinary operational mission after the four test ones, the crew members will probably get up each morning at about six, Houston time; the exact moment may vary from one mission to another, for the missions themselves will vary more than they have in the past. When more than four crewmen are aboard, the crew members will have to stagger their sleeping and working hours so that they don't get in one another's way. In size, the shuttle is no Skylab. The assumption underlying Skylab's design was that if people lived in space for long periods they should have the

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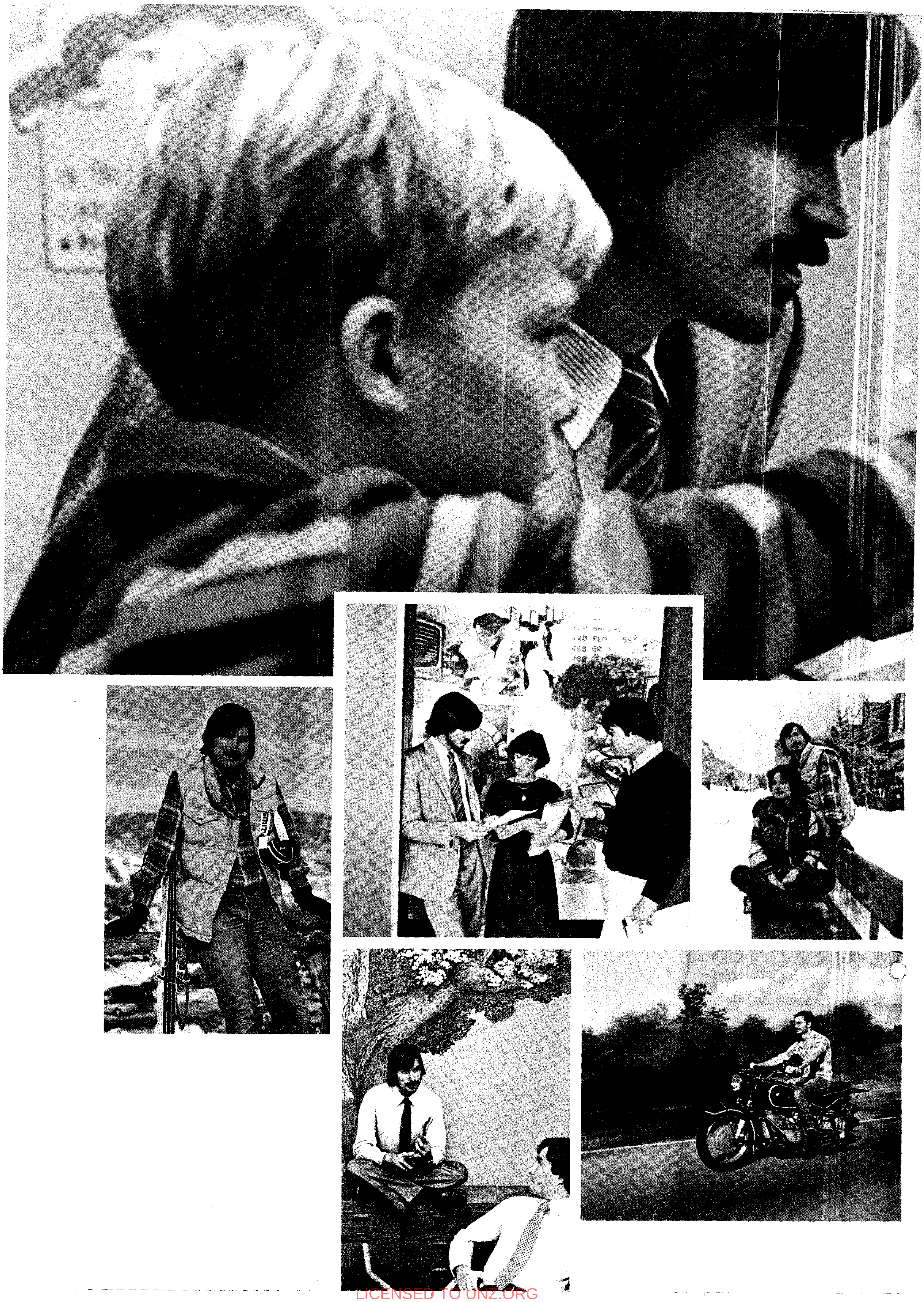

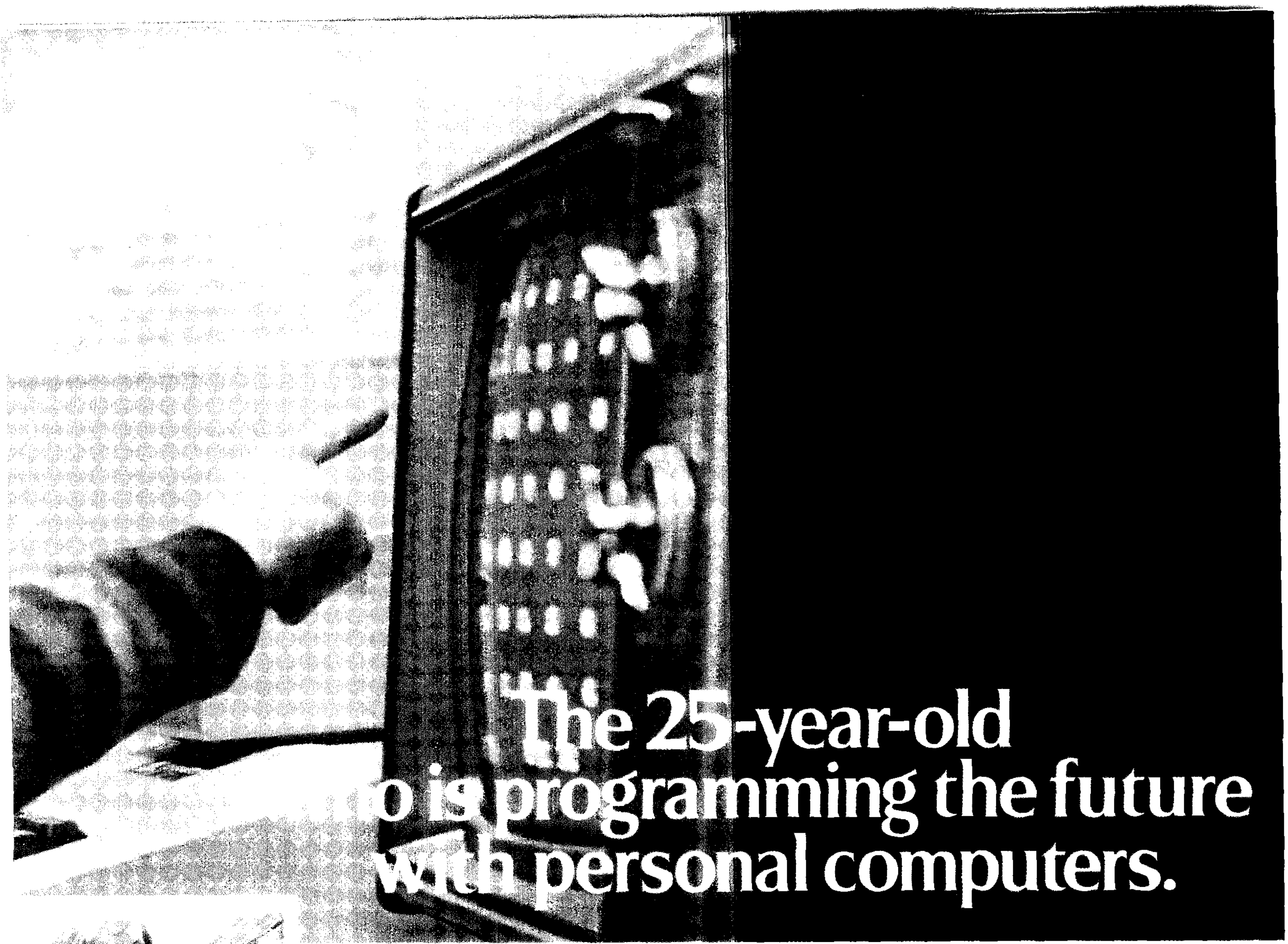

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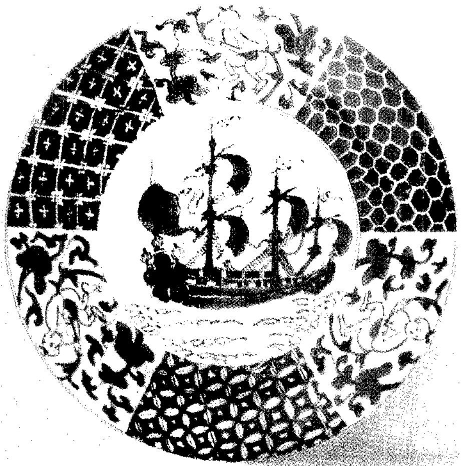

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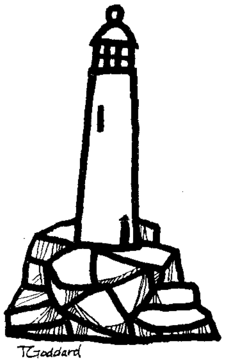
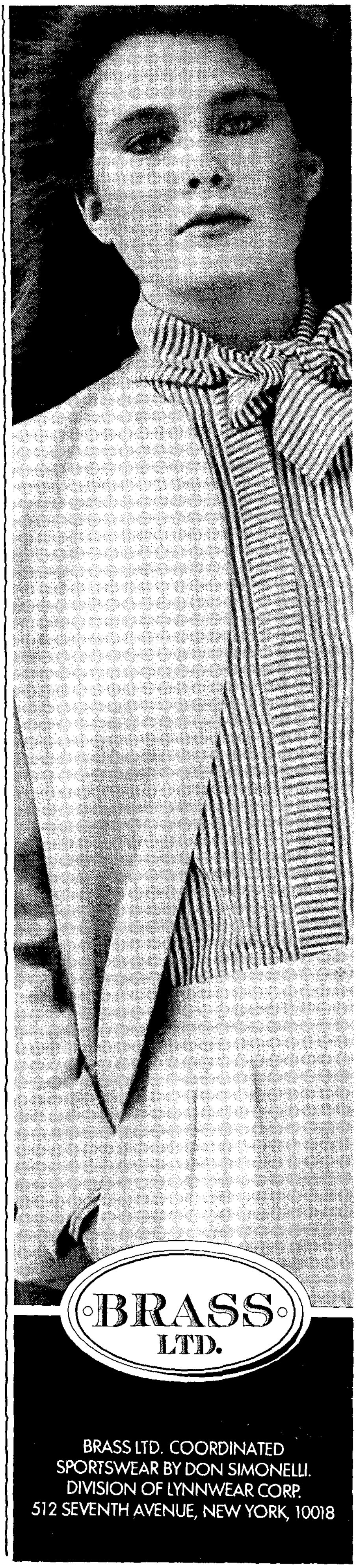
room and the amenities to live decently; the transition from the old Apollo command modules to the space station was equated with the difference between driving through space in a car and moving into a house there. With the shuttle, the crew members are back in a vehicle—this time, one the size of a boxcar. The total habitable volume inside the orbiter—crew quarters and cockpit combined—is seven hundred and ninety cubic feet, as opposed to, on the one hand, an Apollo module's two hundred and ten cubic feet and, on the other, Skylab's almost twelve thousand cubic feet.

The crew quarters of the orbiter are smaller and less elaborate than the quarters aboard Skylab, which had four rooms. Aboard the shuttle, bunks, bathroom, and galley are all in one tapering, partly rounded room, which fits the shape of the fuselage; it is thirteen feet wide, ten feet long, and about seven feet high. It is basically off-white, though the floor is light gray and the forward bulkhead is covered with blue-painted cabinets (containing equipment for experiments, and cameras, food, clothing, and what NASA calls the astronauts' hygiene kits). Occasional handgrips and railings are painted a highly visible yellow. A stack of three horizontal bunks with a single vertical one next to them—each has its own lighting and storage space and an off-white door panel—is on the starboard side. (On the first four missions, there will be no bunks, since the space will be used for flight-test equipment; on those missions, sleeping bags will be slung from bulkheads.) Before the crew members can get up, they will have to loosen straps that hold them down—"down" being different directions in different bunks: toward the wall in the vertical bunk; toward the floor in the two upper horizontal bunks; and toward the ceiling in the bottom bunk, where the fuselage curves inward. The crew members will dress in fire-resistant light-blue clothing similar in style to that worn by the Skylab astronauts. (During takeoff and landing on the four initial flights, the commander and the pilot will wear standard Air Force high-altitude escape suits, compatible with their ejection seats, but they will change into the light-blue clothing once they are in orbit.) When they stand up, their shoes will grip the floor instantly, for there are suction cups on the soles. The floors and many of the walls are flat and smooth to accommodate the suction cups—the main exception being recessed light fixtures, which are covered with a rough-textured plastic to discourage people from standing on them. To break the suction, a crew member simply twists his foot outward.



After dressing, he—or she—will float across the room to a sort of improvised lavatory in the port rear corner, being careful not to crash into a large cylindrical tank on the way. This is the air lock for going outdoors, which, however, will be moved out to the payload bay whenever space permits. Having the air lock inside at all would have violated one of the basic rules of design for Skylab—to avoid impinging on the crew's living area. Not only is the orbiter more cramped than Skylab but less thought seems to have gone into its interior planning. Moreover, the shuttle was so far along in the design stage when the Skylab missions were flown that it could take little advantage of the results of the earlier program. The shuttle's own evolution is partly responsible for the shortcomings of its living space. Originally, NASA had wanted not only a shuttle but also a permanent space station (Skylab was only a temporary one); in this scheme, the shuttle was to a large extent simply a vehicle for getting to and from the space station—hence its name. (Its other main function—carrying satellites into orbit—hasn't changed.) In 1969, Congress told NASA that it could have one or the other but not both; since a space station wasn't much use without a means of getting there, NASA had little choice. But without a terminal in the sky to ply to and from, the shuttle began, as time went on, to take on more and more of the attributes of a space station itself. It would be able to stay up as long as a month, and provisions would be made aboard it for observing, for experimenting, and even for manufacturing. However, its accommodations remained the same. To be sure, no one at NASA has lost sight of the true state of affairs. When Captain Kerwin was asked how he would redesign the interior of the orbiter to make it more livable, he said, "I wouldn't. I'd build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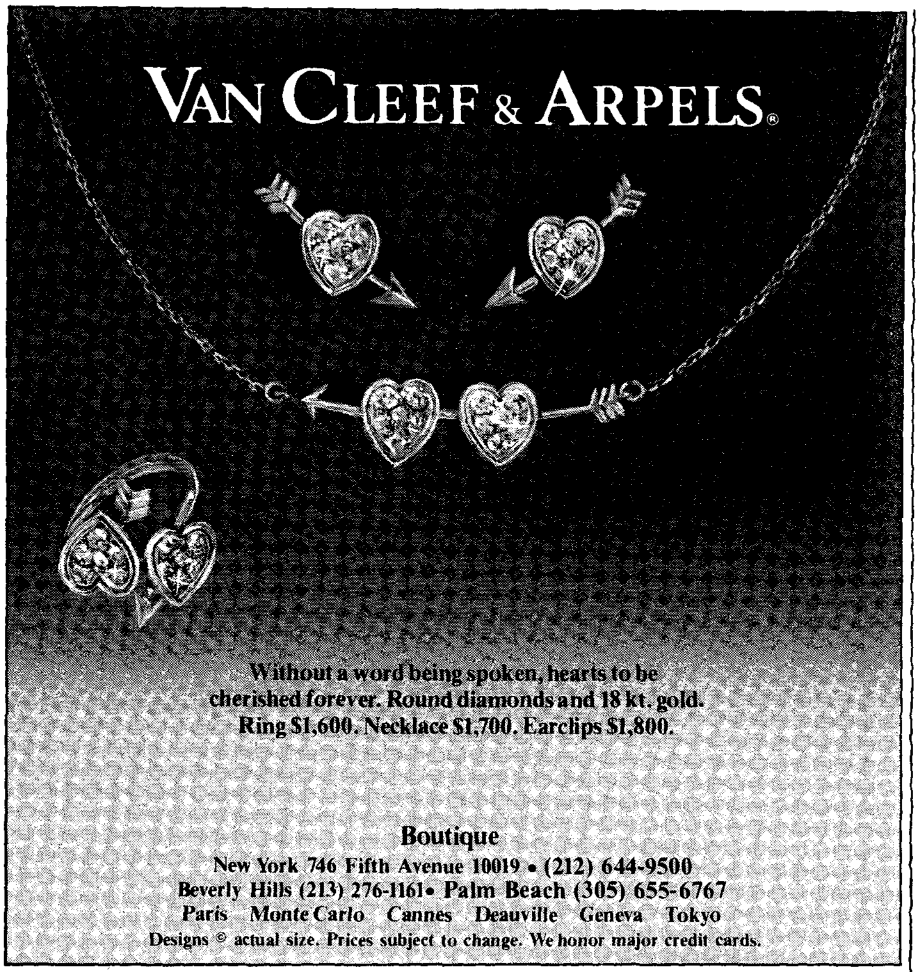

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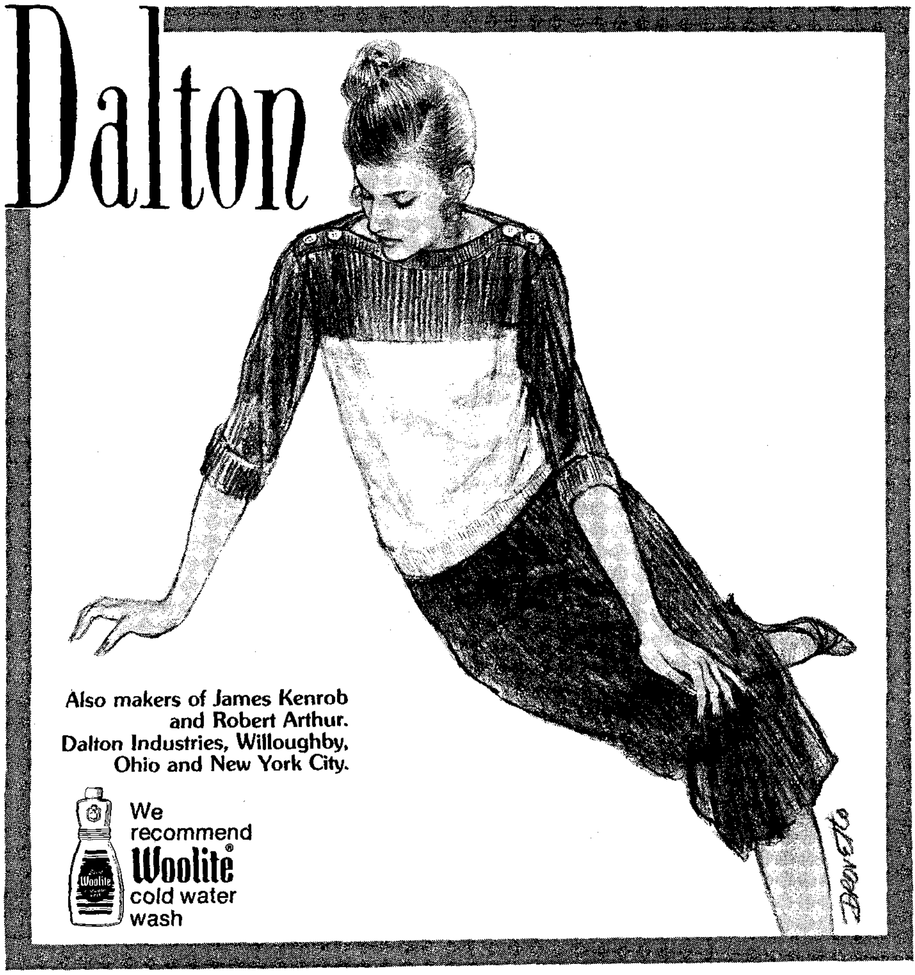

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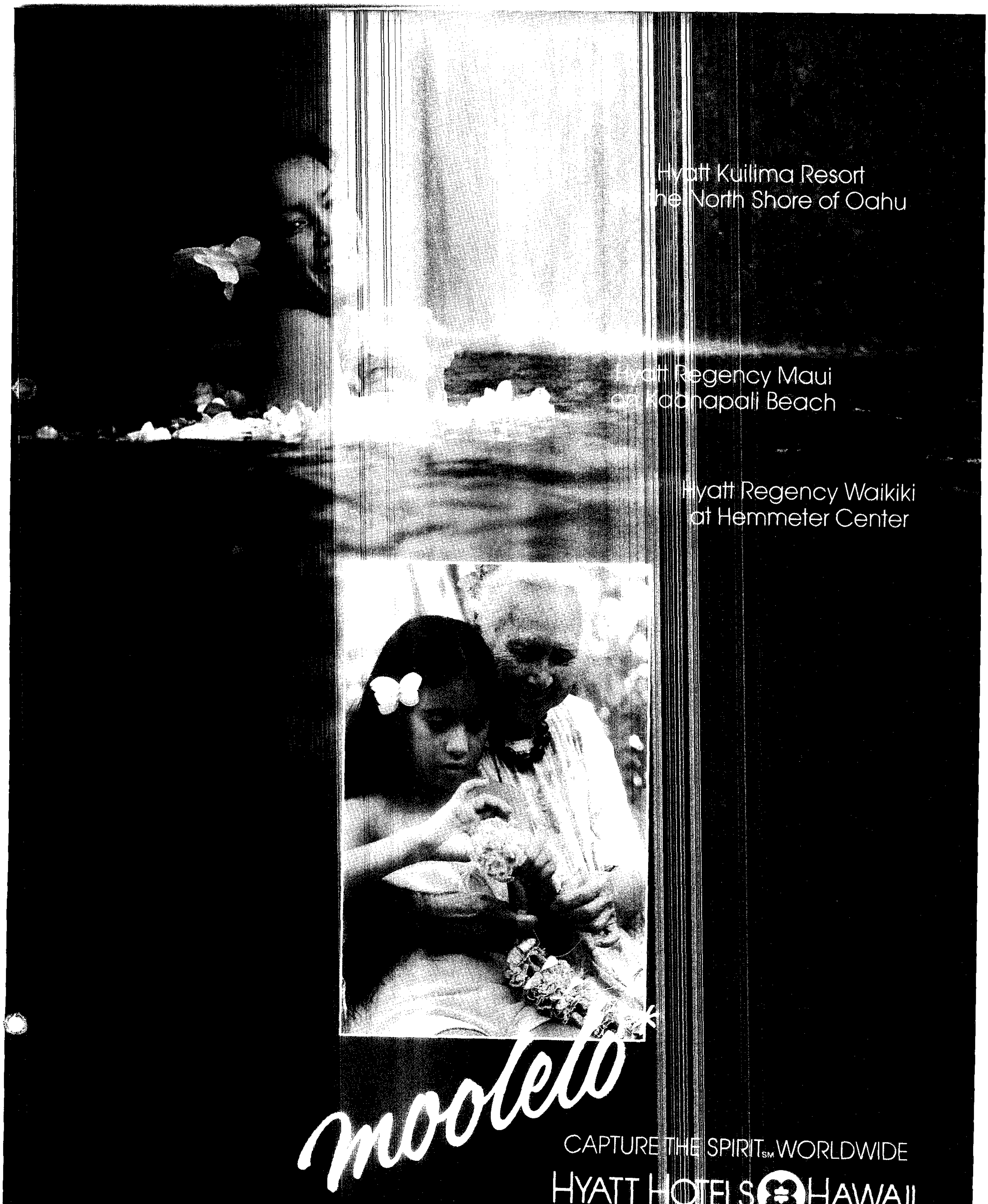
a space station in orbit, so that the habitability deficiencies of the shuttle wouldn't matter."

The bathroom, which hardly deserves the name—and which NASA calls the waste-management area—is simply a washbasin and some cupboards on the aft side of the galley, which itself is a cabinetlike unit about the size of a broom closet. As an astronaut washes up—with the drain sucking away water in the noisy manner of plumbing aboard aircraft—he can look out a window in the main entrance hatch, to his right. He can rig a panel and also a curtain, made of a fireproof material known as beta cloth, for privacy; the toilet is behind a door in back of him. After washing up, each astronaut will get his own breakfast, unless one is doubling as cook. The galley and the food are not as elaborate as they were aboard Skylab; there is no refrigerator, for instance, and there are no special trays for cooking food inside cans. The shuttle astronauts will simply fit their meals, which come packaged in foil or plastic envelopes, into ordinary trays and put the trays in an oven. On the first four missions, there will not even be a galley; the astronauts will have to eat Apollo-like food out of plastic bags warmed in a portable oven.

While the food may not be as ambitious as it was for Skylab, there is a wider selection and there will be more of it per astronaut. Because crews on the Gemini and Apollo missions did not eat a great deal, it was assumed that astronauts in space did not have much of an appetite—an idea that seemed logical, since muscles are not used much in weightlessness. Yet many of the Skylab astronauts, who were up a lot longer, got quite hungry on the same number of calories per day that had satisfied the earlier crews; in fact, the second crew, up for fifty-nine days, raided the extra provisions in the pantry. Because these two crews returned to earth in better health than the first Skylab mission, which had been up for only twenty-eight days and had eaten badly, Captain Kerwin and others began to think that nutrition made the difference—and also that it might have a bearing on an astronaut's ability to land the orbiter after a long flight. Kerwin and a few flight surgeons now think that the reason the Gemini and Apollo astronauts ate less may have been that most astronauts feel nauseated when they first get into space, and that only the three Skylab crews were up long enough to recover



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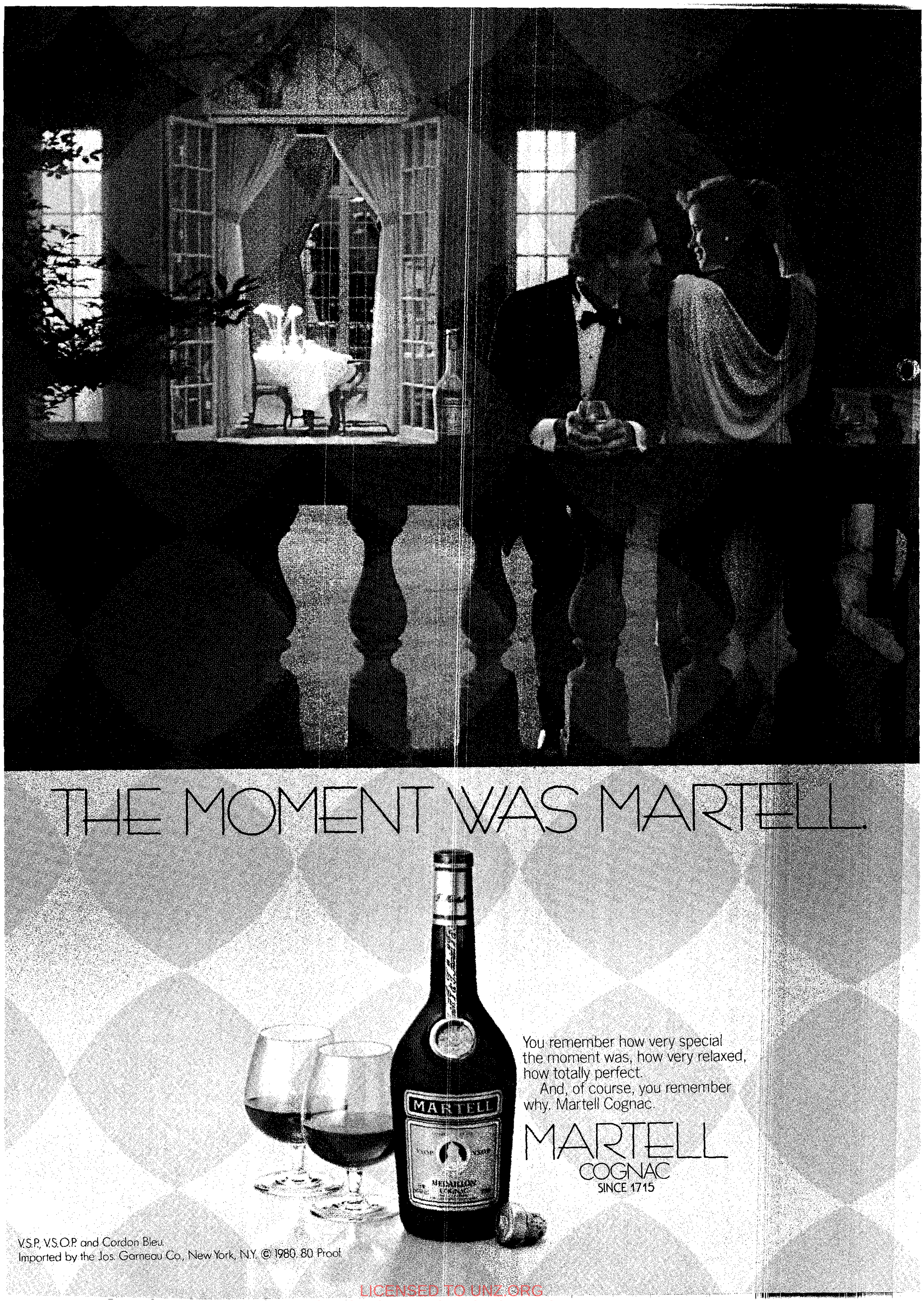

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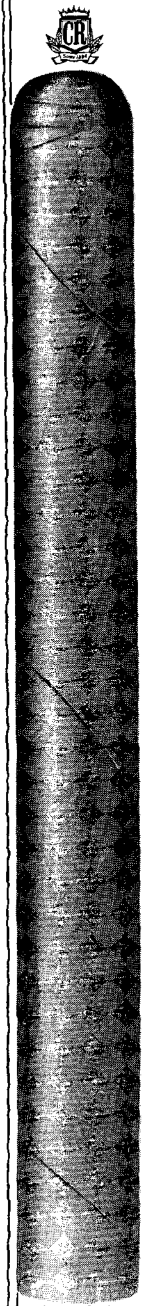
from this sufficiently to regain their appetite. An alternative explanation for the astronauts' varying condition after varying stays in space is that it might take about twenty-eight days in weightlessness for a man to hit bottom medically, after which he might begin to acclimate himself and recover—a theory that presents some difficulties for NASA, since the maximum length of a shuttle mission is about thirty days.

The undernourishment theory, by contrast, has the advantage that something can easily be done about it: the astronauts can eat more. With their ample breakfasts, they will float to a table in the forward part of the cabin, which stands several inches higher than a conventional table—just right for an astronaut, since in space people do not sit as easily as they do on earth but relax into an almost standing stoop. The Skylab astronauts, who were continually forcing themselves to bend in order to sit at low tables, complained that their stomach muscles hurt. NASA was able to incorporate the higher table in the shuttle because it was only a minor change. As a result, the shuttle astronauts may be less messy eaters than their predecessors, for their breakfast cereal and other food will have a shorter distance to travel to their mouths and so will be less likely to fly off a spoon or a fork, as food tends to do in weightlessness.

Naturally, the shuttle astronauts will be expected—indeed, urged—to eat everything available to them. The rest of the crew will no doubt see to it that the commander and the pilot clean their plates—or, rather, their plastic envelopes—since no one will want to fly back to earth with an undernourished skipper. Eating all their food is also desirable for another reason: the shuttle astronauts do not have the capacious garbage tank used by Skylab. Before the astronauts start the day's work, any breakfast leftovers will be put through a compressor and stored in the empty food drawers in the galley.

COMPARED with the work schedules of previous missions, the shuttle astronauts' schedule is reasonably relaxed—something that has come about in part because of the experience of the third Skylab crew, which was so overprogrammed by Mission Control that its performance suffered. Since those days, Mission Control's attitude has changed. "We've attempted to learn from the Skylab experience, when we planned to get one-hundred-and-ten-per-cent performance out of a hundred-per-cent day," one flight director said recently. "For one thing, getting the optimum schedule for space took a tremendous amount of manpower on the ground. Now one of the shuttle objectives is to reduce costs, and one way to do that is not to try to get a hundred and ten per cent out of a man's day but to settle for seventy-five per cent; that way, you don't need so many high-priced efficiency-type guys sitting around Mission Control." Beginning to sound a little dubious about the new system, he added, "We'll pay for the easier schedule by getting only seventy-five per cent of the stuff done in space that we could have." Still, seventy-five per cent out of a hundred and ten per cent is quite a lot, and the shuttle astronauts will be busy.

Normally, the commander and the pilot will work together. After breakfast, they will very likely float upstairs through one of the hatches in the ceiling of the crew's quarters—there is a hatch on each side, near the rear bulkhead—into the cockpit. Their main duty is to keep an eye on the orbiter's movements and systems—a task that astronauts call housekeeping. They have always had to do some housekeeping, but in the shuttle their responsibilities in this respect are greater to begin with and will increase as time goes on. The commander and the pilot will be able to call up, on one of three television screens on a control console between them, all sorts of information about fuel supply, electrical power, environmental systems, and so forth—something that in the past could be done only by the flight controllers at Mission Control. During the initial four orbital test flights, the ground will still do most of this monitoring, but as the shuttle's effectiveness is established, more and more of these functions will be moved up to the orbiter—in particular, to the orbiter's computer system, which will automatically keep track of most things. First, the simple things, such as monitoring fuel and oxygen, will be turned over to the crew; then the more complex chores, such as monitoring the electrical system; and, finally, the planning of new trajectories. In time, the orbiter will be largely independent of the ground, and the personnel of Mission Control, which has always consisted of twenty or twenty-five engineers sitting at consoles (plus their assistants in back rooms), will dwindle to four or five. The flight director will



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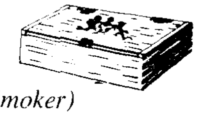

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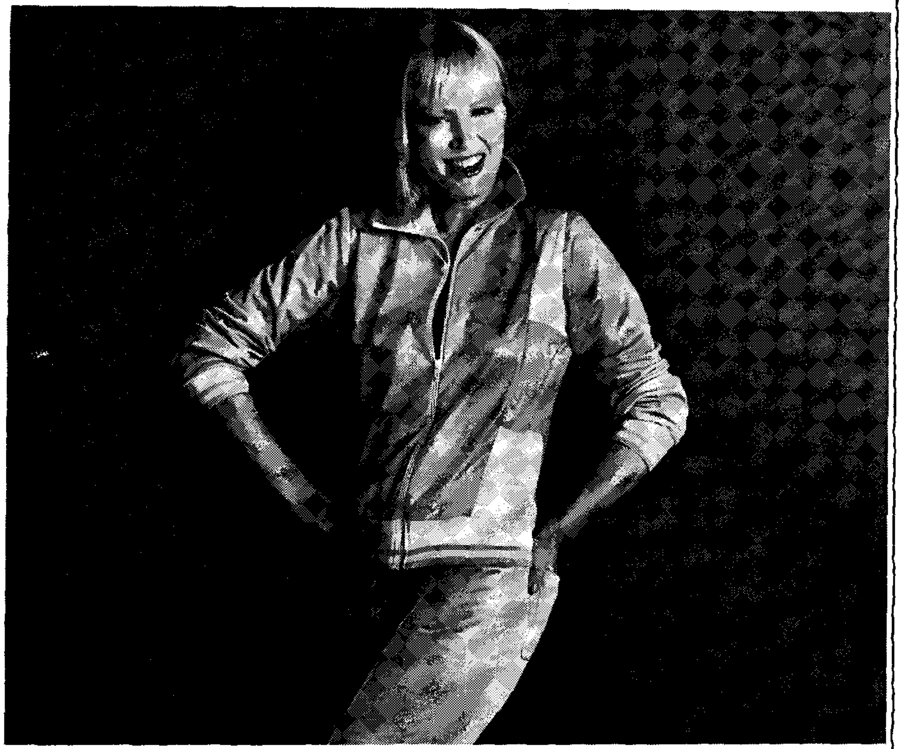

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remain, but he will double as the capsule communicator, or CAPCOM—a post previously held by a member of the astronaut corps. There will be a scientist on duty in the control room at all times (along with whole roomfuls of scientists connected with whatever special project or industry is involved in a given mission). There will be a full-time mission planner, who will keep abreast of the astronauts' time lines and schedules (for these, though they will be less stringent than they were in the past, will still exist). And, finally, there will be a flight controller in charge of communications—the INCO, as he has been known since the Apollo days.

Communications is, in fact, the only one of the orbiter's systems for which the responsibility will remain on the ground, since it is far more complex than any previous spacecraft's. In time, communications between Mission Control and the shuttle will be handled by a pair of communications satellites called tracking-and-data-relay satellites, or T.D.R.S.es, which will be in geosynchronous orbit (circling the earth precisely once every twenty-four hours, so that they are, in effect, stationary over one area) at an altitude of twenty-two thousand three hundred miles. When these satellites are in place, perhaps in 1982, NASA will shut down its old network of radio ground stations, which have handled communications for manned spaceflights ever since Mercury. The T.D.R.S.es will keep the orbiter in almost constant contact with the ground, whereas previous spacecraft in earth orbit had to put up with gaps between the ground stations. Now there will be only one dead spot, over the Indian Ocean: the ranges of the two T.D.R.S.es, almost halfway around the world from each other, overlap to permit them both to relay to a single ground station at White Sands Proving Ground, in New Mexico, and, accordingly, there will be a gap at the opposite side of the globe.

Although the shuttle astronauts will have more responsibility for monitoring the spacecraft's condition, they may also have more time on their hands than previous commanders and pilots since the orbiter is more highly automated than previous spacecraft. They may spend some of their extra time sitting at the controls and going over the landing procedures in their minds—something else the other crewmen will have a vested interest in making sure they do. (At the urging of

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Dr. Bergman, the flight surgeon, NASA wired the orbiter's controls in such a way that the astronauts could use them, in the manner of a trainer, to rehearse the landings.) Some of the time, the commander and the pilot will help out with the scientific part of the mission—the payloads, which are the main reason for their being in space. Part of their job will involve these anyway; since the orbiter supplies power and communications as well as temperature control for the payloads, the commander and the pilot will always have to make sure that these services are delivered. And services is truly what they are, for a client has paid for them and expects them. Even while actively engaging in experiments, the commander and the pilot may still find time on their hands; possibly they will then take on some other chores as well. Whatever they do, the commander and the pilot, who are in charge of the craft, will increasingly be eclipsed by the other astronauts aboard—the mission specialists and the payload specialists—in the manner of commercial airplane pilots, who, while they are obviously indispensable to the flight, may not have such important reasons for being aloft as some of the passengers. "In the early days of space flight, the flight was the thing," Haise has said, with what might have been just a touch of nostalgia. "But the shuttle will be continuous, and the excitement—after the first time—will have to come from what the payloads do." It may be, then, that the shuttle will radically change the idea of what an astronaut is.

BY and large, the payloads will be the responsibility of a new type of astronaut, the mission specialist, who will be in charge of the more general scientific and engineering aspects of the mission. In January of 1978, NASA admitted thirty-five new astronaut candidates, the largest single group ever; of these, fifteen were pilot astronauts and twenty were mission specialists. At the time they were added, the astronaut corps numbered only twenty-seven, seventeen of whom were pilot astronauts and ten what used to be called scientist astronauts. In addition, in July of 1980 NASA admitted nineteen more astronaut candidates for training, of whom eleven would be mission specialists; if all pass their final tests this summer, the astronaut corps will number eighty-one, the highest ever, of whom forty-one will be mission specialists. In addition, NASA has

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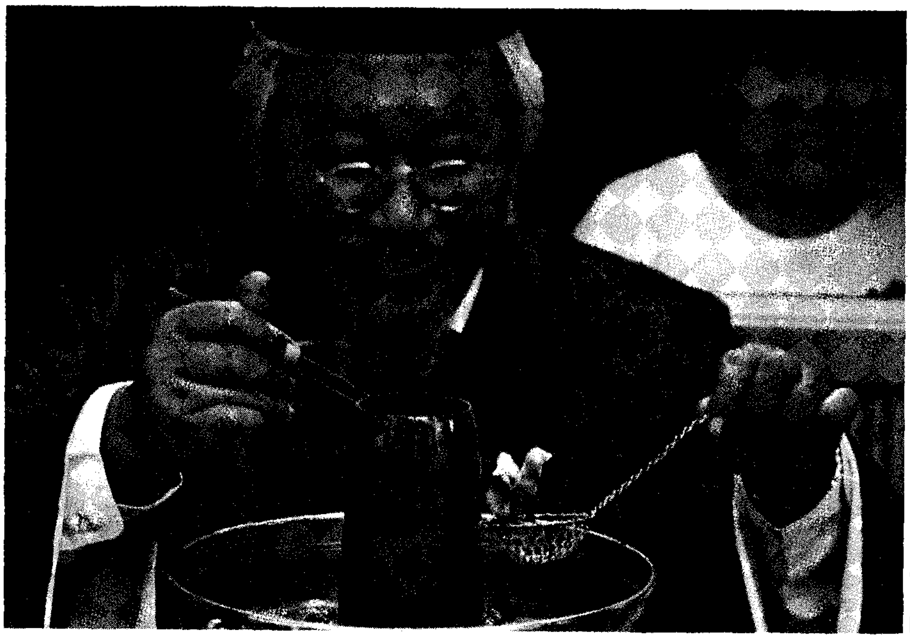

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admitted two European scientists for training as mission specialists, at the expense of the European Space Agency, or ESA. The old scientist astronauts, although they qualify as pilots, are now classified as mission specialists. There must be two pilots on each flight, and NASA's goal is to have each pilot astronaut flying six times a year. The mission specialists, however, will fly no more than twice a year—an indication that NASA believes that their job will vary more from mission to mission and will therefore require more training. Possibly, some of the former scientist astronauts will fly as pilots in order to increase the scientific manpower available in space.

The standards for picking the mission specialists are much more relaxed than they were for picking astronauts—pilots or scientists—in the old days. Unlike their predecessors, the new astronauts need not have 20/20 vision; they can wear glasses, as long as their corrected vision is 20/20. The pilot astronauts' uncorrected vision must be 20/50 or better, but the mission specialists' need be no better than 20/100—good enough so that if they lose their glasses they can find them again. (Their depth perception, however, must be excellent.) And while an astronaut still ought to be in good physical condition, the definition of exactly what this standard comprises has been relaxed—a result of Skylab's proving that life in space is in most respects easier than was once thought. There is no longer a limit on age, and women can now become astronauts. There are eight women among the mission specialists—and there could have been some among the new pilot astronauts, too, except for the fact that none of the women applicants had logged enough flight time to qualify. Despite the removal of the age limit, most of the new mission specialists are relatively young—in their twenties and thirties, the oldest being forty-two. NASA attributes this circumstance not to any selection policy but to the fact that people embarking on new careers tend to be young. For the mission specialists, even the educational requirement is lower; the scientist astronauts had to have doctorates, but the mission specialists need have only bachelor's degrees. Most of them happen to have backgrounds in engineering, and this is useful, since they will primarily be working with equipment. During their selection interviews, all the mission-specialist candidates were

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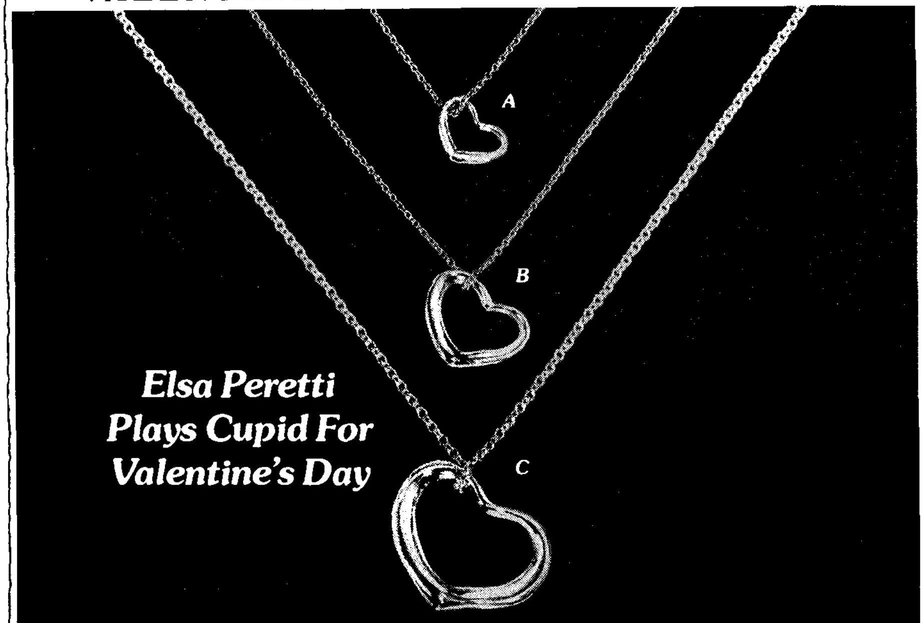

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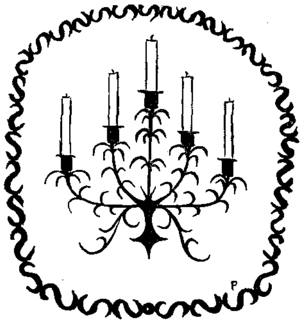
asked whether they would be happy working with someone else's experiment; a number of scientifically inclined candidates, who had thought they could do their own experiments in space, dropped out.

One major difference between the mission specialists and the older group of astronauts, many of whom had been pilots and practically all of whom had had military service, is that few of the mission specialists have what Captain Kerwin, who is in charge of them, calls "strenuous backgrounds"—if not ordinary piloting or military experience, then something stressful like serving aboard a submarine or mountain climbing. "They've been limited more to a college setting," Kerwin says. "That means they have more to learn." Still, they will not get much stressful experience in their actual training, for they will not have to undergo the kinds of survival courses taken by the older astronauts, who were marooned on desert islands or sent into jungles where they had to keep themselves alive by such means as catching and cooking iguanas. These courses were required because the Mercury, Gemini, and Apollo astronauts might have landed in oceans anywhere around the world and had to take care of themselves afterward; but since the shuttle can presumably land safely only at a few airfields and a few dry lake beds, all of them reasonably close to civilization, survival training has not been deemed necessary. (Apparently, NASA does not take seriously the possibility that an orbiter might have to ditch in an ocean or a desert.) Because the shuttle will be subjected to fewer gravitational forces during entry, the mission specialists will not be whirled around in huge centrifuges, as the earlier astronauts were. They will not receive any pilot training, or have their own T-38 jet trainers, as the others did, but they will routinely go for rides sitting in the back seats of the other astronauts' planes. The T-38s have been modified so that they drop out of the sky like the orbiter, however, and this descent will provide all the astronauts, new as well as old, with a modicum of stress.



After breakfast, the mission specialist will very likely float upstairs and take up his station at a console at the back of the cockpit on the starboard side, where he can monitor various systems, manage communications, or work controls that manipulate the payload. Across from him, on the port side, is the payload specialist's console, containing more controls and displays. In between are two rear-facing consoles, at which the commander and the pilot will handle maneuvers during orbit. These four rear consoles, like the table belowdecks, are made to be stood at; the tops of the tables are slanted—a feature that allows the mission specialist, once he has attached his suction cups to the floor, to stand close to a rectangular rear window just above his console. Outside, at the end of the cargo bay, the tail, seen almost end-on, is a column three stories high; the cargo-bay doors—largely obscured by the silvery radiator panels inside them—are wide open. They are made of a heat-resistant graphite-epoxy composite material, so that the varying temperatures along their length won't cause them to warp; when the astronauts close the doors before returning to earth, they will check their alignment, by means of a small sextant, to see if they are straight—otherwise, the heat of reëntry could seep in—and if the doors are not properly closed, the astronauts will have to rotate the craft, broadside to the sun, in what astronauts call the barbecue mode, until the doors are heated evenly. If the doors still won't close—possibly because they are jammed by some obstruction inside the cargo bay—a space-suited astronaut will have to enter the bay, through the air lock at the back of the crew quarters, and, armed with a toolbox containing a cutter and a winch, cut away the obstacle and shut the doors.

The payload bay—sixty feet long and fifteen in diameter, with approximately the capacity of a railroad boxcar—is the mission specialist's province. It is crammed with odd-shaped objects of gold or silver or white—the satellites and the experiments, which will change from mission to mission. On the first four missions, the cargo bay will carry equipment and payloads to test different aspects of the craft. On the first flight, there will be only one package in the bay—the development-flight instrumentation, which will monitor, among other things, the craft's responsiveness in flight and in orbit, the stresses on its wings and frame under different circumstances, and heat loads. On the second mission, in addition to the D.F.I., which will be on the first four flights, there will be a package to prove the craft's ability to operate scientific instruments and another to sample the amount of contamination in the payload bay, such as dirt particles and fumes (most materials exude vapors, particularly in vacuum), since contamination might affect those instruments. The third flight will have a mechanism for testing the orbiter's ability to deploy and retrieve satellites. And the fourth flight will carry test equipment for operating a number of small experiments known as getaway specials, as well as a test package belonging to the Department of Defense. On the fifth flight—the first operational one—the bay will contain its first commercial payload, a T.D.R.S. that is the property of the Space Communications Company. (NASA will rent the circuitry used for the orbiter's communications from SPACECOM.) The sixth flight will carry three communications satellites, called Intelsat, Telesat, and S.B.S. Intelsat belongs to an international consortium; Telesat belongs to a Canadian group; and S.B.S. is the property of a newly formed company called Satellite Business Systems, a subsidiary of three corporations—the Aetna Life & Casualty Company, International Business Machines, and COMSAT—which plan to use it for their own national and international communications. S.B.S. also plans to sell additional circuits to other far-flung enterprises. The satellite will carry data and facsimile transmission and also voice communication among the companies' branches. The three communications satellites are attached to rockets that will boost them to higher, geosynchronous orbits. (Because of the delays, which have backed up NASA's payload scheduling for some years, the first couple of S.B.S. satellites, as well as some others, have been diverted to conventional, expendable rockets; much of this business is going to a rocket called Ariane—built under the auspices of the European Space Agency—which is also suffering from delays.) The sixth flight will carry a fourth payload, the Shuttle Pallet Satellite (SPAS); it was built by the German company Messerschmitt-Bölkow-Blohm, which will sublet space for experiments aboard the satellite. The SPAS will be the first payload to be both deployed and retrieved by the shut-

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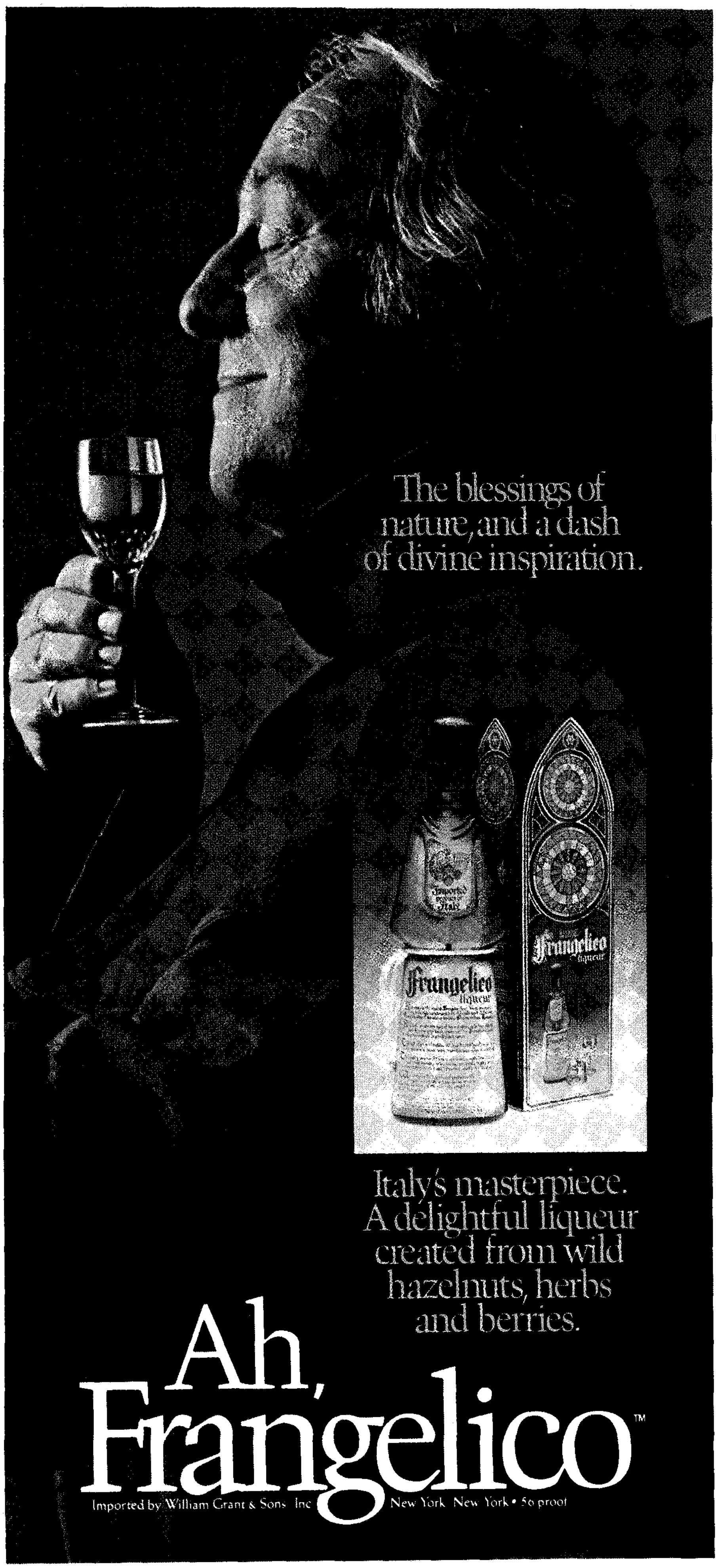
tle. The seventh mission will carry a second T.D.R.S., and the eighth will carry, along with a communications satellite belonging to RCA, another Intelsat and another Telesat. (There must be at least two satellites—a prime and a spare—to provide continuity of service; SPACECOM will eventually have four T.D.R.S.es in orbit at one time.) The ninth flight will carry a payload for the Department of Defense. The tenth mission will have as its main cargo the first Spacelab—a cylindrical module, built by ESA, that contains a laboratory where as many as four scientists and technicians can work. NASA hopes that in the future the cargo bay will be loaded with such items as space telescopes, modules for space stations, and machines for building things in space. People at NASA love to draw analogies between the development of space and that of the American West; they say that the shuttle is like the covered wagon, which started out hauling a few simple goods and wound up settling a whole country. The shuttle is booked almost solid through mid-1985—that is, the first fifty-odd flights—the main customers being the Defense Department, NASA itself, ESA, some foreign governments, and the communications industry, both here and abroad. To NASA's surprise, other areas of American industry have been slow to join in.

IN its attempts to interest industry, NASA has had the most success in renting room on the shuttle for putting up satellites—an activity that has the advantage of familiarity, for it has been done before. There are two varieties of satellites: those which remain in the relatively low orbits that the shuttle is capable of—anywhere from a hundred and fifty to five hundred miles up—and circle the earth roughly every ninety minutes; and those which have to be sent on up to geosynchronous orbit, where the shuttle cannot go. These orbits are known around NASA as GEO, and the satellites destined for them will give the least trouble, for once they have been sent on their way they will be gone for good—unlike the ones put into low earth orbit, or LEO, which can be retrieved for servicing, a task that will become increasingly demanding as time goes on and more and more of them are put up. At one point, NASA—loath to have anything irretrievable connected with the shuttle—had hoped to develop what it called the space tug, which would convey satellites from LEO to GEO and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would also bring them back for servicing; but a manned version of the space tug gave way to an unmanned version, in an economy cut, and the unmanned version finally gave way to a one-way rocket, called the inertial upper stage, or I.U.S., which is being developed by the Department of Defense. It is an upper stage in the sense that the orbiter itself is the lower one. Once the orbiter is in its orbit with a low inclination to the equator—the jumping-off place for geosynchronous orbits, all of which are equatorial—the mission specialist, by pressing buttons on his console, will make the I.U.S., which has been in the cargo bay with the satellite at its tip, pop up, at an angle, on a cradle, known as the airborne support equipment, as though it were a miniature Titan rocket on its gantry. There, however, all similarity to conventional rocket-firing ends; any blast would destroy the orbiter. Springs shoot rocket and satellite out of the payload bay, and the I.U.S. won't fire until it and the orbiter have drifted about ten miles apart—about forty-five minutes later—so that the rocket's exhaust will not fog the orbiter's windshield. Before firing, the I.U.S. will aim itself automatically, holding its position inertially by spinning; it is a two-stage rocket, and both stages use solid fuel, which is cheaper and easier to handle than liquid fuel. Economy is a driving—not to say propulsive—force behind the I.U.S., as it is of so many things having to do with the shuttle: the cost of a conventional Titan missile and its launching from the ground into geosynchronous orbit is now more than a hundred million dollars, whereas the cost of the I.U.S. and its launching is only about eighteen million. The cost of space on the shuttle is based on weight or volume, and though the I.U.S. will occupy less than half the cargo bay, it will cost almost as much as a full load, because it is very heavy. The fee for renting an entire cargo bay is thirty-five million dollars (that is, in 1982 dollars; inflation keeps altering the figure), which NASA arrived at by dividing the number of flights it hopes to make during the next twelve years into what it expects their operating costs to be; the fee for renting smaller areas is calculated by a sliding scale involving both length and weight. For launching unusually small payloads from the cargo bay, an inexpensive rocket, called the spinning solid upper stage, or S.S.U.S., has been developed—not by NASA but

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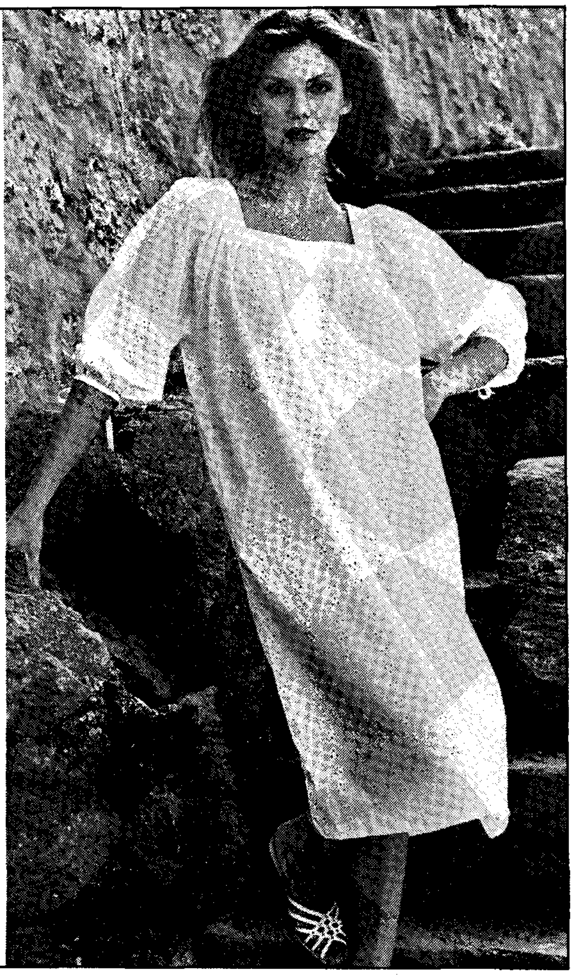

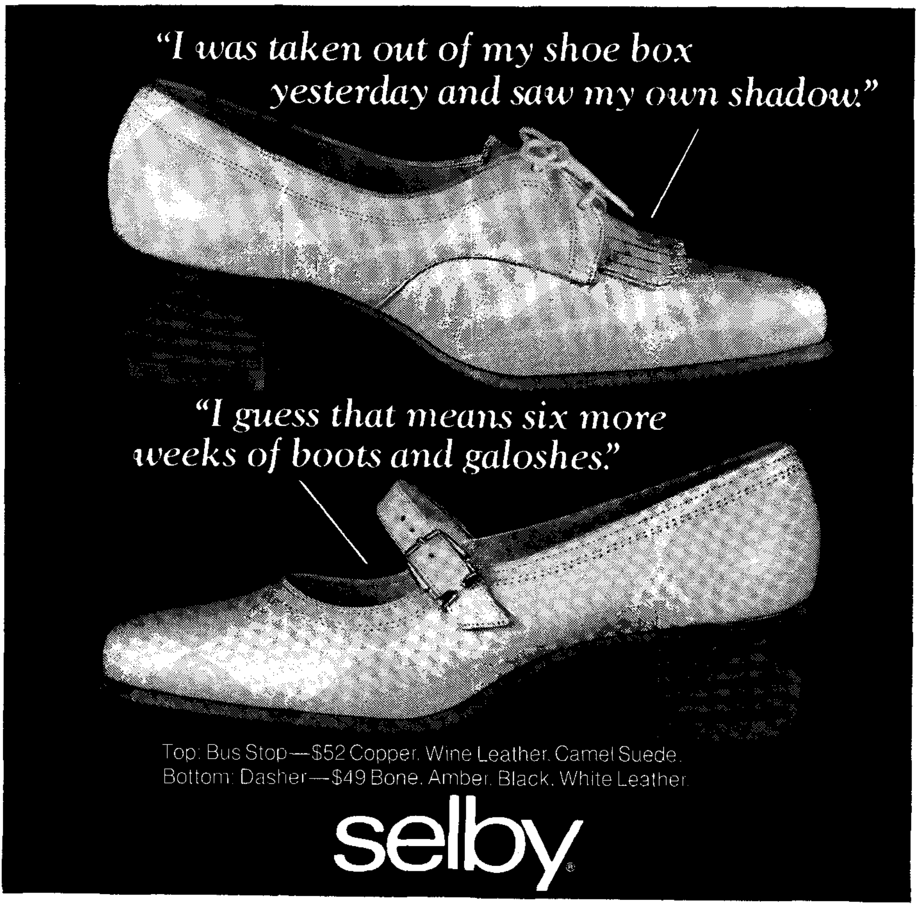
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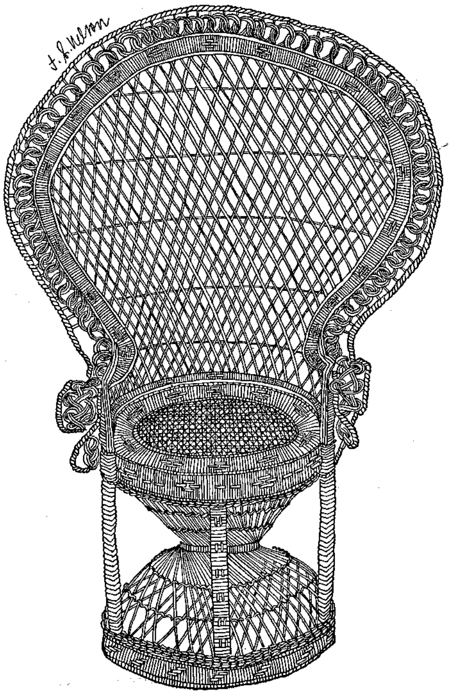
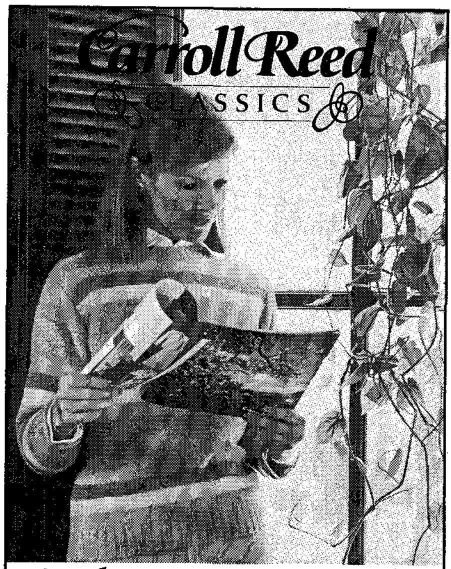
by McDonnell Douglas, to sell to other users. NASA, of course, is delighted at this early capitalistic wetting of the feet in space.

The LEO satellites will not be spring-launched; they will be simply tossed overboard, once the spacecraft is in the proper orbit, by a mechanical arm some fifty feet long, which is ordinarily folded up on the port rim of the cargo bay. Some satellites will sit in the bottom of the bay, clamped to a positioning platform, which can be tipped up at an angle, so that the mission specialist can see from his window what he is doing; others don't require the platform and can be mounted directly on the orbiter. The mission specialist may find that there are two or more satellites in the bay; because the scale for rental fees does not involve width, clients, including NASA itself, will endeavor to make a payload as short and wide as possible, and the result will sometimes be two satellites, back to back; in fact, certain satellites that had been long and thin to fit on top of rockets have been redesigned to be short and squat—NASA engineers call them tuna-fish cans—to save money on the shuttle. (Some satellites, like the S.B.S., the earlier version of which went up by rocket, are designed to be launched either way, and hence look like hybrids.) Each satellite, which is likely to be close to fifteen feet wide, has a probe about a foot long sticking out of it, and the probe fits into a grapple, at the end of the manipulator arm, that looks like a cylindrical gallon can. Inside the can, a triangular cat's cradle of cables tightens over the probe, which has a knob at its outer end so it won't slip out; then the cables, which are attached to rings that not only turn but also slide back and forth inside the can, are pulled inward until the grapple rests snugly against the satellite. When latches holding the satellite to its positioning platform are released, the arm rises slowly from the cargo bay (it can move no more than two feet a second), places the satellite in space, and lets go of it.

The LEO satellites will often be placed in polar orbits, from which they can survey the entire world, since they are apt to be intended for close, repetitive observation of the entire planet; they might be used for studying weather or certain mineral or agricultural resources, or for military purposes. (Those launched from Cape Canaveral, however, tend to look the other way; these are used for astronomical observation.) Some of the satellites will have in-orbit servicing; among these is one with a versatile new design called the multimission modular spacecraft, or M.M.S., whose modular subsystems, whatever they may be, will slide in and out on racks. Thus, the same basic craft can be used for a variety of purposes, and, furthermore, repairs can be made quite easily in space, simply by sliding out one subsystem and sliding in a new one. Many prefer this way of repairing satellites to bringing them back to earth. The cost of retrieving a satellite and sending it back up again, even with the shuttle, is a sizable fraction of the cost of building a new one. Also, managers of satellite projects are usually more interested in developing new satellites than in getting old ones back; with the M.M.S., repairs can be made, and the satellites can be gradually modified as technology improves. Despite these advantages, the solar-maximum satellite, an M.M.S. that was launched conventionally from the ground in February of 1980 to monitor solar flares, and that has since broken down—affording a good opportunity for a repair job in space—instead will be brought back to earth in October of 1984, on Flight 27, largely as a demonstration of the shuttle's ability to retrieve satellites.

NASA engineers and technicians have long wanted to be able to repair satellites in space. During the nineteen-sixties and the early seventies, NASA





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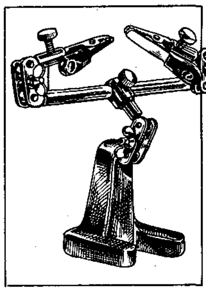

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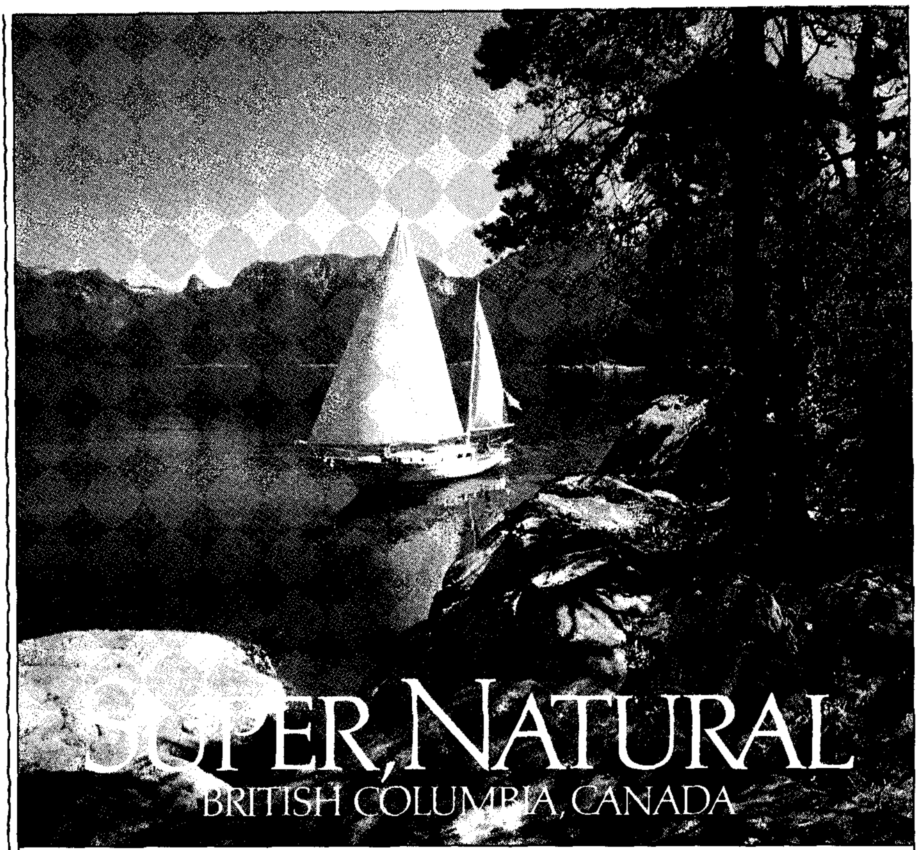
launched a series of four satellites called orbiting astronomical observatories, or O.A.O.s; the program was successful in gathering new information about the stars, particularly in the ultraviolet range, but it was nonetheless plagued with disasters. One NASA executive estimates that if there had been a shuttle orbiter then, and the O.A.O.s had been modular, between two and three hundred million dollars would have been saved on that program alone. The first O.A.O. failed on its first day, because its storage battery went dead. If there had been a shuttle, this failure would have been noticed while the satellite was being checked on the positioning platform, and the battery could have been replaced in space, or the entire satellite could have been brought back to earth. The second O.A.O. had two instruments, one of which, the property of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, began degrading before it was expected to; if there had been a shuttle, this instrument could have been replaced. The third O.A.O. failed totally, because the shroud—a cover that held it in place on top of its rocket—didn't come off. This, of course, would never have happened if there had been a shuttle; there might have been some analogous problem (the payload-bay doors failed to open, say), but an astronaut could have fixed it or brought the satellite back to earth. The fourth O.A.O. worked perfectly, and is being turned off this month after eight and a half years in operation. Eight and a half years with one instrument is a long time, though; if there had been a shuttle, it might have been replaced with another. The biggest saving of all could well have been that instead of building four satellites NASA could have built only one, and the instruments could have been changed periodically. NASA is planning to do just that with a new astronomical satellite, the space telescope, which should go up with the shuttle in 1985. The telescope—which will operate in the ultraviolet, visible, and infrared ranges of light, and which, because it is above the atmosphere, may be able to see large planets around nearby stars and penetrate back in time to the formation of the galaxies—will expand the known volume of the universe three hundred and fifty times. It has room at its focal plane for five different instruments, such as cameras and spectrometers, some of which can be used simultaneously, and these can be replaced by new ones, incorporating improvements



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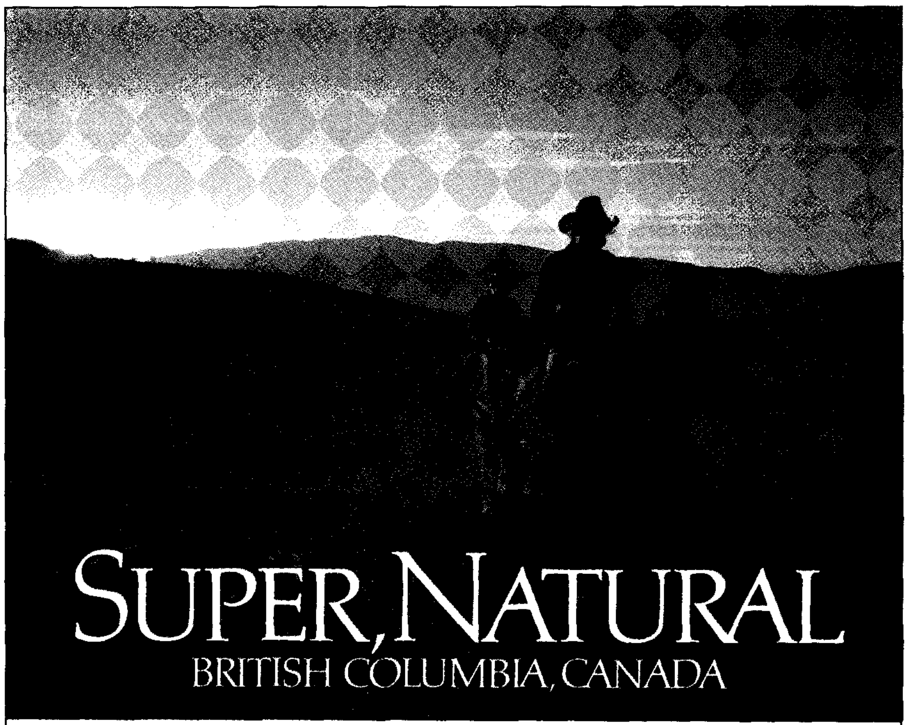

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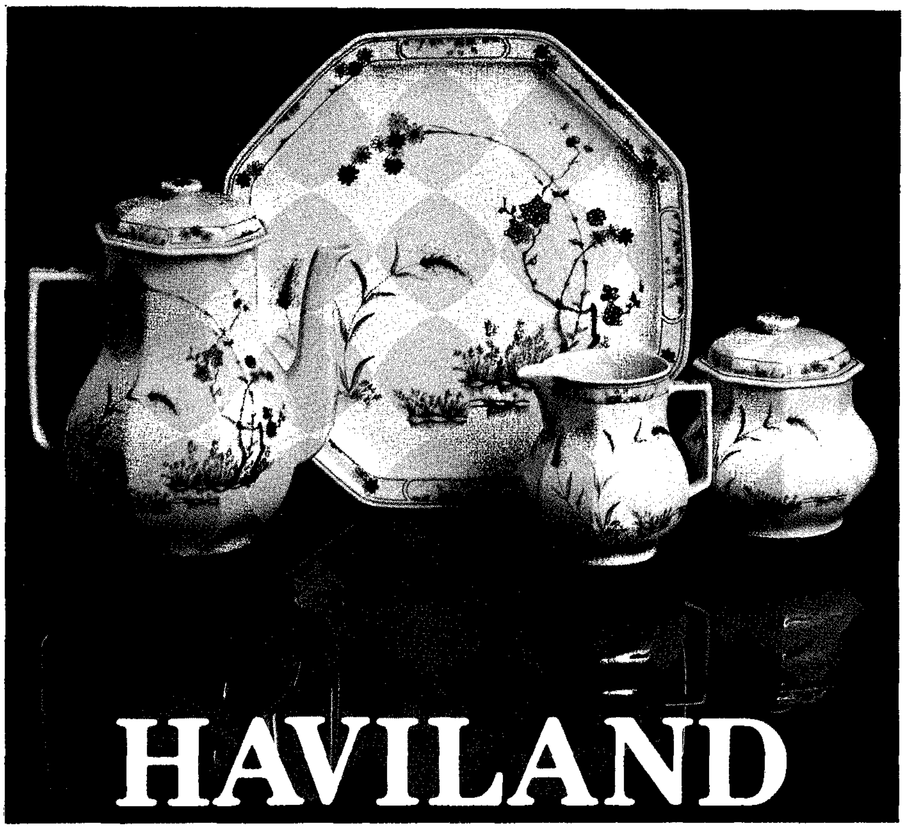

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in design over the telescope's lifetime—a minimum of fifteen years.

The ability to catch a satellite, for repairs or whatever purpose, is such a step forward that it has made the Russians, who do not have that ability, understandably nervous that we might start catching their satellites; for this reason, the shuttle was an obstacle during the SALT II talks, and it is used by the Russians as an excuse for their development of the so-called killer satellite, which can intercept another and blow it up. Whatever the Russians might think, catching a satellite for repairs or instrument changes is a complicated business. First, the shuttle has to get itself into an orbit adjacent to that of the satellite. (The ground has to supply the coördinates.) Once the satellite is in sight, the problem is how to get close enough to it to grab it with the manipulator arm; if the orbiter came up behind the satellite and then stopped by firing its thrusters, it would disturb the satellite's motion; if the satellite was a small one, the orbiter could blow it away like a bit of milkweed fluff. Very likely, the commander or the pilot, standing at the console in the rear of the cockpit, will slow the spacecraft until he can maneuver it toward the satellite on a slightly lower orbit; then, by speeding it up, he can get the orbiter to move up on the satellite from underneath, with no risk of blowing it away. Once this has been accomplished, the mission specialist, at his rear station, will try to grab the satellite with the manipulator arm—a task that requires great coördination. The fifty-foot arm is articulated very much like a human one, with a shoulder joint, an elbow joint, and a wrist joint. When aerospace designers come up with a new mechanism for use in weightlessness, they frequently wind up copying elements of the human body, though this does not mean that the new mechanisms work as well as the body's; the arm, being so long and many-jointed, is tricky to operate. The mission specialist will maneuver the arm a little the way the commander and the pilot maneuver the spacecraft: he will have two hand controls that can move it manually, but it can also be moved automatically by a computer. The mission specialist will probably get the grapple on the end of the arm into the vicinity of the satellite by an automatic movement, and then he will take over manually.

At this point, his troubles are just beginning. If the satellite is far away and its probe is tilted away from him, he may have a hard time seeing it to fit the grapple over it; it is for such tasks that mission specialists must have good depth perception. He is not dependent upon his eyes alone, however, for he can look through a number of closed-circuit television cameras. There will be one at the wrist and another at the elbow, and four others will be placed around the cargo bay; he can call up images from them, any four at a time, on two television screens at his console. Still, TV imagery is not as good as eyes for this sort of thing. He will probably approach the satellite at the arm's slowest speed—two-tenths of a foot per second. He will have to fit the grapple on the arm over the probe without touching the satellite, for if he bumps it, it may move away, and he will have to start all over again, with the commander or the pilot tweaking the spacecraft's orbit. Moreover, if the mission specialist hits the satellite a glancing blow he will set it spinning and won't be able to grapple it at all. With this problem in mind, NASA once considered using a magnetic device at the end of the arm, which, unlike the grapple, could latch onto a satellite whether it was rotating or not, but this idea was discarded, because many satellites contain equipment sensitive to magnetic fields; another possibility was to have a big net on the end of the arm, which could scoop a satellite out of orbit whether it was wiggling or not, but this was discarded on the ground that the net might act instead as a tennis racquet, batting the satellite away. Faced with a spinning satellite, the mission specialist might have to radio Mission Control, in Houston, and ask it to get in touch with the satellite's control center to get it to stop jiggling about. (Most satellites have their own stabilization-control systems; the control center for those that don't is most likely at the Goddard Space Flight Center, in Greenbelt, Maryland.) Once the satellite is quiescent and in the grip of the grapple, the arm will swing it slowly over to the cradle—which will be sticking up out of the cargo bay to receive it—and clamp the satellite to it. If the satellite is being taken back to earth, the cradle, with the satellite still attached, will fold down into the bay, where the satellite will remain secure during reëntry. If the satellite is of the modular variety, though, the cradle will remain up while a machine called the exchange module rises out of the cargo bay and presses against it. Its contours will exactly fit the satellite's, and, automatically, it will unlatch any of the modules inside (the satellite's storage batteries, for example, or boxes containing the thruster system, or a scientific instrument that is broken), pull them out, and slip in replacements. The manipulator arm, exchanging the grapple at its end for a screwdriver or a wrench, may help out. Then the arm, with its grapple in place again, will pick the satellite up and gently place it back in orbit.

AS long as everything is going all right, the mission specialist can remain comfortably inside the orbiter, manipulating the satellite and its modules from the rear window; if, however, there is any foul-up—perhaps the satellite's ground controllers at Goddard are unable to bring it to heel—he may have to put his space suit on and go out and take a hand himself. He will be a lot quicker getting into his space suit than astronauts used to be; they sometimes spent half an hour wriggling into their suits, which were clumsy one-piece affairs with elaborate zippers. The shuttle astronauts have two-piece suits, which go on more easily. The torso is a single hard shell, like a turtle's. The arms of the suit, which, of course, are flexible, are attached to the shell; the pants, which are not, snap to a pressure-sealed metal ring around the waist of the shell. The mission specialist won't have to struggle with a backpack, for his life-support system is incorporated into the hard shell; as a result, he is also freed from wrestling with the hoses and other connections that used to make astronauts look like soldiers laden with equipment for battle. The suits may not fit as well as the old ones did, however, for they were tailor-made for each astronaut—an expensive proposition. Because so many people will be going into space now, the new suits are put together from a number of parts that come in different sizes—five sizes of torso, nine sizes of gloves, and different lengths of upper arms, lower arms, thighs, calves, and feet. The helmet comes in only one size.

The pressure inside the orbiter is fourteen and seven-tenths pounds per square inch, the same as the pressure at sea level on earth, but the pressure inside the suit, which would be too

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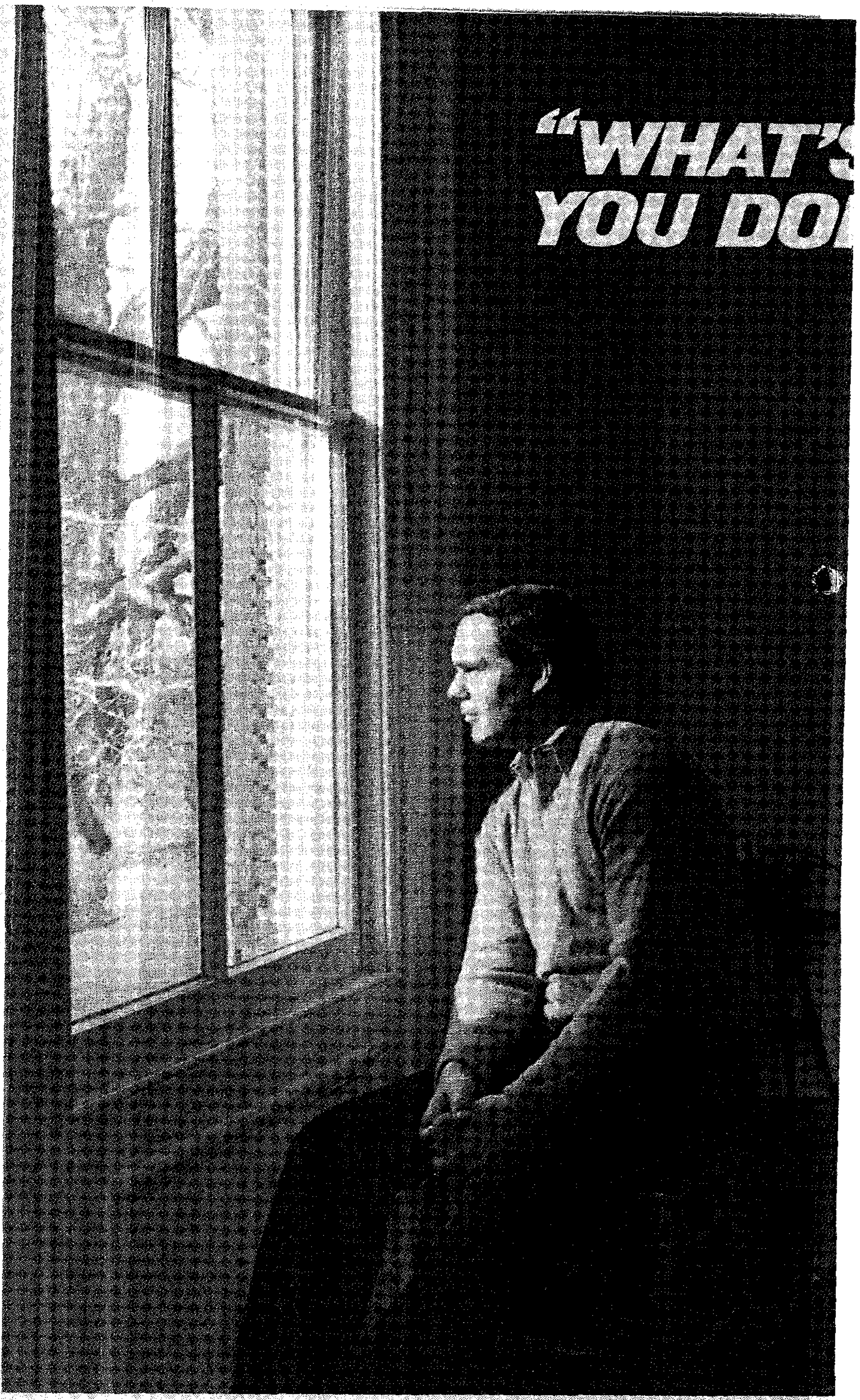

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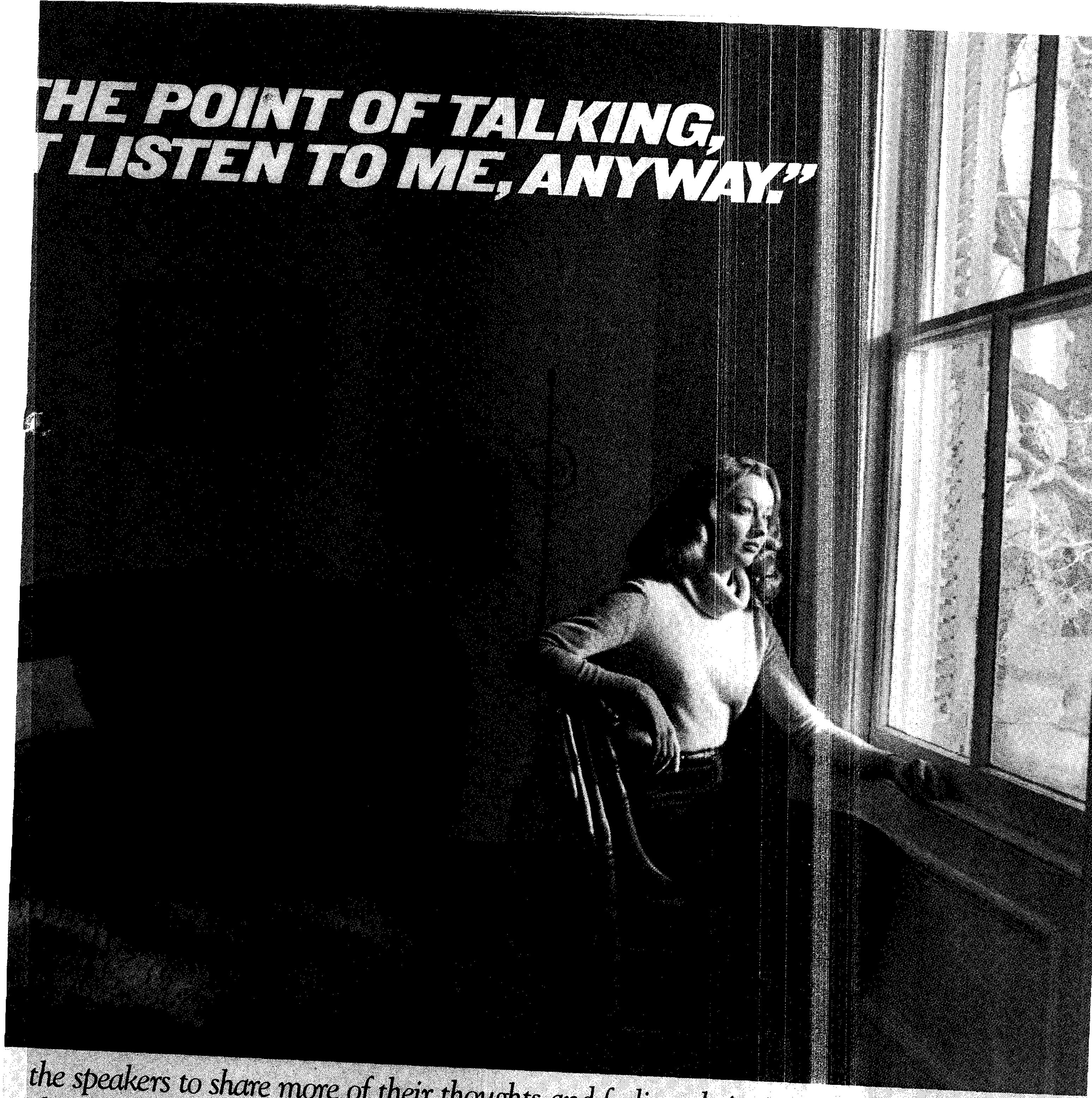
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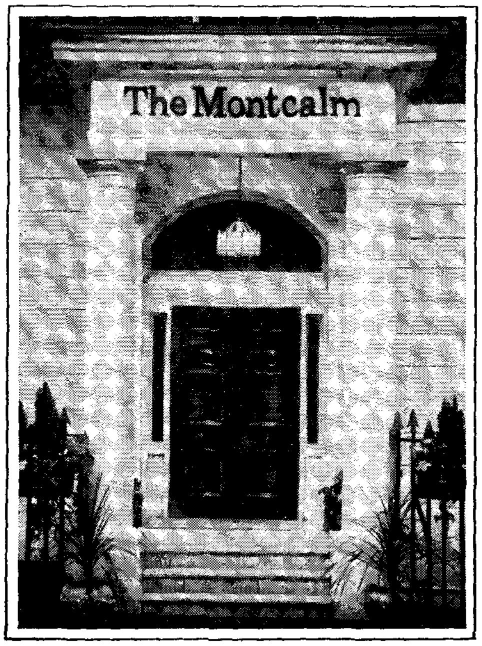

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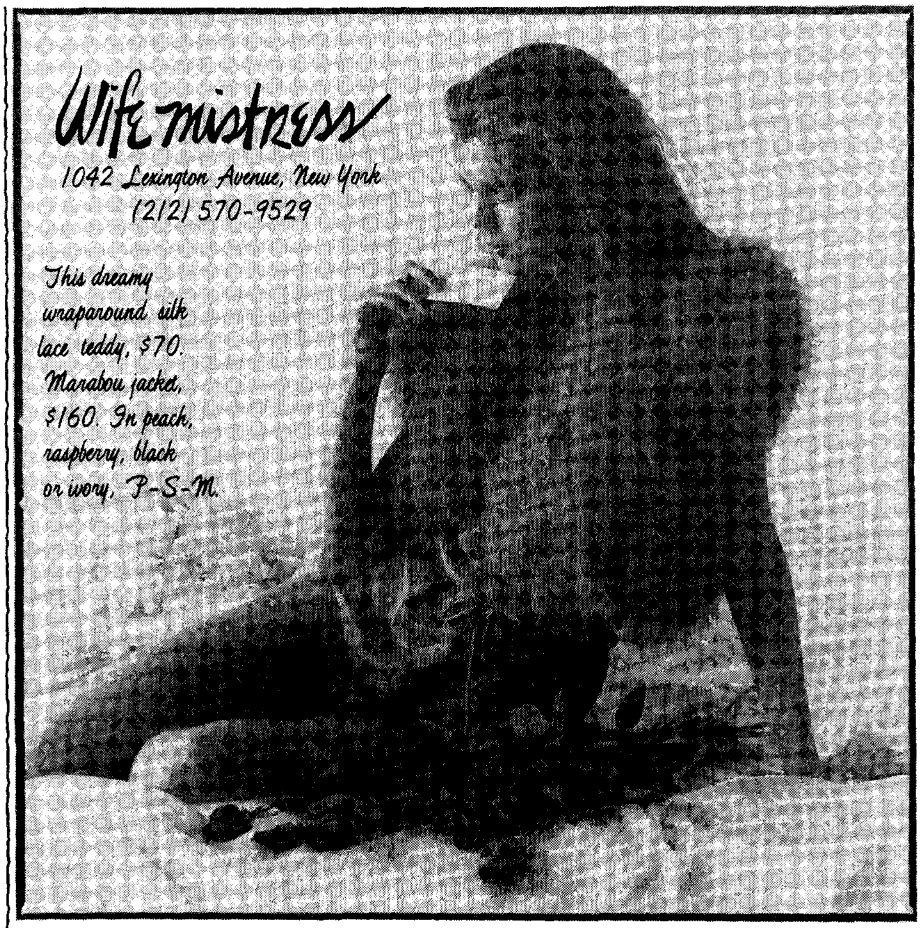
rigid at that figure, will be about four pounds per square inch. If the astronauts don't adjust slowly to the change, ridding their body tissues of nitrogen, they could get the bends—something that could never have happened in the old days, when the cabin atmosphere was pure oxygen (thus insuring that the astronauts' bodies would be nitrogen-free) and cabin pressure was already at about a third that on the ground. NASA wanted the orbiter's atmosphere to be as earthlike as possible, because of the number of people who will be travelling aboard it, many of whom will not be professional astronauts; besides being easier to get used to, an atmosphere with nitrogen in it is not flammable, like a pure-oxygen one, and its greater density means that, for the first time in a NASA spacecraft, electronic equipment can be air-cooled.

Before the mission specialist can go outside, the entire craft will be depressurized to nine pounds per square inch, the point at which body tissues begin ridding themselves of nitrogen; twelve hours later, he will enter the air lock, put on his space suit and helmet, and pump oxygen through them, until he is breathing ninety per cent oxygen. The air lock will be depressurized, causing the suit to inflate; then, when the pressure in the air lock nears zero, the astronaut will open the hatch and float out into the cargo bay, being careful not to bump into any of the delicate equipment there. He can pull himself along on a series of handholds at the hinge line of the cargo-bay doors. Then, in order to get out to the wayward satellite, he may have to grab a handhold on the end of the manipulator arm; the arm will swing him out and capture it for him. Or, if the satellite has drifted more than fifty feet away, beyond the arm's reach, he may hop aboard the manned maneuvering unit (M.M.U.)—a chair with thrusters, which the Skylab astronauts tested as a sort of space bicycle, and which is latched to the forward bulkhead of the cargo bay. Either way, he is not allowed to pursue the satellite underneath the orbiter, lest the arm or the chair bump into the thermal tiles and break some. (The only time an astronaut might have to go underneath would be to inspect the craft's underbelly. He would go down in the M.M.U., and if the inspection revealed any broken tiles he would make repairs, with a spray-on silicone carbide or an epoxy foam currently under development. If fuel left over from the launch, passing through a pipe between the external tank and the main engines in the orbiter, has leaked out and frozen open a hatch in the tiles, he will have to chop away the ice so that the hatch can close for entry.) If, after the mission specialist reaches the satellite, he finds that it is still spinning, he has to wrestle it to a stop; then he slowly floats it over to the cradle, which is sticking up out of the cargo bay to receive it, and clamps it on. The men in Houston who designed the space suit do not believe that any fancy automated equipment will ever replace a suited astronaut, and they think his work will not stop there. Very likely, they believe, he will have to make all the repairs himself—removing the satellite's old modules and inserting the new ones—and will possibly conclude by tightening a screw in the manipulator arm and one in the exchange module as well.

ON some flights, the chief occupant of the cargo bay will be the Spacelab (it is now scheduled for the tenth and fourteenth flights). Designed to function as a spacecraft within a spacecraft, it is basically a cylinder about thirteen feet in diameter and either nine or eighteen feet long, depending on whether a single or a double laboratory unit is used. However, there are times when even the single-unit laboratory will be left behind on a Spacelab mission, for the Spacelab also includes a number of external platforms, called pallets, to mount instruments outdoors, and if four or five of these are used there will not be enough room in the cargo bay for the laboratory proper. Though NASA hopes to rent Spacelab missions to industry in the future, the first few missions will be operated either by NASA or by ESA, which built the Spacelab, at a cost of about nine hundred million dollars, and donated the first one—a complete set of modules and pallets—to NASA in exchange for half the payload space on the first mission. (The Spacelab will normally rent for something like thirteen million dollars, on top of the thirty-five million dollars for the rental of an entire cargo bay, but in the future, when ESA starts paying, it will be expected to pay only the latter sum.) Part of the deal is that ESA has a contract to sell NASA any additional Spacelabs it may need in the future; so far, NASA has agreed to buy only one more. ESA appears at present to be a long way from getting its nine-hundred-million-dollar investment back. What it is getting, of course, is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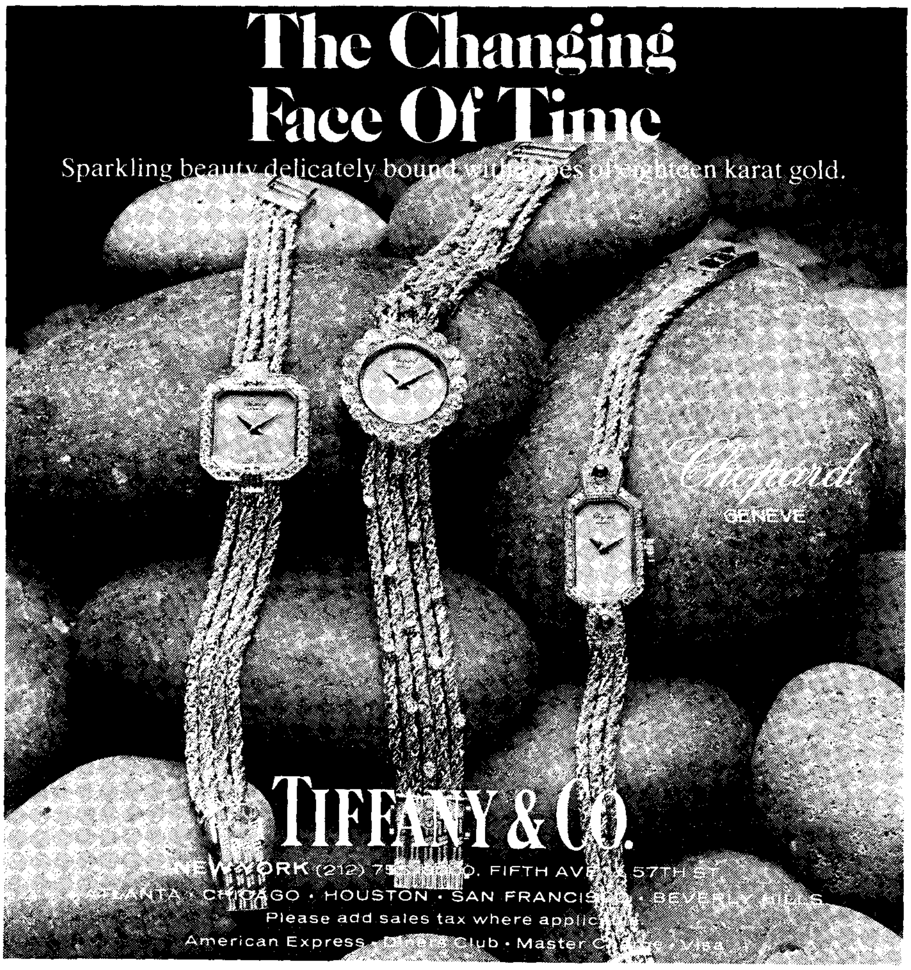
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an entry into space which it would never have otherwise; NASA, for its part, is getting what it hopes will be an affluent partner for future space ventures. ESA, whose headquarters are in Paris, is a consortium of eleven European nations; nine of them, plus Austria, an associate member, invested in the Spacelab, each expecting to get back its investment in the form of contracts for its own industries. Thus, West Germany, which put up fifty-three per cent of the total, acquired the prime contractorship for ERNO, the space division of the German aerospace corporation VFW, in Bremen; Italy, with eighteen per cent of the investment, secured for two Italian corporations contracts for the module structure and the thermal control; and the United Kingdom, with about six per cent, won for British Aerospace the contract for the pallets. To avoid a possible Babel, the European companies deal not only with NASA but with one another in English; the main confusion so far has arisen when certain member nations felt that they weren't getting enough contracts—a problem that would be the same in any language.

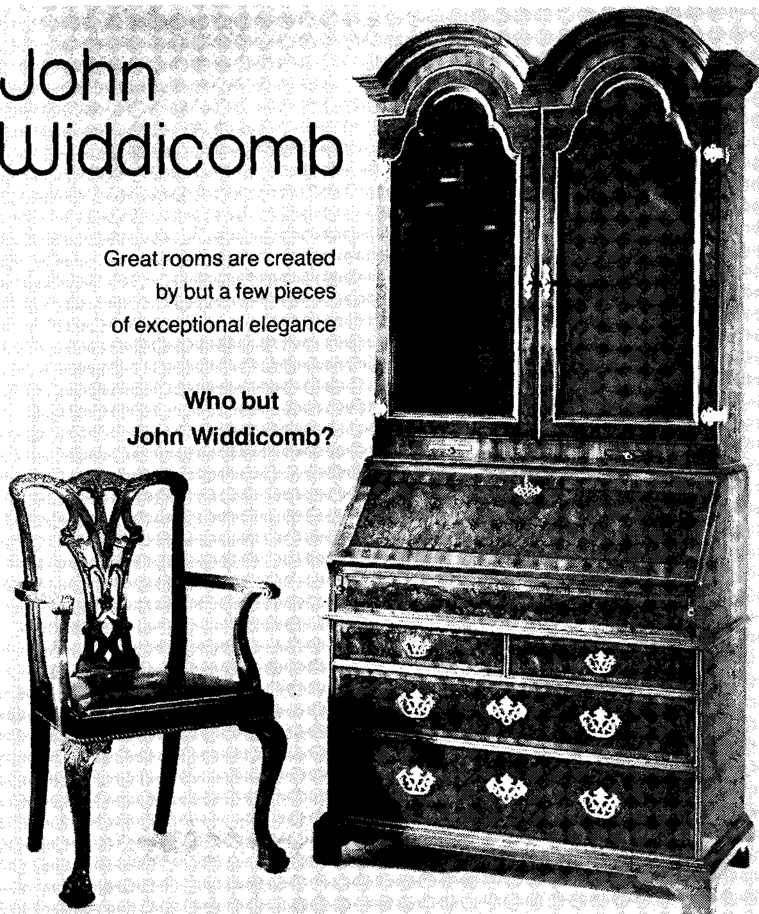
The first Spacelab mission, scheduled for June of 1983, will be run jointly by ESA and NASA. Two crewmen, one from each organization—they are called payload specialists, to distinguish them from the shuttle's own mission specialists—will enter the laboratory through a tunnel leading from a hatch at the back of the crew quarters which normally connects with the air lock for going outdoors. The tunnel is twenty feet long, because the module is so massive that it has to be far back in the center of the cargo bay to balance the orbiter. Just before entering the module, they will have to make two sharp right-angle turns. On the first Spacelab mission, the laboratory will be a double unit without pallets.

The walls of the cylindrical Spacelab will be lined with racks containing yellow-and-beige consoles and drawers full of equipment for experiments; the first rack on each side will contain consoles for operating the experiments, and also for running the various systems of the Spacelab itself—heat, electricity, and communications. As the payload specialists look down the length of the module, they will not be confused, the way the Skylab astronauts were when they entered a similar cylindrical room in their space station—the multiple docking adapter, where experiments radiated inward from all directions and there was no clear sense of up or down. The Spacelab has an obvious "up" and "down," or what is called in space a local vertical; the cylinder the payload specialists look down is in fact almost hexagonal, with a flat floor and ceiling. The racks on either side, which are angled to make two flat surfaces extending the length of the laboratory, complete the near-hexagon.

The Spacelab has profited more from the Skylab experience than any other aspect of the shuttle, in part because, unlike the design of the orbiter, the design of the Spacelab was not frozen before the Skylab astronauts returned. Edward Gibson, who was the science pilot on the third mission, spent a year in Bremen as a consultant to ERNO, to good effect. As the payload specialists float down the length of the laboratory, for example, they can frequently stop themselves by grabbing vertical handrails that separate each rack from the next—there will be perhaps six racks on each side. The Skylab astronauts complained that they didn't have enough handholds. Each handrail is somewhat flattened in cross-section, for the Skylab astronauts found that perfectly round ones, which were what Skylab had, made it hard to aim themselves accurately when they pushed off to another spot, because their fingers slipped. One place the payload specialists will shove off for from time to time is a small, round porthole in the ceiling toward the rear; another porthole, toward the front, contains an air lock for scientific instruments, but this one is for viewing, and it is surrounded by handrails, because the Skylab astronauts, whose viewing porthole had none, complained that they were never able to hold themselves steady when they were looking at the earth or the stars.

The payload specialists will feel quite at home in the Spacelab, because they will have rehearsed in a Spacelab mockup on the ground. In the future, NASA may slide the racks out of their holders and send each to a client's factory or laboratory. The payload specialists may be flying in space only once, so the less they have to get used to, the better. Strictly speaking, they are not astronauts, for they are not members of NASA's astronaut corps; rather, they are employees of the clients who have rented the mission. Even when NASA is the client, its payload specialists will be employees other than astronauts.

If the physical and medical criteria



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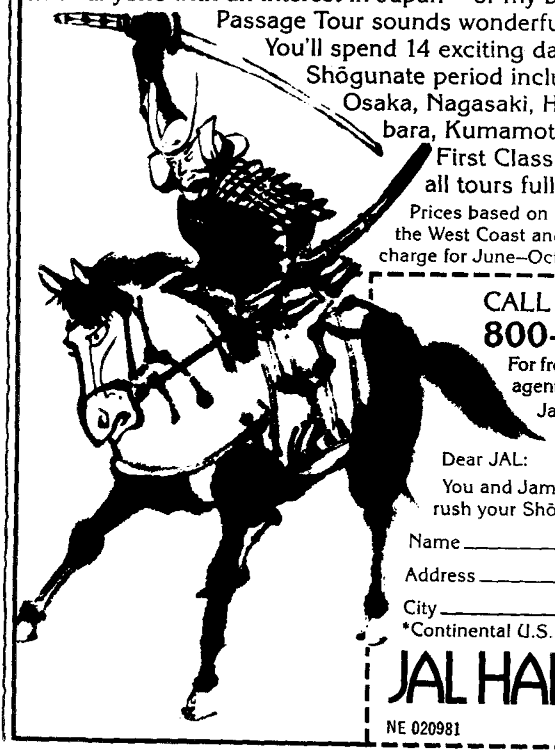

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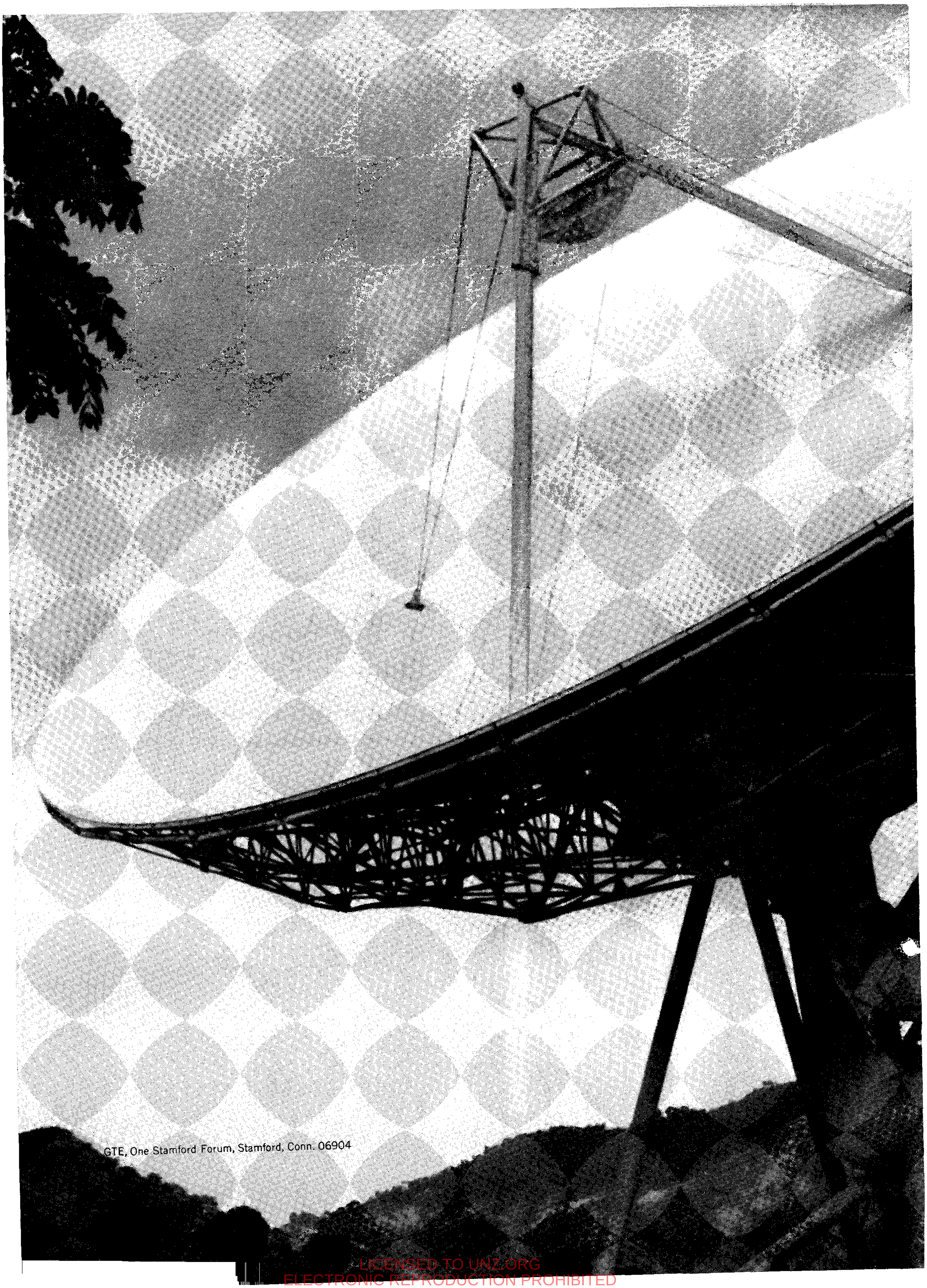
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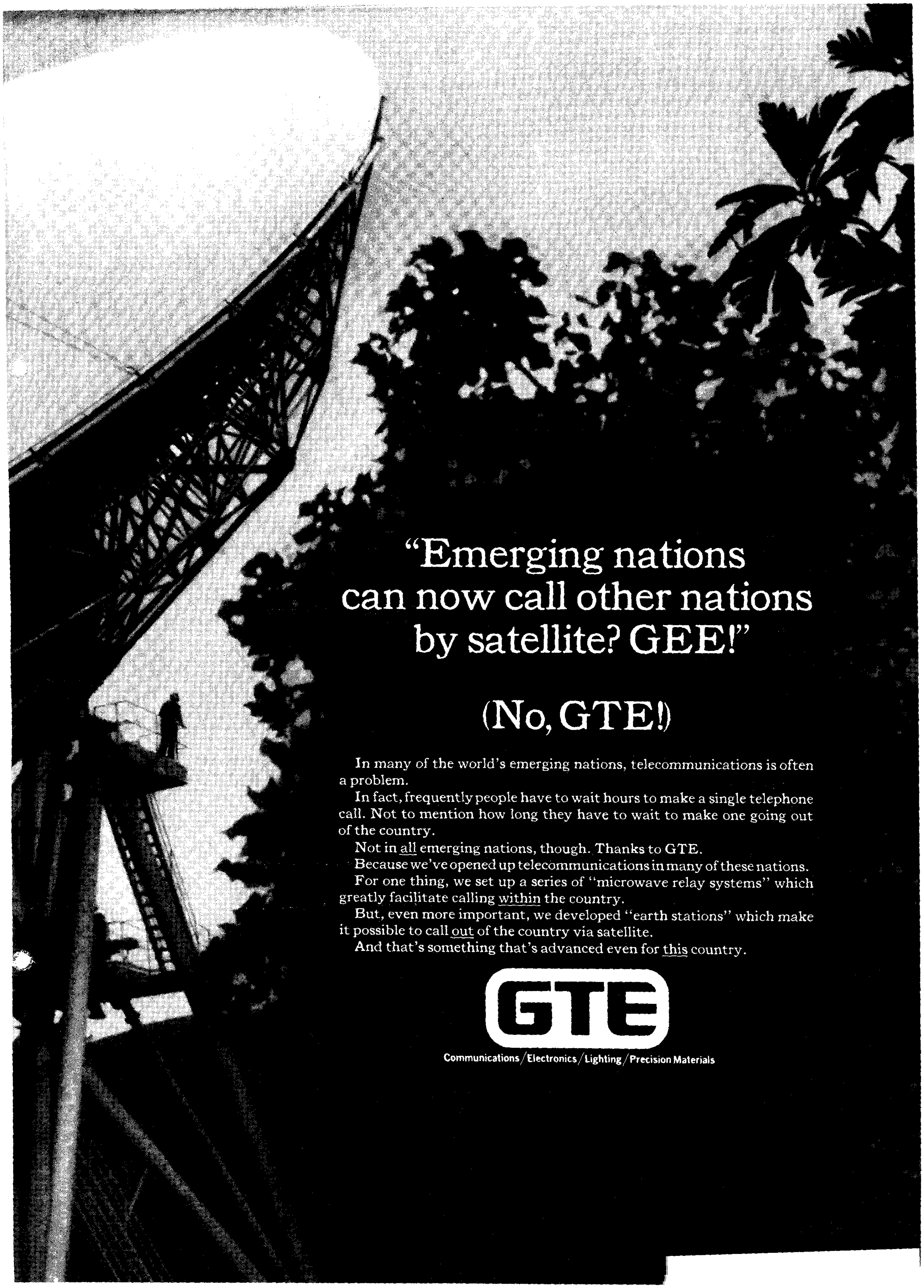

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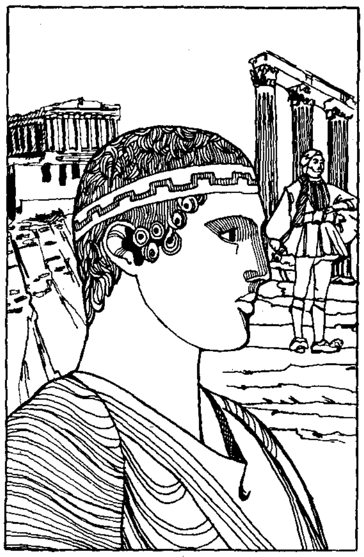

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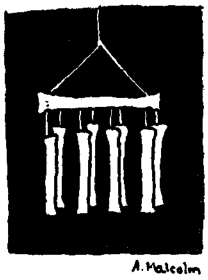
for picking the mission specialists were relaxed, those for picking the payload specialists are virtually nonexistent, although they all must be approved by NASA. About the only major criteria are that they have no illness like epilepsy, diabetes, or heart disease which could cause a sudden serious medical problem, and that they have 20/30 vision in their best eye with their glasses on. Once these two requirements have been met, just about anyone in the world can go into space as a payload specialist; and although few people will actually go (perhaps a hundred or so over the next twelve years), a barrier has been broken, and this, if it achieves nothing else, will make space seem more accessible to the public, and therefore, possibly, more salable. Several men and women in their fifties have already been qualified by NASA for the job. NASA regards the payload specialists as passengers, and their role will be made clear to them in a number of ways. They will spend only two months at the Johnson Space Center, getting tips on how to live in weightlessness; they will not need to undergo any of the usual astronaut and pilot training, for there is no more need for them to learn how the spacecraft works than there is for a passenger on an airliner to know how to fly the plane. How well the payload specialists can see with their glasses off is not important (as it is in the case of the mission specialists), for if a payload specialist loses his glasses and can't find them the loss won't endanger the mission. During takeoff, their couches will be set up in places where they can't reach the controls. And they will not have space suits; in the event of an emergency requiring transfer to another shuttle orbiter, they will have to roll themselves up inside airtight balls about a metre in diameter and be floated across the intervening space by space-suited crewmates.



While in some respects the payload specialists may be treated less as passengers than as extra baggage, they will in other respects be the most important people aboard—if Haise's prediction proves true that the future excitement of the shuttle program will derive from its cargo. They will be busy. On the first Spacelab mission, for example, thirty-eight experiments will be carried out, thirteen by NASA and twenty-five by ESA. (The two agencies will nevertheless have the same amount of room in the laboratory unit.) As might be expected on a first mission, the thirty-eight experiments touch all bases, among them medicine, plasma physics, astronomy, solar physics, atmospheric physics, earth observations, life sciences, and materials sciences. Many will build on earlier experiments. The second Spacelab mission, scheduled for Flight 14, in November of 1983, will be exclusively a NASA mission and will carry only pallets; in place of a laboratory module there will be a small, unmanned module, called an igloo, containing electronic equipment. The pallets will bristle with antennas, boxes, and cans for research in plasma physics, solar physics, high-energy physics, and infrared astronomy. Instruments that have to aim accurately at the sun will be grouped together on an instrument-pointing system, or I.P.S.; although the orbiter itself can hold still to within one and a half to two and a half degrees of arc—enough for most astronomy—the I.P.S., which contains gyroscopes and star trackers and is mounted on a moving platform, is immensely more accurate: to within two seconds of arc. (There are thirty-six hundred arc seconds per degree.) The third Spacelab mission, another all-NASA affair, which will have a double laboratory unit, will be like the first mission; the fourth will be devoted to the life sciences; the fifth will probably be an all-ESA affair; and the sixth, which will carry mostly pallets, will be devoted to astrophysics.

Naturally, there will be considerable emphasis on experiments that might be turned to future account in manufacturing processes in space, which, in turn, might attract to NASA clients other than ESA and itself; they include such things as vacuum brazing (a form of welding suited to space), the solidification of immiscible alloys, and the growing of crystals. Another experiment on the first Spacelab mission will investigate how journal bearings work in space. A journal bearing, like a ball bearing, reduces friction on a rotating axle, but it does so by floating the axle on an oily liquid contained in a metal sleeve that surrounds the axle; the axle rides on the liquid, which prevents it from touching the sleeve. Liquids, of course, do not behave in space the way they do on earth. They tend to form spherical globs, and they may even spread differently

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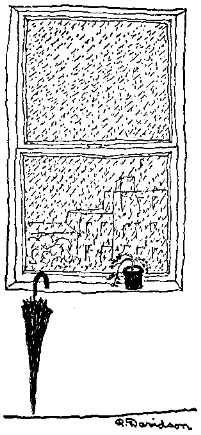
over a surface; such differences could interfere with the workings of a journal bearing. The result of the experiment will be of interest to anyone considering sending machinery into space.

On the first Spacelab mission, the NASA payload specialist will pull out a drawer in one of the racks which contains equipment for two experiments relating to the question of fluids. For the first experiment, he will spread various oily fluids on eight metal circles and photograph the results from time to time with a camera that is fixed in a corner of the drawer. For the second experiment, which is more complicated, he will fill a number of metal sleeves with different oily liquids, to simulate journal bearings, and then insert a shaft, which a motor will turn at speeds up to six hundred revolutions per minute; the camera will take pictures, through angled mirrors, of what happens to the fluids as the shaft slows down. If the payload specialist observes anything curious, he may float over to one of the consoles near the entrance to the tunnel in order to jot down some observations on its desk. In this respect, the Spacelab has failed to benefit from the experience of Skylab: Gibson recommended that future spacecraft be outfitted with a sort of aerodynamic desk, which would hold things in place with a continuous downward current of air; otherwise, paper, pencils, and everything else tends to float away. There wasn't enough money for this, however, even in ESA's copious budget, and, accordingly, the shuttle astronauts will have to make do with bits of adhesive, as the Skylab astronauts did. (Gibson hopes at least to upgrade the adhesive, so that it will come in pads from which the astronauts can rip sheets; the Skylab astronauts had to wrestle with rolls of tape.) If the payload specialist observes anything totally unexpected—that the oil in the journal bearings rolls itself into a ball, say, and gums up the works—he can talk by radio directly with his colleagues on the ground. This sort of communication has never been allowed before, but Gibson urged a direct radio link, for without constant stimulation from his colleagues a scientist, particularly on one of the longer missions, might grow stale and miss something. Besides, a direct radio link could be another way for the shuttle to make space and weightlessness seem more accessible.

MANY people at NASA are excited by new technologies possible in space which may have industrial applications. "What we are selling is not the orbiter but a new environment for research, technology, and manufacture: weightlessness," one NASA executive said recently. Weightlessness is, in fact, the state of things in the universe; gravity as it exists on planetary surfaces is the anomaly. Gravity and weightlessness—or microgravity, as weightlessness is increasingly called by scientists, who are aware that no place is totally devoid of gravitational force—differ in their physical properties and in their technological uses as much as the high temperatures inside a furnace do from the low ones in a cryogenic tank, or as the high densities in a compression chamber do from the low ones in a vacuum chamber; microgravity, which is difficult to simulate on earth, is simply newer and less familiar to us, and so its uses are comparatively little known. The almost total absence of gravity changes a number of basic conditions; in particular, there are no convection currents—neither low density nor heat causes warmer, or less dense, materials to rise or cooler, or denser, materials to sink. Consequently, it is far easier to separate the components of a liquid, and keep them separated, in space than it is on earth; the result could be substances of an almost perfect purity.



NASA feels that the pharmaceutical industry could profit the most from this phenomenon. For one thing, it is impurities that are responsible for most adverse side effects in drugs—particularly antibiotics. For another, certain drugs that are difficult, or even impossible, to make on earth can theoretically be made in space. One that NASA often points to is an anticoagulant drug made from urokinase—an enzyme, produced by about five per cent of the cells in the kidney, that almost instantly dissolves clots in the blood. Fifty thousand people in the United States die from clotting diseases every year. Currently, a treatment with a urokinase drug costs two to three thousand dollars, because on earth it is very difficult to extract from kidney tissue the cells

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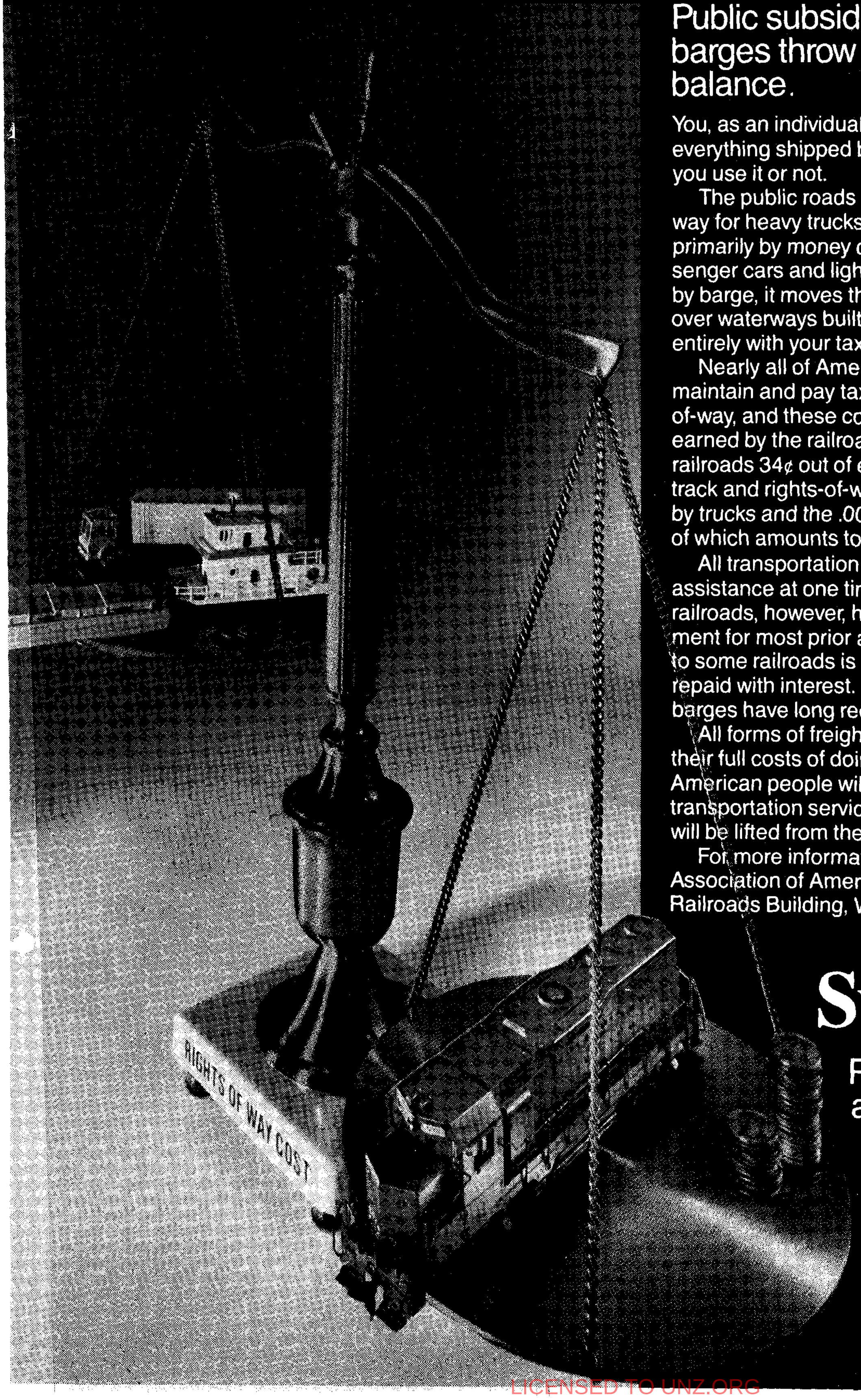

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All transportation has received government assistance at one time or another. The freight railroads, however, have reimbursed the government for most prior aid. Much of the current aid to some railroads is in the form of loans to be repaid with interest. On the other hand, trucks and barges have long received outright subsidies.

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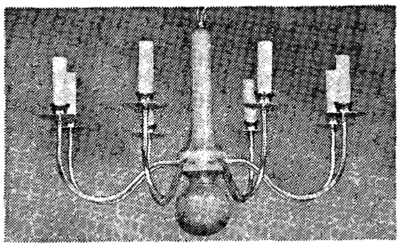

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that make the enzyme, in order to culture them; in space, the cells, in a liquid suspension with other kidney cells, could be isolated easily by running through them a current that would separate them according to their electrical properties. This process is called electrophoresis. Thus, the price of treatment might be brought down by a factor of ten. Another example that NASA people are fond of citing is beta cells from the pancreas, which control the body's absorption of insulin and which could be isolated in space by the same electrophoretic separation process; some scientists believe that if a pure concentration were implanted in a diabetic he would be able to generate and utilize his own insulin, and be cured.

The absence of convection in space also makes possible a process that is just the reverse of obtaining pure substances by means of separation. Substances with different densities, such as oil and water, can remain mixed; thus, new alloys, of materials that on earth would separate in melted form, can be made in space. No one yet knows exactly what these new alloys are or what their properties may be. One whole class of them is called two-phase alloys—those involving a matrix and a particle. An example would be a matrix, or melt, of, say, aluminum, and particles of fibre which, if spread evenly through the mixture, might give the aluminum greater strength when it cooled. These alloys are impossible to make on earth, for the particles will float to the surface. And crystals grown in space—where they can be suspended in a solution without floating or sinking—would be larger and more nearly perfect than they are on earth. Among other uses, they would make superior semiconductors in infrared detectors, such as those which scan the body for signs of tumors or circulatory defects. (Though some experiments with crystal growing aboard Skylab ran into difficulties, future experiments could well eliminate those problems.) In space, it will be possible to manufacture a special glass, so delicate that any impurities introduced in the manufacturing process will ruin it; on earth, the glass would pick up impurities if, while it was being melted, it as much as grazed the furnace wall, but in space it could be melted and solidified while hovering, touching nothing. This high-purity glass would be useful, for example, in making fibre-optic material for light-wave communications. As for metals, because they could be melted and then cooled without the influence of gravity, their atoms and molecules would tend to line up with more nearly perfect regularity than they do on earth; as a result, steel magnets six times as powerful as any now known could be made, as well as metals that would be stronger structurally—for example, aluminum blades less susceptible to metal fatigue, which would improve the reliability of the space shuttle's main engines. NASA's list of things that could be done in space may be only scratching the surface, the agency feels, for so far astronauts have spent comparatively little time there. Though today, with the shuttle poised for takeoff, most NASA engineers are deliberately low-key about these ideas, in the past some NASA people have sounded as if they thought the orbiter might be poising mankind on the verge of what one or two have called the Space Age, a vigorous, progressive era that, as they describe it, sounds a little like the Bronze Age—an earlier period of rapid technological and economic growth which, as it happened, started with an invention (a furnace that could melt copper and tin) for creating a new alloy.

UP until the last year or so, industry was (and to a large extent still is) remarkably unresponsive to NASA's hints about the possible cornucopia in space—a sort of white hole, perhaps, spewing forth dollar bills and noble benefits. To hear many businessmen tell it, space is a gigantic black hole—a reverse cornucopia, which will suck everything in and give nothing back. In their view, industry can't make a nickel in space. "It's a hell of a way to make Quaker Oats," Herbert Hollomon, a professor of engineering and director of the Center for Policy Alternatives at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said a while ago. "If the idea of the shuttle is to produce scientific results that can be applied to technology, I'd have to analyze whether that money would be spent better elsewhere," Hollomon said. "And there *are* more profitable enterprises we could be engaged in—a great many of them, as a matter of fact, such as improving our current ability to make goods, improving safety in manufacture, developing

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cleaner fuels, and conserving energy." If these sound like some of the arguments that were once levelled against the trips to the moon, they are. Indeed, Hollomon and others believe that the shuttle exists for the same reason that we went to the moon—not for science or technology but for national prestige. Quite possibly, Hollomon says, its existence is justified for this reason; the trouble starts when NASA tries to maintain that the shuttle was created for other reasons. "NASA is funny," one businessman said recently. "Every other branch of the government knows what its mission is. The Department of Defense has the job of defending the country. The Justice Department must prosecute crime. NASA once had a mission—to go to the moon. But right now NASA doesn't know what its mission is—except to go into space in a vague sort of way. It has to define things that might become missions." Hollomon and many businessmen think that NASA got its vehicle before it knew what to do with it, and so the agency has to pour out ideas for products, in a frantic effort to find uses for the shuttle, though none of those ideas have been tested except in the most rudimentary way.

If business has been skeptical about manufacturing in space, the fault is partly NASA's. "Those who speculate and are enthusiastic about something like the shuttle almost always overstate their case," Hollomon says. In the early nineteen-seventies, around the time of the Skylab program, some NASA representatives made claims about what could be done in space which are causing embarrassment now. One was that perfect ball bearings could be made there and that machines using them could theoretically run forever. When the Skylab mission attempted to make such ball bearings, by extruding a glob of molten metal from a nozzle into a chamber where it would supposedly cool into a perfect sphere, several things went wrong: the bearing had a little stem where it had come out of the nozzle; vibrations made the molten glob oscillate, so that when it hardened it was slightly elliptical; and as it cooled crystals in it solidified, causing lumps. The objects that came back to Houston were no more effective as ball bearings than bits of gravel would be. Moreover, the ball-bearing industry claimed that the bearings made on earth were sufficiently round so that it wasn't worthwhile to spend billions of dollars on going to space. And it turned out that no one wanted a machine that would last forever. Another claim that some NASA engineers advanced at that time was that perfect crystals, grown in space, would make it possible to reduce the size of computers enormously. Some of the crystals grown in Skylab were less than perfect, but even before this was known the computer industry had apparently been irritated by the claim. There are many steps in making crystals, and growing them is only one, and not necessarily the most important one; before the biggest Univac could be slipped into a matchbox, many other improvements would be needed in the processing done on earth.

As a result, NASA was suffering from something of a credibility gap in the late nineteen-seventies. For example, some pharmaceutical companies questioned the suggestion that it was possible to cure diabetes with beta cells separated in space, since so far NASA has failed to prove not only that beta cells can be separated but also that they will cure diabetes, and, furthermore, it has not paid much attention to the steps required to make the drug once the beta cells are back on earth. As for urokinase, this enzyme was isolated from the blood in an almost pure state during the joint American-Soviet Apollo-Soyuz docking flight, in July of 1975, but it had to be frozen before it could be brought back to earth, and freezing destroyed it. Indeed, critics, including the Space Applications Board of the National Research Council, have charged that many of the experiments that NASA has conducted (particularly those having to do with the processing of materials) were poorly conceived and designed and that the analysis has often been weak—charges that don't lessen the credibility gap now. NASA has been trying to fill the gap not only by playing down some of the more flamboyant ideas for space; in April of 1977, it started a division for processing materials in space. The head of this new division is Dr. John R. Carruthers, brought from the Bell Laboratories, who is an expert in crystal growing and in light-wave communications. In the opinion of many within NASA and outside it, Dr. Carruthers has brought a new profession-

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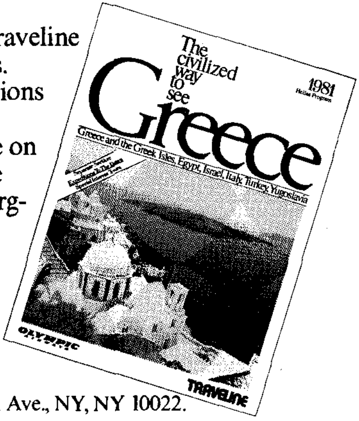
alism to NASA's work on processing materials.

Though the picture is changing somewhat, most businessmen and industrialists still regard research and manufacture in space as a risky investment. To begin with, businessmen point out, work in space can be very expensive. The rental fees to be paid to NASA would be just the beginning, for instruments would have to be designed and built, teams of scientists would have to be paid, and data analysis would have to be done; a thorough, ambitious use of the Spacelab could cost fifty or a hundred million dollars. At one of several conferences of NASA executives and business leaders which have been organized in recent years by the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, Deek Hensley, the vice-president for technology of the Aetna Life & Casualty Company, who is in charge of Aetna's investment in Satellite Business Systems, said, "Let me characterize how space investments look in general. The big problem is the high front-end investment. Banks don't like big front-end investments. Our business-satellite program will cost in the hundreds of millions of dollars. If you are scared of these kinds of figures, don't go into the space field." Though Hensley was talking about satellites, his warning is even more applicable to space research and manufacture.

Industry is well aware that only about one per cent of all new inventions ever make it to the marketplace. Within a large corporation, there are, of course, a great many research ideas competing for funds, and most of them are less risky than space manufacture. For one thing, industry is not convinced that microgravity is so valuable in the first place; businessmen say they have a hard time thinking of things that could be made in orbit which would be worth the front-end investment. And the greater the investment, they say, the less risk the investor is willing to assume. "Our big problem is that we have limited research dollars," William Hunt, at the time executive assistant to the executive vice-president for research and development of Reynolds Metals Company, pointed out at one of the initial A.I.A.A. conferences. (Aluminum, which that company produces, is often mentioned as a candidate for alloys made in space.) "We have to look at return on investment," he went on. "We can't put too much in high-risk areas. What you're talking about is all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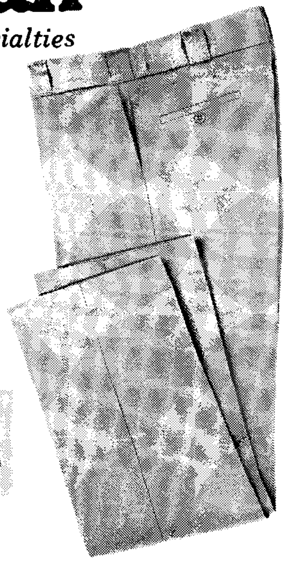

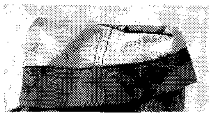

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high-risk. You may be talking about experimental work that is at a very modest level, but if you're going to get into the flight phase you'll need lots of ground studies. Maybe it will cost five hundred thousand dollars just for openers. While that may not seem like a lot, on a high-risk venture it is."

Pharmaceutical companies have long felt the same way about beta cells and urokinase, which seem so promising not only as investments but also as benefits to mankind. Because of the potential benefits, NASA has offered to send up experiments with these drugs at a reduced rate, yet the drug companies have been so put off by the costs and the risks that until quite recently they have been unwilling even to embark on the initial, relatively small investment needed to develop the electrophoretic separator that would isolate beta cells or urokinase cells. The drug industry says that it is up to NASA or some other branch of the government, such as the National Institutes of Health, to do all the research and development for these medicines—not only to develop the separator and then send it into space but also to prove that beta cells will cure diabetes. Part of the industry's opposition to taking action on its own was—and to a large extent still is—tactical: the drug companies know that NASA needs the separator more than they do, to encourage business for the shuttle. (The advantage to NASA was made clear in a report to the White House in January of 1981, edited by Jerry Grey, of the A.I.A.A. The report estimated that successful testing of a separator could lead to the launching, at six-month intervals, of five automated plants in 1987 and 1988; each "would be a disc-shaped free-flying module which would take up approximately three feet of the payload bay's length and weigh approximately 3,500 pounds;" moreover, "to collect the manufactured product from orbit and to resupply the manufacturing facility with raw material" would require "an average of four visits a year to each facility." If the electronics industry went into the production in space of crystals for superconductors, there would be a similar automated plant in orbit requiring a similar number of visits.) "Why should industry do the separator, since it feels that if it waits, NASA will do it for them?" one businessman asked. Another basis for the tactical opposition has been that it sometimes pays to be second; that way, someone else makes the expensive mistakes. But the drug

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industry has also argued that so little is known about microgravity, and experimenting with it is so expensive, that it still falls under the heading of basic research—the proper responsibility, industry maintains, of the government, whereas its own is applied research. One businessman after another at the earlier A.I.A.A. conferences pointed out that the government has long played a role in basic research, and that role has tended to increase in proportion to the costs and the risks of the research and its value to society. This, they argued, was true of the research leading to development of the airplane and, before that, of the railroad; it has also been true of research and development for nuclear power. "All this experimental work in space should be done, too," one executive said. "The problem is that what we're talking about is information that may be good for society in the long run but is only narrowly interesting to us in the short run. Therefore, we don't think we should put the money up—the government should."

Even if a company does want to do research on a possible product in space, businessmen at the A.I.A.A. conferences have pointed out, it immediately faces a long list of political and legal, as well as economic, difficulties. Some arise from doing any sort of business with the government. The government has, of course, gone into business before, selling bonds, surpluses, publications, postage stamps, electric power, and rocket launches for commercial satellites, but none of these, businessmen say, come close to raising the problems that selling shuttle missions does. For one thing, the government has the right to terminate contracts unilaterally; and even though the government must reimburse a client's costs on a contract it terminates, such an action could cost client companies millions of dollars if NASA decided to cancel flights (or even the entire program) after the companies had invested funds in research and development for experiments. The government has terminated several contracts in the aerospace field in recent years, but as buyer, not as seller. One spectacular example, of course, was its contract with the Boeing Company for the development of a supersonic transport plane. At one A.I.A.A. conference, held at New York University, Boeing representatives suggested that many of industry's worries, such as the termination of contracts, might be lessened or done away with altogether if the

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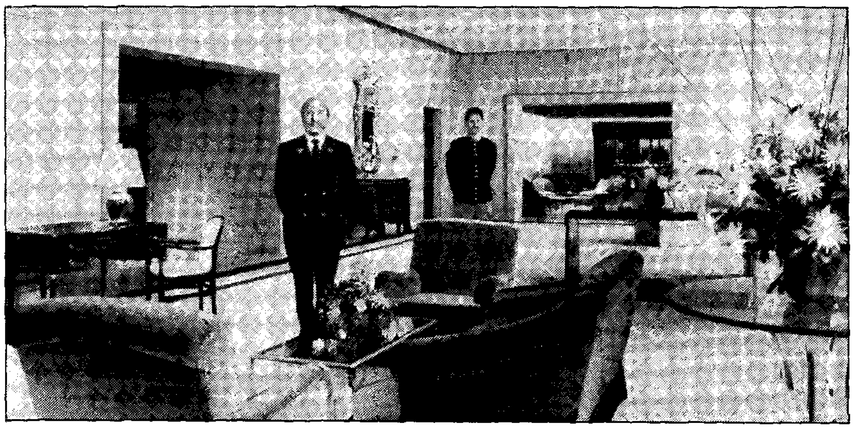

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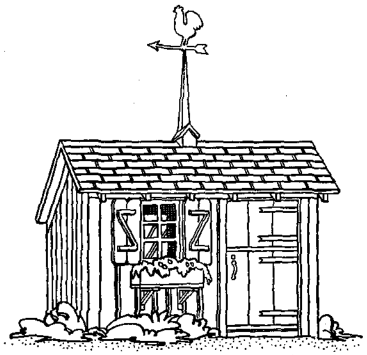

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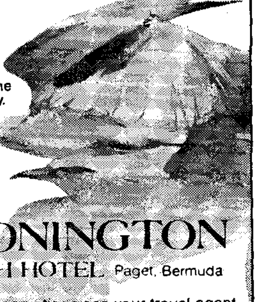

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shuttle was turned over to a private company. Though a couple of companies are now looking into the possibility, this does not seem to be in the cards any time soon.

Another problem that worries business is that the shuttle will be exempt from the regulations that govern common carriers; one NASA executive admitted that all regulations governing shuttle usage—rates and so forth—emanated from his desk. If businessmen are put off by this state of affairs, they are even more concerned about the effect of government ownership in the field of patents. At the heart of the problem is a provision in the National Aeronautics and Space Act of 1958, which established NASA. This provision states that any invention "made in the performance of any work under any contract" with NASA "shall be the exclusive property of the United States;" however, the administrator of NASA "may waive all or any part of the rights of the United States . . . [if he] determines that the interests of the United States will be served thereby." While a NASA administrator might well determine that involving industry as a partner in space research was decidedly in the national interest—the agency's current position is, generally, that the Space Act doesn't apply where a commercial user isn't performing NASA work—the wording of the statute, placing the decision in the hands of a man rather than in a law, falls short of the sort of guarantee a corporation would demand before it committed millions of dollars of research funds. However, communications companies and other commercial concerns have entered into individual contracts with NASA whereby they do retain their patent rights.

Even if the patent provisions of the act were rewritten, or otherwise circumvented, industry fears that difficulties would remain. What if a discovery is made on a flight leased by a corporation but the corporation uses equipment that belongs to NASA—a furnace, say, for making a new alloy? NASA, eager to soothe the business community, currently expresses the belief that the patent should belong to the corporation, with NASA retaining some sort of overriding interest. What if the discovery is made on a flight leased by a corporation that provides its own furnace? Presumably, NASA says, the corporation would have exclusive rights to the discovery; NASA would regard itself solely as the lessor of the spacecraft, and therefore as being out

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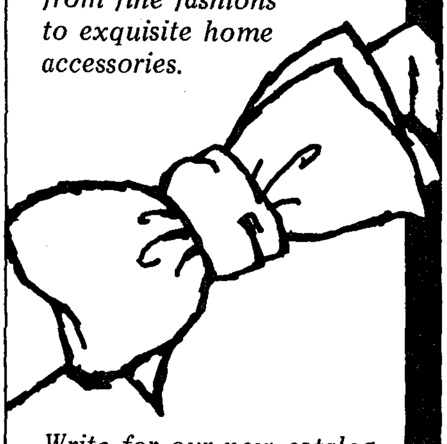

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of the picture. (The agency does, however, demand assurances that a beneficial new product discovered or developed aboard the shuttle will be produced in quantities sufficient to meet the need.) These solutions seem logical, but they have never been tested in court, and it is impossible to say that they are binding until they have been; regardless of who owns the furnace, it is useful only because it is inside a spacecraft paid for and operated in large part by public funds, and the sight of fleets of government-developed, government-owned orbiters taking off weekly for the enrichment of America's largest corporations might not be welcomed in all quarters. Industry itself might complain; if one company makes a discovery that puts it in the preëminent position in its field, could the other companies in that field, claiming that the rival was profiting from a public asset, bring an action against it? Clearly, the projected expansion of the capitalist system through the galaxy will be accompanied by growing pains.

Along with industry's worries about its proprietary right go worries about secrecy. "It may be that the patent problem is not the real problem, but, rather, the real problem is trade secrets," said Hunt, of Reynolds Metals Company, at one of the A.I.A.A. conferences. "When you work with NASA, someone is always looking over your shoulder. There's much too much exposure." Hunt was speaking from experience, for several years ago, when Reynolds was working on the Redstone missile, under a NASA contract, welding techniques that the company had developed became public knowledge. That damaged Reynolds, Hunt said, and he pointed out that the new techniques were taken over by competitors not only in this country but in others, including the Soviet Union, and that the company even had to hand over directly to a competitor a manual describing them. NASA, in its desire to attract customers to the shuttle, is willing to forfeit its right to know not only techniques but the results of experiments, and even the details of the experiment. How all this secrecy will coexist with the provision in the Space Act that all nonmilitary information in space "shall be made available for public inspection" is not clear; although NASA can withhold information in the interest of national security or under certain federal statutes, it cannot otherwise waive the public's right to know. On the con-

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trary, it has the active obligation to receive reports and publicize them; according to the Space Act, NASA must "provide for the widest practicable and appropriate dissemination of information concerning its activities and the results thereof."

Even if all these difficulties are overcome, and even if a business has succeeded in developing and patenting a product that it wishes to produce in space, business complains that millions of dollars more will be required before the product can be made on a large scale. This money could be hard to raise. Robert E. La Blanc, formerly a partner in and an analyst at Salomon Brothers, investment bankers who finance new ventures, and now vice-chairman of the board of the Continental Telephone Corporation, listed at one A.I.A.A. conference several criteria by which investors would judge any new project, the first being that the product, whatever it was, must be what he called "state of the art, not leading edge"—in other words, it must not involve any major technological innovations. Space manufacture is clearly in the leading-edge category. The product aside, the machinery to make it would itself be totally new, requiring its own research and development; there is no precedent (except for such things as the journal-bearing experiments aboard the Spacelab) for industrial equipment for microgravity. What's more, some businessmen say, if the product is successful, and the demand for it outstrips what can be produced in the orbiter, the need for front-end capital might escalate to include the price of a space station. Not only would the initial cost be enormous but, many businessmen fear, it might be a very long time before there was any return on the investment—a prospect that is discouraging both to top corporation executives, who like to see their major endeavors come to fruition while they are still around to get the credit, and to bankers and other creditors, since the larger the investment, the sooner investors and stockholders want to get their money back. Even NASA admits that in space manufacture the gap between what it calls "front money" and "payback" could be as long as ten or fifteen years. (That, of course, assumes that there is any payback at all.) "If I were a research group with millions to invest, I would not invest it in the space shuttle," Professor Hollomon said. "Only governments can invest in something that has no immediate practical use.

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Industry is not interested in products that take fifteen years to get produced." The same is true of banks. Unhappily for NASA, businessmen agree that the length of time that businesses are apt to think ahead diminishes in direct ratio to their confidence in the economy and their relationship with the government, both of which have been, over the last four years, at something of a low point. "It used to be that we looked ten years ahead," one business executive told a NASA salesman recently. "Then it shrank to five years. Now we're lucky if we think we can hold things together for the next three years." Such worries have not made for good shuttle prospects. Moreover, there is one last worry on the part of any businessman who might be almost persuaded to take a chance on space: that his company will invest in Spacelab missions, research and development, space-manufacturing stations, and all the rest, and before the space product reaches the market someone else will have found a way of making the new product on the ground at a tiny fraction of the cost. In fact, some prospective customers feel sure that the development of an idea in space would almost inevitably lead to ways of developing that same idea on the ground. "Free people, freely putting their money where it will do the most good, will prefer other investments," Richard Greulich, then a research officer at Citibank and now an assistant vice-president there, said at an early A.I.A.A. conference. "If the government wants to do it, that's something else." Though people at NASA take the objections of business seriously and attempt to deal with them, they also feel that business protests too much.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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[*Letter received by the International Communication Agency*]

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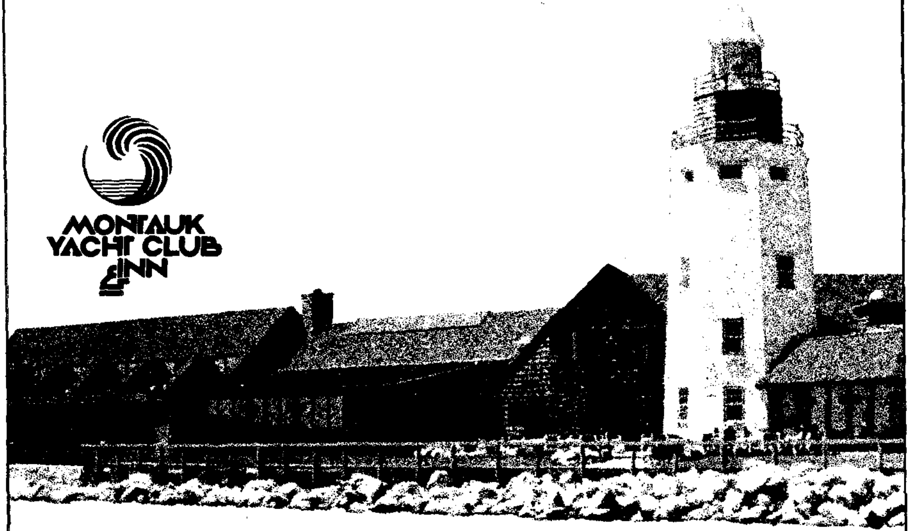

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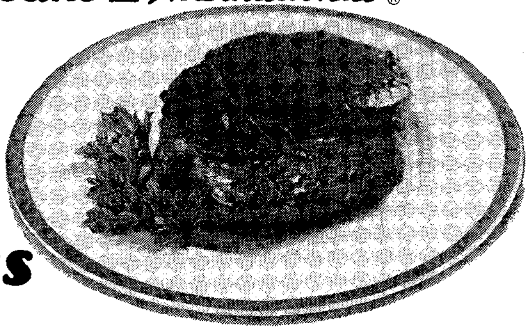

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THE THEATRE

Body Snatching

THE revival of "The Five o'Clock Girl," at the Helen Hayes, does little to help the cause of ancestor worship. This idiotic musical opened on Broadway in 1927, and when we learn from the program that it enjoyed a successful run, we are bound to entertain grave doubts about the percipience of our parents and grandparents. Did they really take pleasure in sitting through two whole acts of such mindless trash? With great difficulty, I was able to sit through the first act, which seemed to last forever, and my only pleasure came when the curtain fell and I raced up the aisle to freedom; the vile air of Forty-sixth Street tasted like ambrosia. "The Five o'Clock Girl" was first exhumed by the Goodspeed Opera House, in Connecticut, which makes a practice of prowling theatrical graveyards late at night and body snatching shows that—so the Goodspeed people boast—"have been unaccountably overlooked." If "The Five o'Clock Girl" has been overlooked for the past fifty-four years, you may be sure that it was accountably; the question to be asked is: What is it doing in New York in 1981? Back in 1927, one might have suspected the existence in the background of some sugar daddy with a more than paternal interest in a pretty young member of the cast; no such thing is likely in the present instance, for the sorry but sufficient reason that there *are* no pretty young members of the cast. The women are as plain as they are maladroit, and the men, with a single exception, are heavily made-up mannequins; the exception is a short, overweight man who cannot act but who plays (or affects to play—with miking, who knows where the sound is coming from?) a musical saw.

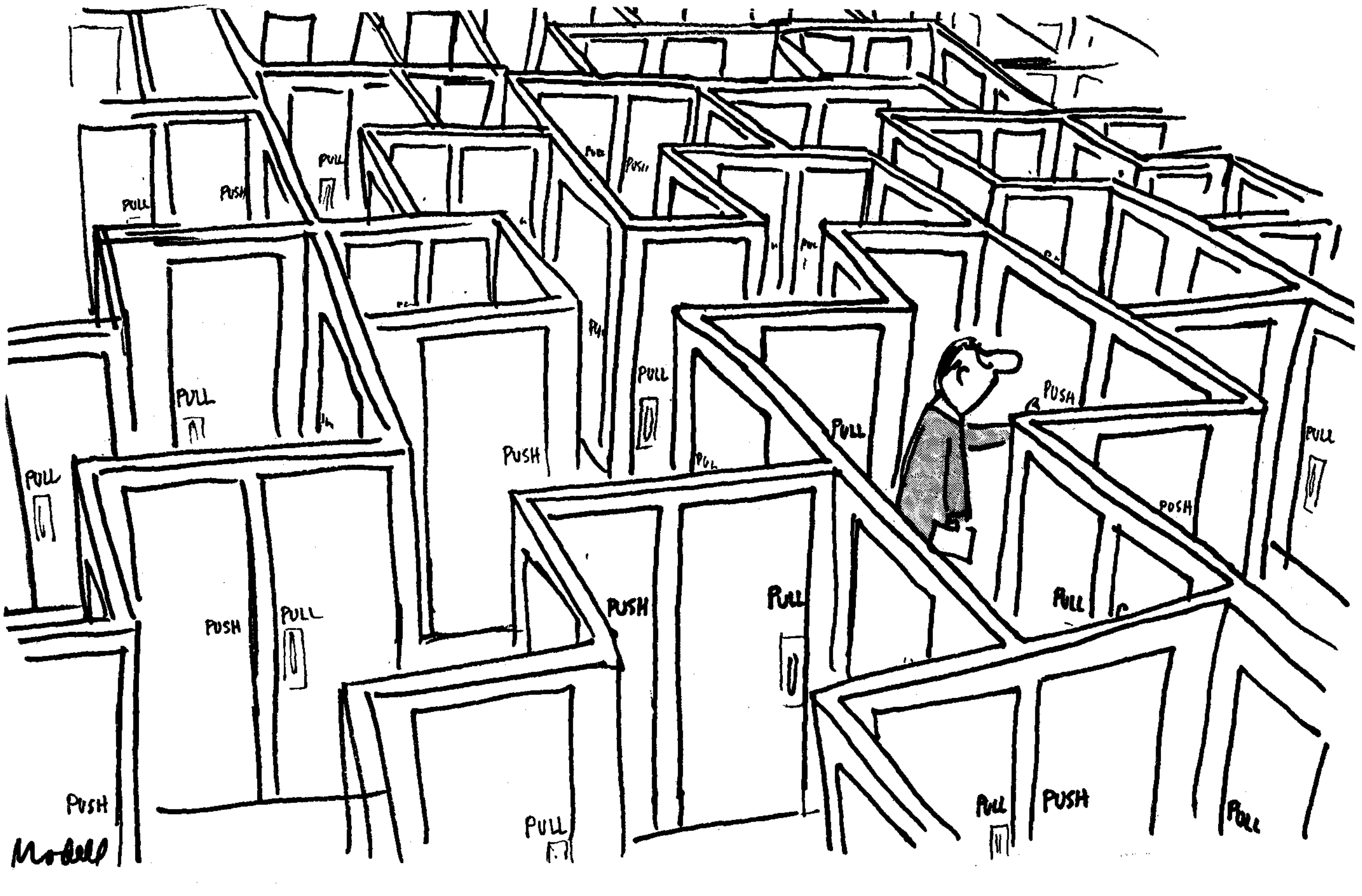
The music and lyrics of this pale corpse of a show are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, and the book is by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson. I say "book" out of politeness; it consists of a hash of ill-matched incidents having to do with a poor girl who pretends to be rich and a rich man who, though they have never met, has fallen in love with her because she telephones him every afternoon at five o'clock. John Lee Beatty has designed the sets, which have the flimsy look that bespeaks a low budget; Nanzi Adzima has designed the costumes; and Craig Miller has designed the lighting. The choreography, which is simple and foolish, is by Dan Siretta, and the direction is by Sue Lawless, who plainly believes in broad effects; when she could think of nothing better for her charges to do, she let them stare out over the audience in a swoon of self-congratulatory mugging.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Out of It in Canada

"Waiting for the Parade," by a Canadian dramatist named John Murrell, tells the stories, in short scenes, of five women in Calgary, Alberta, during the Second World War, and in the doing avoids many of the usual pitfalls. None of the women is meant to represent anybody other than herself, and there is no pressure of allegory on the audience. The play, which opened last week at the Hudson Guild, is a modest (not to say bland) but honorable account, as Mr. Murrell writes in a program note, of what it feels like to be caught up in an event many miles away—not only away from the battlegrounds of Europe and Asia but even away from the martial bustle of Toronto and Halifax and Vancouver. The action, such as it is, covers the years from 1939 to 1945. The women are a young schoolteacher (Mia Dillon), unbearably bored and irritated by a husband who is far too old to enlist, with her heart breaking



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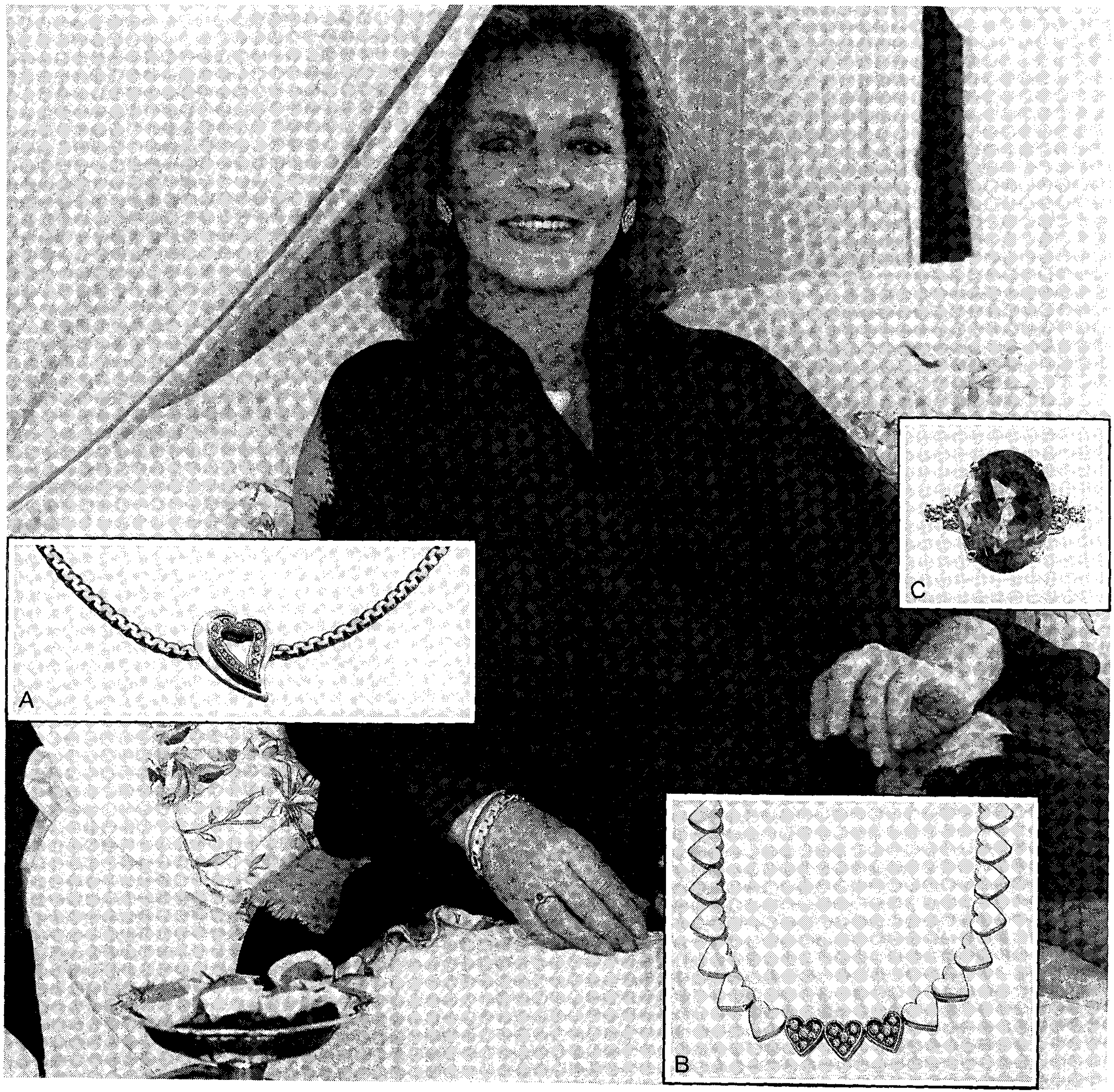

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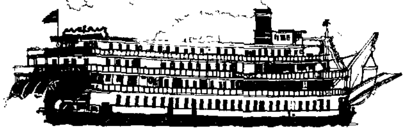

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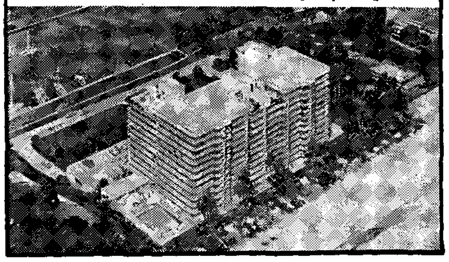

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for the men in danger (and for Leslie Howard, dead in a plane crash); a factory worker, full of life and spirit (Roxanne Hart), whose husband is already overseas and is later reported missing; the gentle daughter of a German tailor (Jo Henderson), who keeps her father's shop going while he is in a detention camp, and endures the insults and cold shoulders of the local citizenry; a proper, religious older woman (Marge Redmond) with two sons, one of them enlisted and the other arrested as a conscientious objector; and, finally, an officious type (Marti Maraden), who takes charge of bandage-making and of singing patriotic songs and of waving flags at passing troop trains, and otherwise bosses the women unmercifully. There are, as I say, stories of a sort running through the action, but the play is primarily a sympathetic man's-eye view of the friendship of these women under difficult circumstances. The scenes are well enough written, and are much enhanced by songs of the period; there is humor and there is feeling, but "Waiting for the Parade," for all that it moves swiftly, lacks any real dramatic tension or force. The cast, as you can see, is a distinguished one, and the performances, under the scrupulous direction of David Kerry Heefner, are all that one has come to expect at the Hudson Guild.

—Edith Oliver

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE HIGH-FINANCE SCENE

[*From the American Banker*]

New York—Chrysler Corp.'s largest bank creditors are negotiating with the Treasury Department on a debt restructuring plan that would pay lenders from 10 cents to 15 cents on every $1 now outstanding to the auto company.

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Correction

Berkeley—A quote in Wednesday's Independent & Gazette by city councilwoman Veronika Fukson about Mayor's aide Hardy Frye stated that Frye was "physical and available." The quote should have read "visible and available."—*North East Bay (Calif.) Independent & Gazette.*

Oh.

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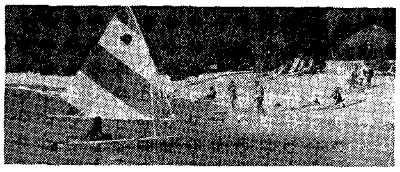

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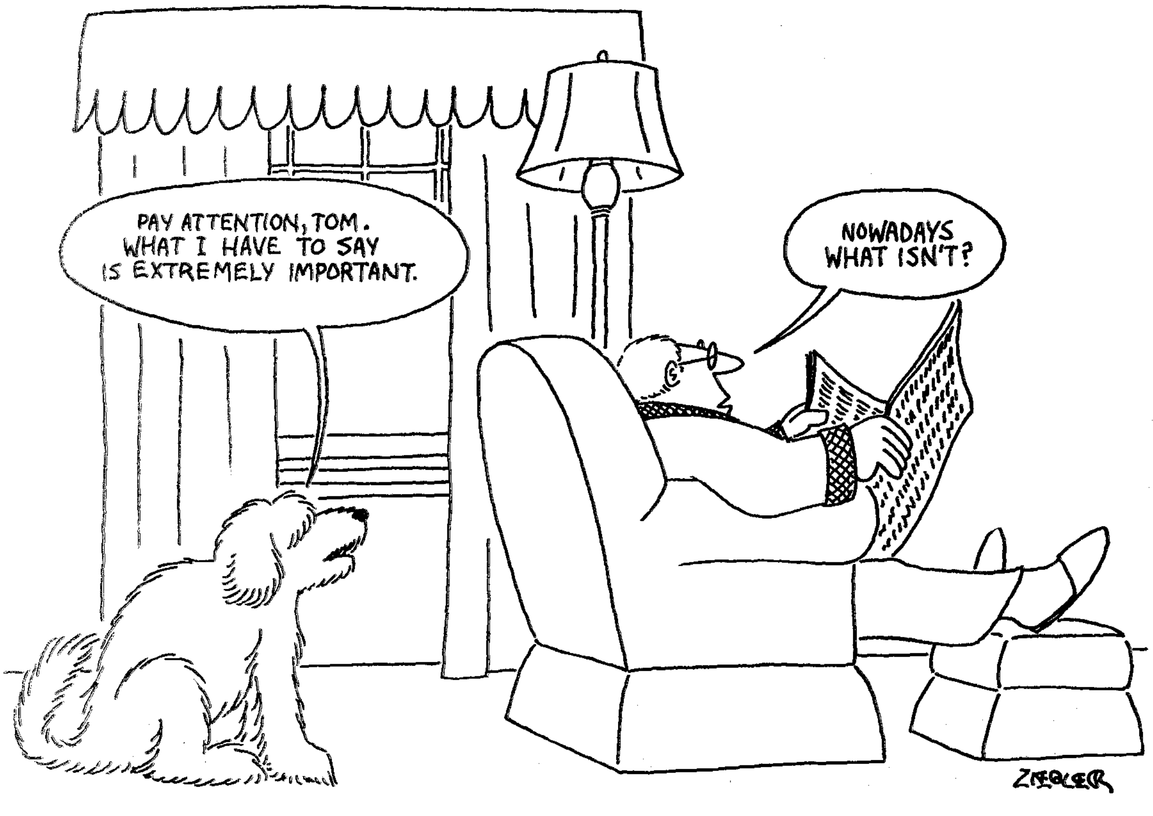
DANCING

Camping in Cleveland

Wagner called Beethoven's Seventh Symphony "the Apotheosis of the Dance," misleading Isadora Duncan into using it as a dance score; it was one of the messianic Isadora's greatest follies. Léonide Massine also used the music, during his symphonic period; in his case, "folly" is perhaps not quite the word—"boner" is more like it. By this declension, Dennis Nahat's "Celebrations," the latest assault on the Seventh, should be a howler—and it is, it is. Nahat has trodden the primrose path with a bravado that might be touching if it weren't so blind. Not only doesn't he know what history and his own ear could have told him—that the Seventh is undanceable dance music—he doesn't seem to understand that such a category exists. Nahat, the resident choreographer of the Cleveland Ballet, was responsible for four of the six ballets the company presented in its début season at the Brooklyn Academy. (He was listed as co-choreographer of the fifth ballet, and in the sixth he danced the leading role. An evening with the Cleveland Ballet tended to be a Nahat evening.) Nahat is not a tyro; he did ballets for American Ballet Theatre before moving to Cleveland, with another A.B.T. dancer, Ian Horvath, and founding a company there. I never liked the A.B.T. work, but I wasn't prepared for the reckless things Nahat is doing now. What Edwin Denby said of Massine's experiment with the Seventh—"He is using famous names to advertise his wares"—could be said of Nahat's "Celebrations," and also of his "Things Our Fathers Loved," which appropriates no fewer than nineteen of Charles Ives' songs. His *songs*. I wonder if Nahat thinks choreography can be set to just any kind of music. Dumbfoundingly, Nahat is a musician who plays the piano and that testiest of stringed instruments the viola and who encourages conscientious musical direction in the Cleveland organization. The Ives songs were sung and played from the pit by three good artists: Wayne Turnage, Grayson Hirst, and Gladys Celeste Mercader. The company came to Brooklyn with its own orchestra—a high-calibre ensemble led by Dwight Oltman or Stanley Sussman. Nahat's recklessness is perhaps not as unassuming as it seems. Maybe he doesn't think that ballets can be made to any music; maybe he thinks that *his* ballets can.

As a choreographer, Nahat doesn't proceed the way you might think a musician would. He's unable to pull off credible ballets to relatively unresisting scores, like Mendelssohn's First Piano Concerto and Brahms' Viola Quintet in G Major, and part of the reason for the failure is that the dancing doesn't make musical sense. A music critic, Alan Rich, has written admiringly of Nahat's "Brahms Quintet" ("one of the most beautiful ballets I have ever seen"), saying that the music ("horribly strained, pseudo-solemn, grossly overwritten") was hardly suited to choreography but that Nahat circumvented this by choreographing its "mood" rather than its "movement." If I understand Rich correctly—and I'm not sure I do—he's saying that a choreographer can actually triumph over a bad piece of music by ignoring the way it is written. But dance impetus that comes from nothing more than mood is literally undermined. It isn't interesting enough to sustain a whole ballet; it doesn't, to my mind, sustain "Brahms Quintet." In the Beethoven, Nahat inevitably gets caught trying to separate his soundtrack from the formal progression of the music. His efforts to avoid a schematic visualization look arbitrary and willful, yet an instant of direct connection turns the ballet into a Silly Symphony. It's a crushingly uneven contest. In the last movement, the dancers are tossed like minnows in a whale's spout. "Brahms Quintet," done originally for A.B.T., is a searching and delicate affair compared to the ones that have been done for Cleveland. Not that Nahat has given up searching; there's evidence throughout the current work that he hopes to invent new ways of dealing with the abstract ballet. The trouble, though, is that it's always new ways of choreographing mood rather than movement; his response to a piece of music is to the most obvious thing about it. This makes him a popular choreographer. He keeps up an appeal to what one hears in music when one doesn't listen; he stays within the music's broad rhythmic boundaries and structural divisions, changes the picture on cue,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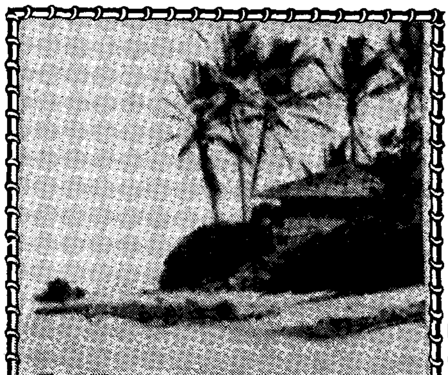

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and gives audiences a foolish and happy sense of correspondence.

But there's more to it. Nahat drains music of its content and refills it with something of his own that people call personality. In "Quicksilver," the Mendelssohn concerto becomes, bit by bit, a catalyst for Nahatization. Nahat himself, in the principal role, makes this process easier to see, but since he's the kind of choreographer who turns other dancers into replicas of himself he really doesn't have to be onstage. You could scarcely ask for an odder duck to set a norm by. Tall, thin, and slinky, with a beaky nose, huge hungry eyes, and a ruff of curly black hair, Nahat makes a naturally compelling commedia-dell'arte figure, and at A.B.T. he was cast almost exclusively in character-comic roles: Third Sailor in "Fancy Free," Devil in "Three Virgins and a Devil," Dance Master in "Gaîté Parisienne." The role that defined him best was not his best role; as end man in the male kick line fashioned by Alvin Ailey in "The River," Nahat carried on in the best drag-show tradition. The role seems to have set his style: as a performer, he became a camp. As a choreographer, he appeared to have serious aspirations. But now his choreography is unserious and unreal; he's a camp in everything he does. "Quicksilver" is Nahat camp inflated to full-company scale. Everybody has a shoulder squirm, a high kick, a head lolling in languor, a droopy wrist, a leering eye. Nahat's command of classical technique, always less than full, has also been transferred to his dancers. They've got what you might call a style laid over an unsound technical base. The style in all its shaky coherence makes the Cleveland Ballet a show with Nahat as its star. He's at the center of "Things Our Fathers Loved," posturing extensively in a downlight as vignettes of the past drift by. As Nahat performs this supposedly sober role, his meditating and soliloquizing appear to be all about himself, in ways that have nothing to do with the past. He's as unconnected to the ballet as the ballet is to the Ives songs. He's even wearing his "River" non-costume—tights and bare torso.

The Cleveland Ballet may not be quite as much a personal showcase as it looked in Brooklyn. Ian Horvath, who was out sick, did not perform any of his roles. As artistic director, he's had some influence; there are several chunky young Horvaths in the company. But the Horvath I recall as tech-

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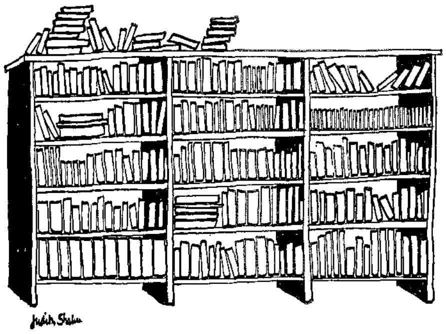
nically an accomplished dancer hasn't been able to spread his example wide enough to compete with the Nahat norm. Although both men teach, it is clear that their dancers are being bred mainly from Nahat's choreography. In the one non-Nahat piece, "The Green Table," they were too soft and mushy. Nahat, as Death, had to force an impersonation of a physique and strength of movement he doesn't possess; he'd have been better off as the oily Profiteer. "US," the piece credited to him and Horvath, was so much like the other Nahat pieces that it might as well have been one. It was surprising only in its sameness. "US" is one of those cavalcades of popular dance which are now obligatory in ballet repertory. One might have expected the breeziness of the material to set off some kind of spark in Nahat, but there's no more life in his Irving Berlin and Jelly Roll Morton than there is in his Mendelssohn and Brahms. The Turkey Trot, the Lindy, and the Frug all have the same shape and tension, and the ballet ends in another campy kick line, to "This Land Is Your Land."

A couple of weeks ago, I wrote about solipsism in the modern dance. The ballet counterpart of that is the company formed in the image of the choreographer, who is usually a soloist self-drafted to train dancers and build a repertory. Such "choreographers" are not likely to have the objectivity it takes to analyze other dancers' abilities or the energy to create for them; their own careers as soloists will have inhibited the development of that kind of interest. When they get to a position of control over a company, they unthinkingly perpetuate themselves. Bruce Marks, at Ballet West, in Salt Lake City, has created two or three Bruce Markses, and his ballets, as seen in New York last spring, reflected the limitations of the dancer that Bruce Marks was—a modern dancer who became a ballet soloist in mid-career. Marks isn't as ambitious a choreographer as Nahat. He seems to do differ-



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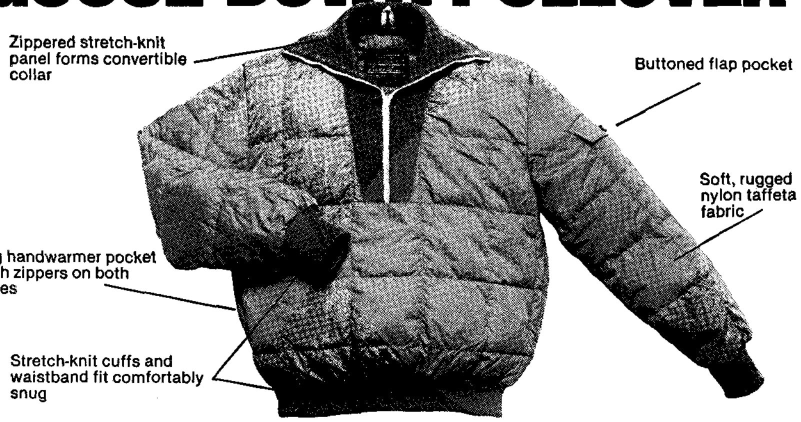

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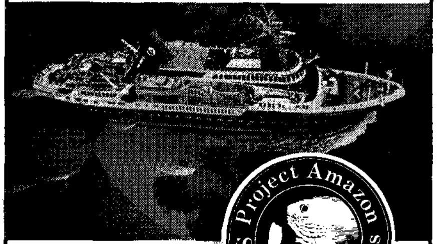

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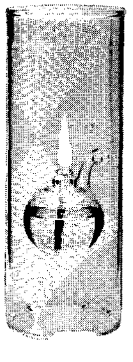

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ent kinds of pieces in order to fill out a repertory, not to explore the art of choreography. John Clifford, of the Los Angeles Ballet, probably should be exploring the art of choreography; instead, he's depleting himself trying to work in several hand-me-down styles at once and educate dancers and the public, too. Last November, the company played the Brooklyn Academy—much too soon for it to be showing itself in New York. Except for Laura Flagg, the dancers looked raw or underrehearsed, or both. Clifford, when choreographing in the Balanchine style, fell back on prefabricated Balanchine combinations—something he wouldn't have done when he was working for the New York City Ballet. Clifford doesn't turn dancers into versions of himself, and one or two of his dances for the winsome Miss Flagg were reminiscent of the fine work he once did for Gelsey Kirkland. But he has labored in Los Angeles since 1973 with nothing much in the way of local support, and the repertory he's building shows signs of desperation. He's using all kinds of strategies to win an audience except patient, imaginative seduction.

A company's fortunes can depend less on artistic direction than on a city's structure, its living and working *patterns, and its communal spirit. Just* as there is no discernible city called Los Angeles, there is no discernible aesthetic for the Los Angeles Ballet. Chicago, with its amorphous structure, has yet to raise and sustain a ranking company. In Cleveland, the Nahat-Horvath enterprise is supported with a zeal that belies the various fiscal panics the city is said to suffer from. Dayton, Akron, and Cincinnati have reputable companies, but though in-state competition may have set Cleveland off, Nahat and Horvath are now driving toward national eminence, with the full encouragement of their backers. When the Los Angeles company played here, I didn't write about it, because I felt the Brooklyn venture had been a mistake. But the Cleveland Ballet, too, is in its infancy—it's in the vanity stage of its founders' aspirations. Clifford started out the same kind of strident performer as Nahat. His taste as a choreographer is about the same grade of coarse, but he's stronger in technique, stronger in discipline. Nahat has flair and a gift for self-aggrandizement. Clifford is squandering real talent. Does it come to the same thing in the end? Is the only difference between the Los Angeles Ballet and the Cleveland a board of directors?

—Arlene Croce

• •

THE TRACK

At the track the horses run
counterclockwise—against time.
In the fields they scatter

around some central idea
which we impose on them.
The thunder breaks differently

on the plateau than on the mountain;
the mice disappear in odd ways,
the owls make contrary moves,

the trees disclose small variations,
but the rain comes in at the same angle
and the wild horses react in the same way—

rearing, white-eyed, under bolts of lightning . . .
Of course all of these horses run
with the clock when they're relaxed.

They connect us to the horizon
with a chain of dust, but too soon
the chain dissolves, the dust settles,

and the wind flies past us, like fire,
into a field which is always empty,
where all the winners go.

—Nicholas Christopher

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BOOKS

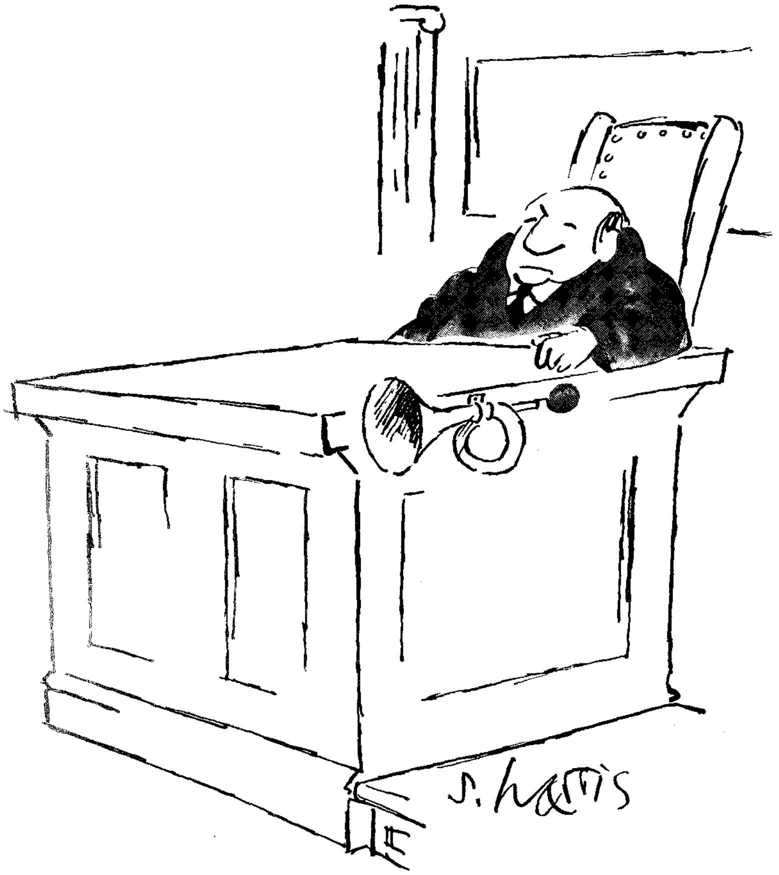
Where Burning Sappho Loved and Sung

TO Cicero and his successors, the Greeks were the incomparable begetters of philosophy, of the plastic arts, of the cultivation of poetic and speculative speech. Providentially, the political decay of Hellas had coincided with imperial Rome's ability to take over, safeguard, and disseminate this unique legacy of genius. To the Florentine Renaissance, ancient Greece was the abiding model of spiritual, aesthetic, and even political excellence and experience. What was worth renewing in the city of Western man sprang from Homer and Plato, from the sculptures of Phidias and the conception of history worked out by Herodotus and Thucydides. If to Renaissance artists and thinkers Athens was the unrivalled home of the Muses and exemplar of the arts of living, Sparta remained, particularly for those with republican inclinations and Machiavellian insights, the ideal of the body politic. The Greece of the Enlightenment was that of the architecture of Monticello and of the porticoes of our public edifices. It was, after the aesthetic writings of Winckelmann and of Goethe, the canonic source of beauty itself. From it, moreover, had come epic verse and tragic drama, the two loftiest of expressive genres. The Greece of the twentieth century has been very different. In the wake of Nietzsche, what has gripped the modern imagination is the archaic, the Dionysian Hellas, with its ecstatic immediacy to the divine, with its Asiatic tints. Comparative anthropology, witness Frazer, has endorsed this image. We know now of the dark elemental forces in the shadows cast by that pure Attic light. Freud enlists Greek mythology in his mapping of the unconscious. Joyce's "Ulysses" shifts the Greek epic and its heroics toward ironic modernity. Sir Karl Popper alerts us to the totalitarian pulse in Plato's utopia.

But, whatever the angle of vision, whatever the style of rediscovery, the cardinal fact persists: as Shelley affirmed, "we are all Greeks." We are Hellenic in the myths that dominate our sense of self—Narcissus, Oedipus, Prometheus, Hercules, Orestes, the beauteous Helen; in the very grammar and logical moves of our philosophical, political, and literary discourse and reflexes; in the definitions of history and society which give context to our private lives; in the methods and aims of our exact sciences. Time and again, like Joyce's Leopold Bloom, Western men and women have "come home" to what they have imagined ancient Greece to have been.

In "The Victorians and Ancient Greece" (Harvard; $30), Richard Jenkyns, a young English classicist, has surveyed one chapter in this history of homecomings. His book is in fact mistitled, since it begins in the eighteenth century, draws amply on the Romantic period, and reaches forward unhesitatingly to the prodigal uses of ancient Greece in W. B. Yeats and T. S. Eliot. But this chronological ease is reasonable enough. In the evolution of styles of feeling, there are no abrupt discontinuities. Keats' rapturous, tremulous Hellenism gives a dying fall to Georgian poetry. The Greek Revival in public architecture, as it began in Britain during the seventeen-sixties, has continued active almost into our own era. There is, moreover, in the pervasive neoclassicism of Picasso—in his Minotaurs, in his linear monumentalization of the feminine physique, in his "archaic" ceramics—more than a touch of Romantic and Victorian academicism and imitation of the antique.

Mr. Jenkyns is right in emphasizing the penetration of Greek motifs, ideals, and texts into Victorian England. This penetration took place in the arts and in letters, in philosophy and political science, in the theory and practice of education, and in personal morals. John Stuart Mill's pronouncement that "the Battle of Marathon, even as an event in English history, is more important than the Battle of Hastings" seemed to many of his contemporaries a nearly self-evident point. Byron had died not in some treacherous squabble between local Greek Mafiosi more or less vaguely intent on getting rid of the Turks but in an attempt to honor, perhaps even to rekindle into radiance, the deathless glory that was Greece. His sacrifice gave a singular legitimacy and intensity to British Hellenism.



There are leading roles in Mr. Jenkyns' lively scenario. He is acute on Walter Pater, a figure whom we currently neglect but whose uneasy aestheticism is at many points a herald of our own nervous and Narcissistic habits of sensibility. Pater was spellbound by the purity of Greek statuary and architecture. But he viewed this Mediterranean "white light" from the subtle shades of Northern modernity. Pater exalted Athenian artistry, the loving polish of classical forms in stone and in verse. He fantasized

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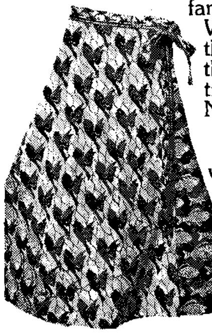

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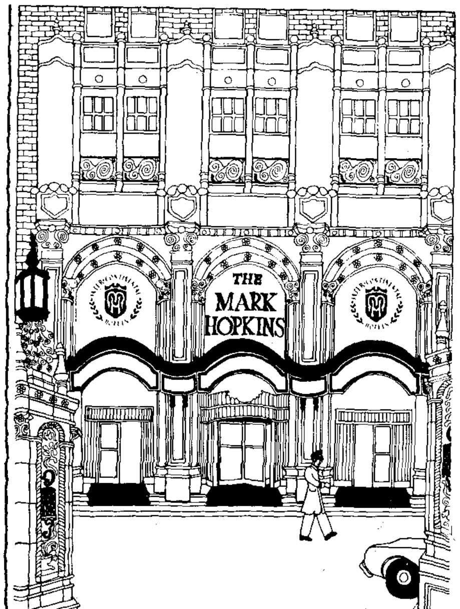
about Spartan schooling, "like some perfect instrument shaping to what they visibly were, the most beautiful of all people." Pater professed himself a Platonist, rejoicing in the abstract quality of the Ideal, in the inviolate remoteness of what Yeats was to call "monuments of unaging intellect." Yet, simultaneously, Pater dwelt on the sensuality of Greek art and life—that intimacy between thought and flesh which has been largely lost to post-Christian man. In "Marius the Epicurean," not much read at present but a work indispensable to Robert Graves' "I, Claudius" or Marguerite Yourcenar's "Hadrian's Memoirs," Pater strives to reconcile the contradictory strains in his Hellenism. The book is, as Jenkyns shrewdly observes, an attempt to medievalize the Attic ideal, to insinuate the compassionate aura of St. Francis and of the medieval romance into the harsh brilliance of Athenian aesthetics. The resulting hybrid is profoundly Victorian. It tells of that dual vision of decay and new birth which we find in Matthew Arnold, in Carlyle, in Tennyson. Keats hymned the unique patina that the "rude Wasting of old Time" (itself a beautifully ambiguous phrase) had given to the Elgin marbles. Pater takes up the thought: the Venus de Milo is an incomparable Greek achievement but one that time, by stripping the figure of completeness, by blurring the imperious precision of its contours, has enhanced.

To engage Pater is also to engage the trickiest aspect of Mr. Jenkyns' topic. How were British nineteenth-century morality and pedagogy to reconcile themselves to the undeniably homosexual character (evident in Pater) of so much of ancient Greek life and doctrine? One says "undeniably," but there were, to be sure, those, including that ardent Homerist Gladstone, who argued, more or less desperately, that there was nothing sexual about Plato's apologia for homoerotic love, that the bond between Achilles and Patroclus was no more than an idealization of chaste and manly camaraderie. Others, of course, saw the facts as they were but said nothing. The consequences of this fundamental duplicity of perception are to be found throughout Victorian painting, sculpture, and literature. Underneath their fervid aggression, Swinburne's odes are shot through with homoerotic suggestions. The nirvana of masculine fidelity unto death, of brave male amities stronger than any heterosexual



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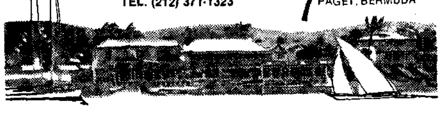

eros, is central to A. E. Housman, whose Attic core is, as it were, armored with stoic Latinity. The notorious homoeroticism, and even pederasty, of élite schooling, even after Thomas Arnold's attempts at reform, flourished on a rationalization of the Greek model. There, too, the young men had been knit in each other's loving or wrestling arms before graduating to artistic, philosophical, and political eminence.

Jenkyns is witty and sharp-eyed concerning the Victorian-Edwardian cult of games, of school athletics. Here be licit shades of immortal Sparta and the revival of scenes on which Socrates bent his incorruptible eyes. Much of this has been considered before. Where Mr. Jenkyns breaks fresh ground is in his epilogue on empire and the First World War. He makes it plain that the idiom of Victorian Hellenism and the paradigm of beauteous masculinity in the Homeric and the Spartan vein played an important role in the politics of imperial feeling and in the high-minded surge that carried young Britains to the 1914 hecatomb. Echoing Byron's, the death of Rupert Brooke on one of the very islands that had claimed Homer for their son gave consecration and climax to a great élan of mimetic heroism. Jenkyns quotes Patrick Shaw-Stewart, turning to his beloved Iliad in the futile butchery at Gallipoli:

> Was it so hard, Achilles,
> So very hard to die?
> Thou knowest and I know not—
> So much the happier I.
>
> I will go back this morning
> From Imbros over the sea;
> Stand in the trench, Achilles,
> Flame-capped, and fight for me.

Keats, in one of his letters, imagined himself with Achilles in the trenches. Almost to the year (all this would have strengthened Jenkyns' point), the continuity from Keats to Gallipoli binds close a century of Hellenism.

But the material is of a wealth to defy summary. Mr. Jenkyns argues for significant echoes of Pindar in Gerard Manley Hopkins' "Wreck of the Deutschland." If Goethe's "Faust" was the immediate instigator of Byron's "Manfred," it is Aeschylus' "Prometheus Bound" that underwrites the defiant humanism and lust for mutiny in Byron's drama and in his personal acts. The same is true of Shelley. Thomas Hardy's novels and his late epic drama, "The Dynasts," are instinct with the attempt to make palpa-

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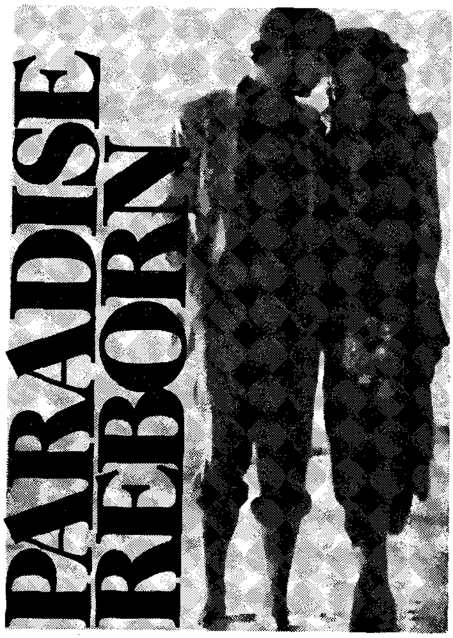

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ble and convincing in modern guise the ancient Greek teachings of tragic necessity, of the demonic twist in our mortal condition. The Furies, the blood at Mycenae haunt T. S. Eliot from "Sweeney Agonistes" to the Aeschylean pastiche of "The Family Reunion." For George Eliot, Greek literature was a supreme and constant guide. Homer, Aeschylus, and Sophocles inspire both the narrative method and the ambience of "Romola." Euripides' "Medea" is drawn upon throughout "Felix Holt." In "Middlemarch," much of the initial crisis pivots on the distinctions to be drawn, to be lived, between false, opportunistic antiquarianism and the bold, emotionally authenticated experience of the classical past.

The labor to reconcile Christianity with Platonism—a pursuit cherished throughout Western moral and political history since the early Renaissance—is obsessive in Victorian theology, politics, and education. Here the part played by Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, translator of Plato, tutor to the ruling class, was paramount. That celebrated "bent for sweetness and light united" which Matthew Arnold had discerned in the Platonic idealism of ancient Athens was to be fulfilled in a Christianity both rational and mystical. Meanwhile, on a somewhat less exalted plane, Lord Leighton and Alma-Tadema thrilled their patrons with antique-costume paintings, subtly prurient in their evocations of the nude beneath the draperies, subtly disturbing in their calculated hints at the androgynous nature of the antique figures.

Mr. Jenkyns has turned what one conjectures to have been his doctoral thesis into an alert and entertaining book. It could have been much better. There are glaring omissions. The famous "discovery" of the collective, "anonymous" quality of the Homeric epics goes back not to F. A. Wolf in 1795 but to Vico early in the eighteenth century. We have an entire chapter on George Eliot and the ancient Greeks with not even a mention of her ardent essay on Antigone or of Matthew Arnold's attack on Sophocles' play which George Eliot set out to refute. There is no reference to Browning's "Agamemnon" and no discussion of the enormous influence that Gilbert Murray's Euripides translations exercised on the whole climate of British feeling before Pound and Eliot expressed their contrary views of what Greek tragedy was really all about. Snappy, unsubstantiated dicta abound. One may be deaf to Wagner without advancing the silly proposition that "Tristan and Brünnhilde are puppets, not puppets of fate even but of Wagner's personal concerns and artistic convenience." The treatment of Pope's Iliad is glibly conventional. If there is in the language a serious epic after Milton, it is Pope's Homer, many of whose passages of battle and rhetorical dispute are sinewy and direct in just the ways Mr. Jenkyns offhandedly denies they are. One of the most famous theses in Marx, a thesis vital to the nineteenth-century view of the "innocent supremacy" of ancient Greek civilization, is quoted at secondhand. (Mr. Jenkyns will find it in the "Introduction to the Critique of Political Economy.") The very brief footnotes are sometimes unreliable, and there is no bibliography. This is a young man's work, done in a hurry. Mr. Jenkyns gives the impression of a runner bound for glory and the laurel crown. It is, appropriately, in such runners that Georgian, Victorian, and Edwardian Britons of the literate and governing classes saw the great afterglow and promise of Greece.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Company, by Samuel Beckett (Grove; $8.95). A man is lying on his back in the dark. There is a voice, now distant, now less distant. The voice is repetitive and enigmatic. The man (it *seems* to be a man) lying on his back recalls moments from his past—walking on the sand, walking in snow, being punished by his mother, listening to his father reading and chuckling, and trying to imitate the father's chuckles. His mind moves sluggishly: "Hope and despair and suchlike barely felt. How current situation arrived at unclear." There is a suggestion that he crawled to wherever it is that he is lying. This goes on (without even the occasional flash of humor with which Mr. Beckett customarily rewards our patience) for fifty-seven short pages, or about ten thousand words.

GENERAL

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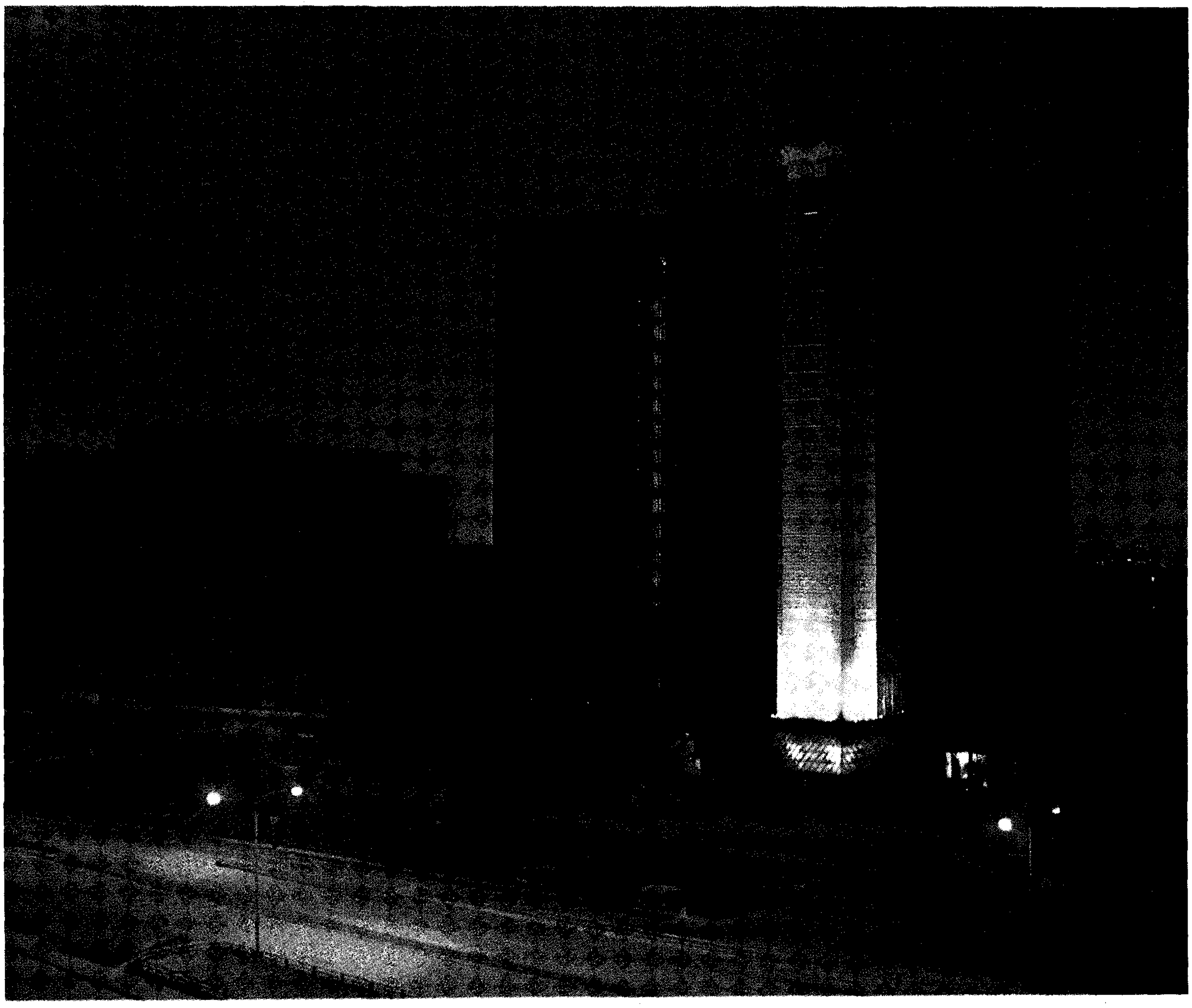

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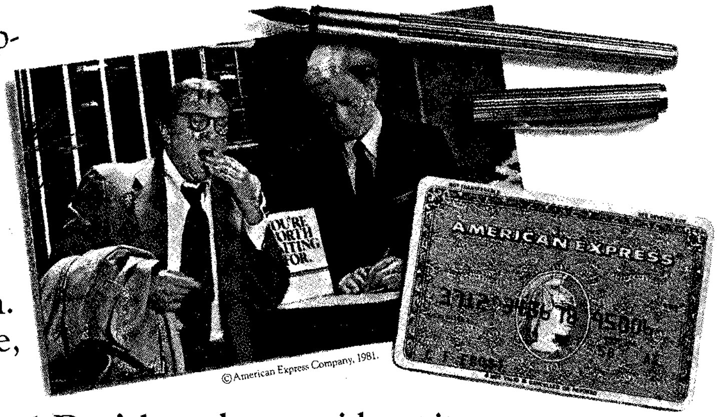

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absorbing and well-edited series, we sense that Mrs. Woolf is strained and tired. The effort of finishing her novel "The Years" leaves her a semi-invalid for five months. When, in the fall of 1936, she resumes her schedule, the pressures of helping run the Hogarth Press, writing, and managing a social life for family, friends, and quasi-professional acquaintances seem more intense than in earlier volumes. Her temper is short: in 1927 she charmingly offers a photograph for publication; in 1939 she is almost hysterical with rage at having her photograph taken. There are reasons for her short temper: the tragic death of her nephew, Julian Bell, who was killed in the Spanish Civil War in 1937, and the increasing, time-consuming demands to sponsor and assist various persons and causes. (Besides "The Years," in this period she completed a biography of Roger Fry, "Three Guineas," and her last novel, "Between the Acts," as well as essays, reviews, and stories.) Then, too, there are the physical hardships of the Second World War. Yet though many letters betray her tension or apologize for their brevity, many are models: those to her sister Vanessa describing London during the Munich crisis are irreplaceable historical testimony, while her letter to young Ben Nicolson defending Roger Fry's career and personality is a high example of polite, powerful argument.

TOWARDS THE MOUNTAIN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Alan Paton (Scribners; $16.95). The author was born in 1903 in the small South African city of Pietermaritzburg, and attended schools whose most imposing teachers came from the British Isles, as did their games, lessons, and assumptions. He himself began work as a teacher in 1924, and ultimately was appointed to head a reformatory for young black offenders, a job he held until 1948. With the financial success of his first novel, "Cry, the Beloved Country," in that year, Paton resigned from government service to write full time. He had imagined that the victory of the Allies in 1945 would help to abolish racism everywhere, but the victory of the Afrikaner National Party in 1948, bringing ever more stringent apartheid, proved him wrong. Like the late Geoffrey Clayton, the Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg,

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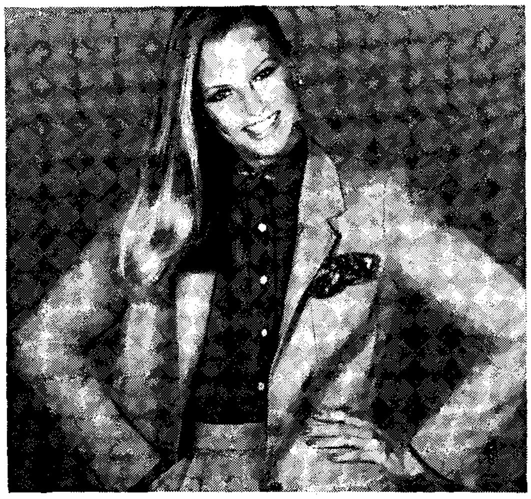

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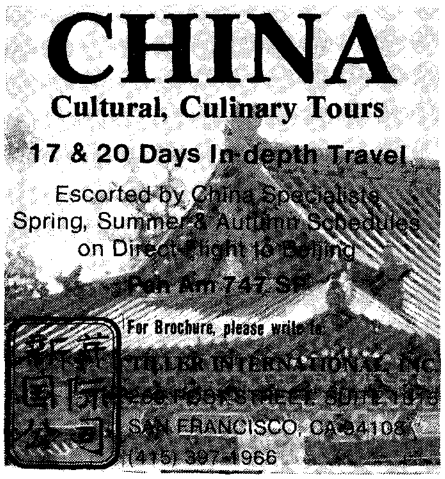

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whose biography he has written, Paton has never sought conflict, but his conscience has impelled him to resistance. This volume closes with a promise of a sequel.

THE END OF ORDER: VERSAILLES 1919, by Charles L. Mee, Jr. (Dutton; $15.95). This superb account of the creation of the Treaty of Versailles goes far to explain why a document was produced that satisfied no one. The author delineates the conflicts of interest among the victorious nations—and of personality among their leaders. Most strikingly, he demonstrates their ignorance about almost every subject that arose, from living conditions in the territories of the former Central Powers to the new Soviet Union. Mr. Mee is factual, not polemical; his portraits of Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau, as well as of less renowned figures, are convincing, and his occasional interludes about the intellectual and artistic avant-garde clarify the connection between the destruction of the old political order and that of the traditional culture.

DION BOUCICAULT, by Richard Fawkes (Quartet/Horizon; $21.95). Boucicault, who was born in Dublin in 1820 and died in New York in 1890, was a magnetic actor, an indefatigable playwright (a list of his plays fills seven pages of an appendix), and an extravagant womanizer: he married (bigamously) his third wife when she was twenty-one and he was sixty-five. He began acting in his teens in England, where his first hit, "London Assurance," was presented in 1841; thereafter, his works—translations, adaptations, doctorings, and collaborations as well as original plays—dominated the English-speaking theatre, at a time when audiences demanded melodrama and spectacle: the exotic or improbable, tamed or tempered at the very last minute to reassure Victorian susceptibilities. (The Queen herself was a Boucicault fan.) Boucicault's "sensation drama" was so successful in its day that the next generation found him dated, but he never lost his technical skill: toward the end of his life, he was still able to construct (for one example) "Rip van Winkle," in which the American actor *Joseph Jefferson* played profitably for thirty years. Mr. Fawkes tucks into his narrative a lot of information about Boucicault's innovations and his influence, not

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least on the business side: he was the first playwright to insist on receiving a royalty instead of a flat fee.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS, by Isaiah Berlin, edited by Henry Hardy, with an introduction by Noel Annan (Viking; $13.95). With two exceptions—Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Albert Einstein—the subjects of these fourteen essays are men the author has known, and without exception he brings his man to life: we hear the Oxford philosophers arguing at Austin's and Ayer's seminars, and we see Felix Frankfurter, a fearsome cross-examiner and high-toned dignitary in this country, becoming almost eruptively informal at Oxford gatherings. Professor Berlin's gifts are most persuasively displayed when he writes of men about whom one would suppose there was nothing more to say—Churchill, for example. As Professor Berlin speaks of Churchill's gorgeous language, we gradually come to feel that we hardly understood him before.

MAN, THE PROMISING PRIMATE, by Peter J. Wilson (Yale; $12.95). Professor Wilson, of the University of Otago, in New Zealand, has written a fascinating monograph on the conditions of human evolution and the conditions required by it. We are the most "generalized" primates—capable, that is, of the widest variety of adaptive behavior—and hence represent a certain evolutionary terminus. Professor Wilson offers some guesses on how this may have come about and on the environmental challenges that led to the development of a species—us—capable of such flexibility. This is first-rate scientific speculation—lucid and straightforward—and Professor Wilson manages to carry the reader along even when he reaches into remote times and places.

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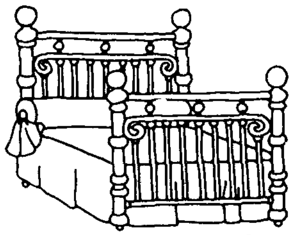

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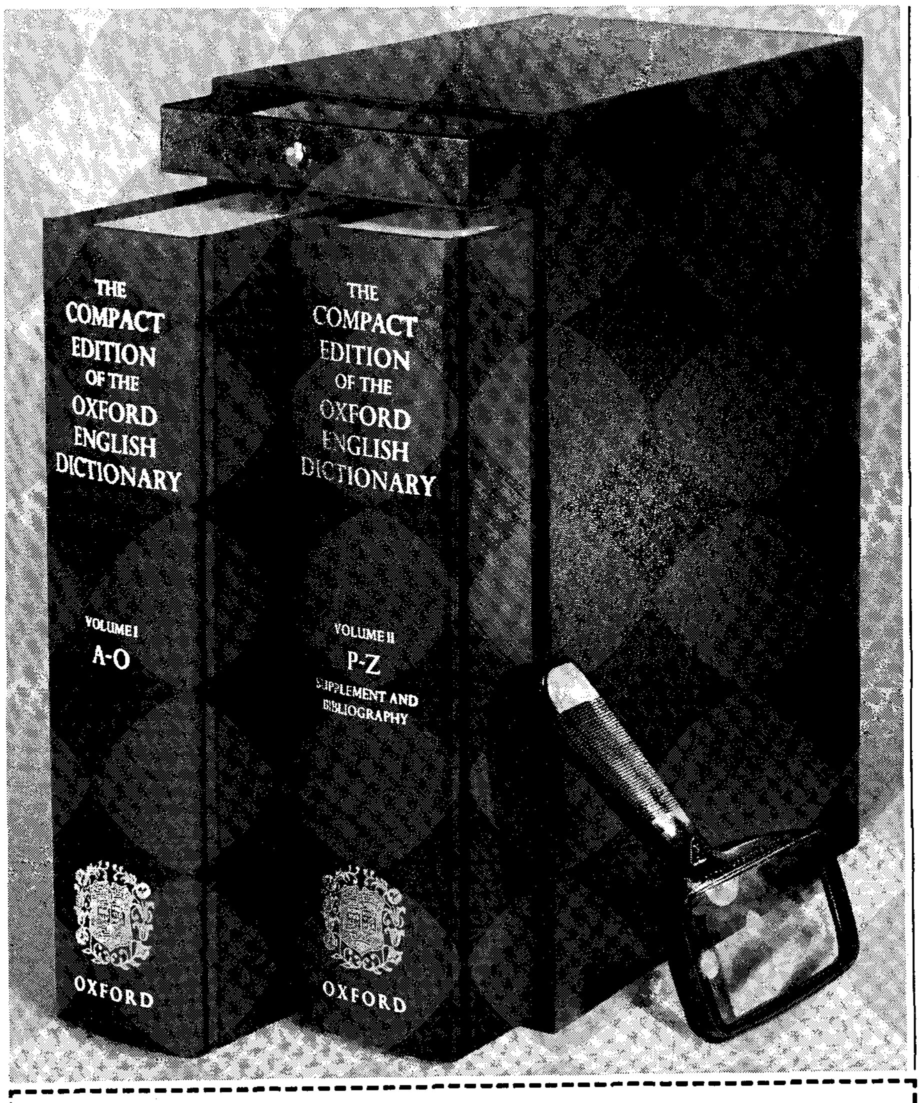
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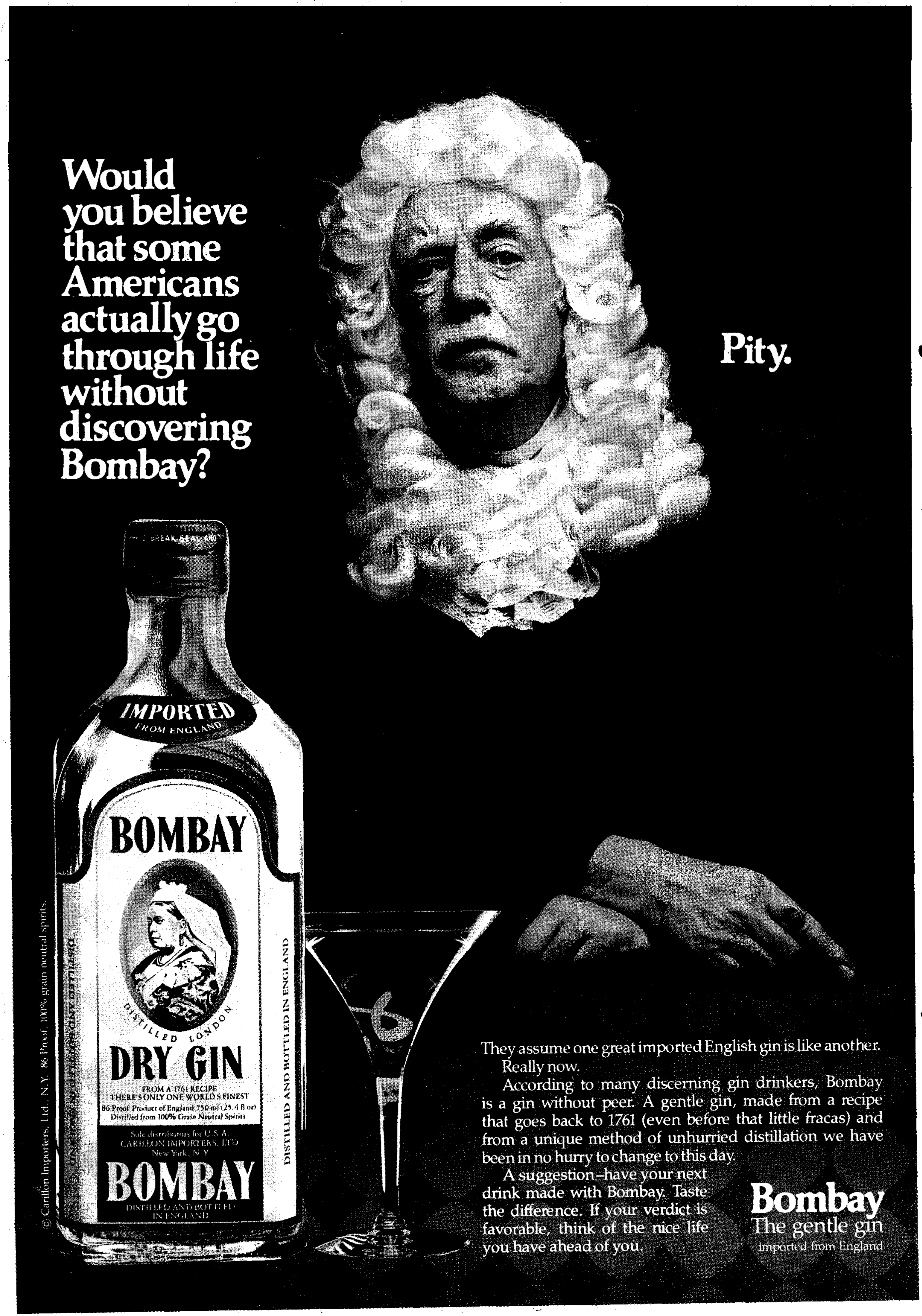
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